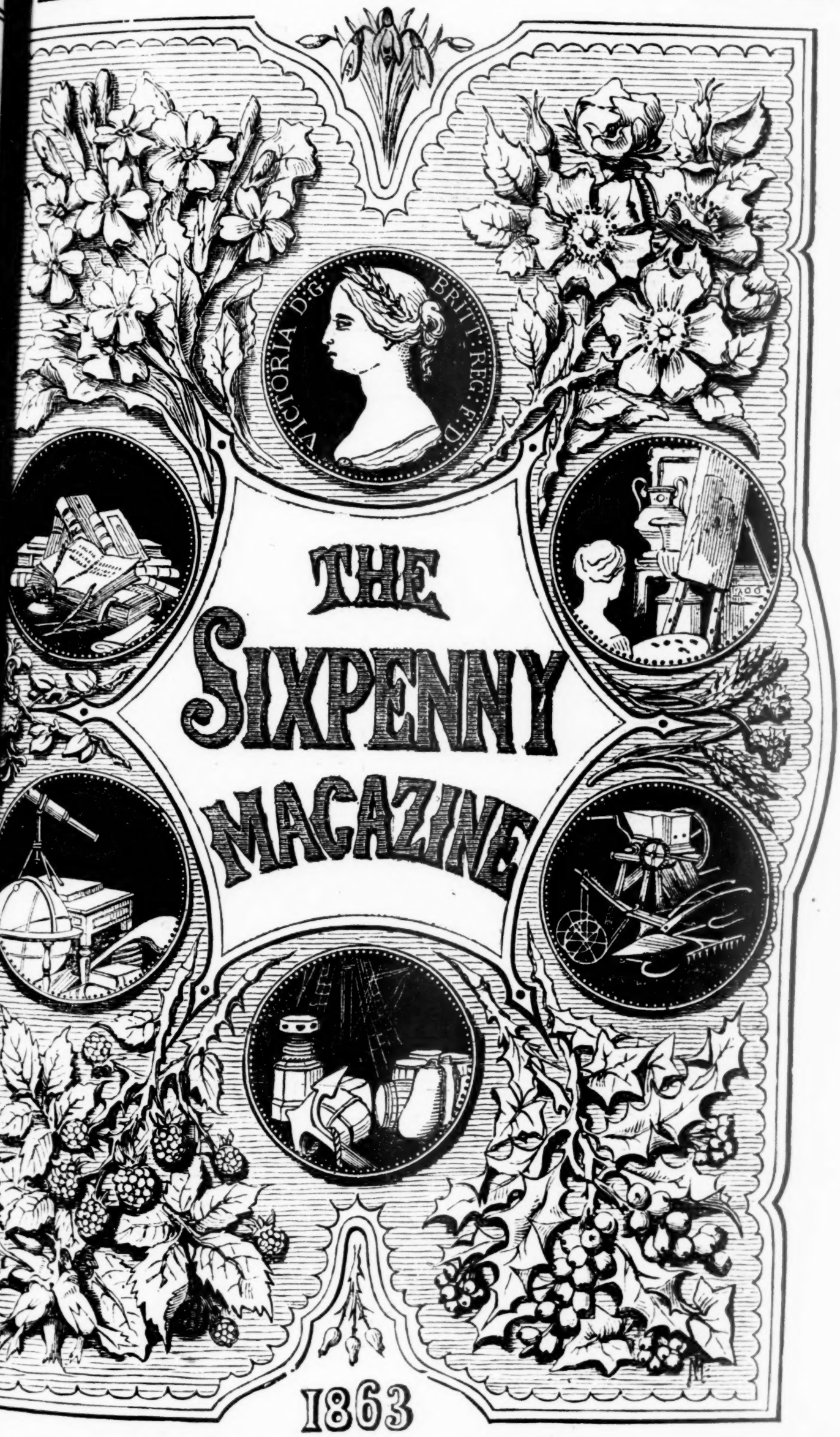
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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

1863

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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

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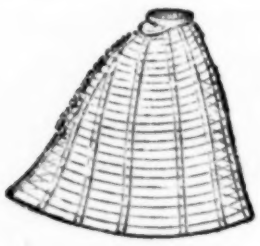
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THE SMUGGLER CHIEF.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE RED-SKINS.

The body of the Indian killed by Leon had followed for some minutes the course of the river, then had become entangled in the reeds, and eventually stopped exactly in the centre of the Indian camp, in whose proximity Leon and his comrades halted that night without suspecting it.

At the sight of their brother's corpse, the red-skins had uttered the formidable yell which the smugglers heard, and rushed tumultuously to the bank, pointing to the canoe. Leon seized the paddles, which were in the boat, and, aided by Wilhelm, was soon out of reach.

The disconcerted Indians, who did not know with whom they had to deal, gesticulated and bespattered the fugitives with all the insults which the Indian language could supply them with, calling them dogs, asses, ducks, and other epithets borrowed from the nomenclature of the animals which they hate and despise. Leon troubled himself but little about their insults, and continued to paddle, which re-established the circulation of the blood, which the cold had interrupted.

A few bullets, meant for the fugitives, were sent after them, but they merely dashed up the water.

The night passed thus: the smugglers paddled eagerly, for they had noticed that the stream, owing to repeated windings, was sensibly approaching the forest which was their destination. Still, having nothing more to fear from their enemies, they drew in the paddles for a few minutes' rest, and each feeling in his alforjas, drew out some provisions, which he hurriedly devoured. As day had arrived, there was no harm in their letting the canoe drift for a while, though they kept a sharp look-out.

Leon and Giacomo had lit their cigarettes, and Wilhelm his magnificent porcelain pipe, from which he never separated, when the latter, who was beginning to inhale with gentle satisfaction the enormous jets of smoke which he drew from the stem, let his pipe fall in the bottom of the canoe, while exclaiming, with an expression of terror and surprise—

"Der Teufel!"

"What is it?" Leon at once said, who understood that Wilhelm had seen something extraordinary.

"Look!" the German replied, as he stretched out his arm in the direction whence they had come.

"Sacre bleu!" Leon shouted; "two canoes in pursuit of us! we must look out."

"Sangre de Cristo!" Giacomo said, with a start which nearly upset the canoe.

"What now?" Leon asked.

"Look!"

"A thousand fiends!" Leon exclaimed, "we are surrounded!"

Two canoes were really coming up rapidly behind the smugglers, while two others, which had started from the opposite banks, were arriving with the manifest intention of barring their passage and cutting off their retreat.

"These gentlemen," said Giacomo, "wish to make us dance a funny sambacueca; what do you say to it, captain?"

"We will pay for their music, my fine fellows. In the meanwhile, paddle firmly, and look out for the attack."

And seizing the paddles again, Wilhelm and Giacomo gave such an impulse to the canoe that it seemed to fly through the water. Leon, who was standing up, was calculating the chances of the encounter. He was not afraid of the boats that were following them, for they were still at too great a distance to hope to catch him, but all his anxiety was directed to those coming toward them, and between which they must infallibly pass. Each paddle stroke brought them nearer to the hostile canoes, which seemed overloaded with men, and to move with considerable difficulty.

Leon formed a bold resolution, the only one that could save him and his. Instead of trying to pass between the canoes, in which he ran a risk of being sunk, he kept to the left, and advanced in a straight line on the canoe nearest to him.

On seeing this manœuvre, the Indians broke out in shouts of joy and triumph. The smugglers made no reply, but continued to advance. A smile played round Leon's lips. As he steered the canoe toward the Indians, he noticed that the left

bank of the stream formed an inlet, behind an island, which, though very near the land, left a passage sufficiently wide for his boat, which thus would avoid a detour, and at the same time gain ground on the pursuers. The great thing was, to reach the point of the island before the Indians in the first canoe.

The latter, who suspected their enemy's intentions, had changed their tactics, and, instead of coming up to meet the Europeans, tacked and paddled actively for the island. Leon understood that he must delay their progress at all risks.

Not a shot had as yet been fired on either side: the red-skins felt themselves so sure of seizing the smugglers that they had thought it unnecessary to proceed to such extremities, while the smugglers, who felt the need of saving their powder in a hostile country, where it would be impossible for them to renew their stock, had imitated their prudence, however desirous they might feel to attack.

The Indian canoe was only fifty yards from the island, when Leon stooped down to his comrades and whispered a few words. The latter shipped their paddles, and seizing their rifles, knelt down, and rested the barrels on the gunwale of the canoe, after driving home a second bullet. Leon had done the same.

"Are you ready?" he asked, a moment after.

"Yes," the two men replied.

"Fire, then, and aim low."

The three discharges were blended in one. We have said that the two canoes were excessively close.

"Now to your paddles—quick!" the captain said.

Four arms seized them, and the light canoe recommenced its rapid course. Leon alone reloaded his rifle, and knelt down in readiness to fire. The effect of the firing was soon visible; the three bullets, striking at the same spot, had formed an enormous breach in the side of the canoe, just at the line of floatation.

Cries of terror were raised by the Indians, who leaped into the water one after the other, and swam in different directions. As for the canoe, left to itself, it drifted for a little while, gradually filled, and sank. Fancying themselves freed from their enemies, the smugglers relaxed their efforts; but all at once Wilhelm raised his paddle, while Leon seized his rifle by the barrel.

Two Indians, with athletic limbs and savage looks, were trying to catch hold of the canoe and upset it, but they soon fell back with cloven skulls and drifted down the stream. A few moments later the smugglers reached the passage. The Indians who had left the water pursued them by running along the bank, and threw stones at them, as they were unable to use their muskets, which had been wetted by the plunge into the water.

Leon again recommended his men to redouble their vigour, in order to escape as soon as possible from the enormous projectiles which fell around the canoe from every tuft of grass; for the Indians, according to their habit, were careful not to show themselves in the open through fear of bullets.

The captain saw, a few paces from him, a thicket of aquatic plants shaking, so he aimed at it and fired on the chance. A terrible yell burst from the tangled mass of canaverales and lianas, and an Indian rushed forth to seek shelter behind the trees that grew on the bank. Leon, who had reloaded his piece in all haste, pointed it in the direction of the fugitive, but raised it again directly. The man had just fallen, and was writhing in the last convulsions of death.

Several red-skins rushed upon him, carried him away, and disappeared. A suddenly calm and extraordinary tranquillity succeeded the extreme agitation and cries which had aroused the echoes a few minutes before.

"There!" said Leon, as he laid his gun in the bottom of the boat, and seizing a pair of paddles to help Giacomo —"they have enough; now that they know the range of my rifle, they will leave us at peace."

In fact, the Indians gave no further sign of life; but this must not surprise the reader. The red-skins are accustomed never to expose themselves unnecessarily. With them success alone can justify their actions, and when they do not consider themselves the stronger, they give up with the greatest facility any plans which they have formed, for the most inveterate pursuit.

At this moment the smugglers doubled the point of the island. The second canoe was already far behind them; as for those which they had first perceived, they were mere specks on the horizon. When the Indians in the second canoe perceived that the smugglers were escaping from them, and had got ahead of them, they

gave a general discharge, which wounded nobody, and turned back to join their companions on land.

Leon and his men were saved. After paddling for about an hour in order to put a great distance between themselves and their enemies, they took a moment's rest to recover from this warm alarm, and wash the contusions which they had received, for some of the stones had struck them. In the heat of the action they had not noticed this, but now that the danger was passed, they began to feel them.

The forest which, in the morning had been so distant from them, was now excessively close, and they had hopes of reaching it before night. They therefore took up the paddles again with fresh ardour and continued their route. At sunset the canoe disappeared beneath the immense dome of foliage of the virgin forest which the stream intersected obliquely.

At nightfall the yells of wild beasts were heard hoarsely in the depths of the forest. Leon did not consider it prudent to venture at this hour into unknown regions, which contained dangers of every description. Consequently, after tacking about for some time, the captain gave orders to pull for a rocky point which jutted out into the water, and which they could approach without any difficulty. After they had landed, Leon walked round the rock in order to reconnoitre the neighbourhood, and find out in what part of the forest they were.

Chance served him better than he could have hoped for. After parting with great difficulty and extraordinary precautions the creepers and shrubs which obstructed his progress, he suddenly found himself at the entrance of a natural grotto formed by one of the volcanic convulsions so frequent in these regions.

On seeing this he stopped, and lopping with his machet a branch of the resinous tree, which the Indians call the candle-tree, and which grows profusely in that part of America, he struck a light, lit the torch, and then boldly entered the grotto, followed by Wilhelm and Giacomo. The smugglers' sudden appearance startled a swarm of night-birds and bats, which began flying heavily in all directions and attempting to escape.

Leon continued his march without troubling himself about these gloomy denizens, whose sports he so unexpectedly interrupted. All at once a hoarse and prolonged growl was audible in a remote corner of the grotto. The three men remained nailed to the ground. They found themselves face to face with a magnificent bear, of which the cavern was doubtless the usual abode, and which, standing on its hind legs with widely-opened mouth, showed the troublesome visitors, who had disturbed it in its retreat, a tongue red as blood, and glistening claws of a remarkable length. Its round and staring eyes were fixed on the smugglers in a way that caused them to reflect. Luckily, the latter were not the men to let themselves be intimidated for long.

"There's a fellow who seems inclined to sup with us," said Giacomo, looking at the animal.

"Silence! My piece will make us, on the contrary, sup with him. Here, Giacomo, take my torch, lad."

"Take care, captain," the latter observed. "A shot fired at this spot will make a frightful din, and bring a band of red devils on our back."

"You are right, by Heaven!" the captain replied; "we must run no risk."

Then, laying his rifle along the side of the grotto, he undid the lasso which he had rolled round his body.

"Get behind me," he said to his comrades, "and be in readiness to help me."

Then, after carefully preparing the lasso, he whirled it round his head, while whistling in a peculiar manner. At this unexpected apparition the bear shambled two or three paces toward him, and that was its ruin. The running knot fell on its shoulders, and the three smugglers, laying hold of the end of the lasso, began running backwards, while pulling with all their strength.

The poor animal thus strangled and putting out a tongue a foot long, tottered about, while trying in vain to free itself with its heavy paws from the necklace which squeezed its throat. The smugglers did not relax their efforts till the bear had heaved its last sigh.

"Now," said Leon, when he was certain that the bear was really dead, "for the canoe."

The three men returned to the boat, drew it out of the water, and taking it on their shoulders, carried it to the end of the grotto. Then, with a patience of which Indians and wood-rangers are alone capable, they effaced every trace which might have led to a discovery of their landing, and the retreat which they had

chosen. The smallest bent blade of grass was straightened; the lianas and shrubs which they had parted were brought together again, and after this operation was completed, no one could have suspected that human beings had passed that way. After this, making an ample provision of dead wood and torches, they re-entered the grotto with the manifest intention of at length taking the rest which they so greatly needed.

All this had required time; hence, so soon as they were free from anxiety, Giacomo, who was a mighty hunter, began flaying the bear, while Wilhelm lit a colossal fire. The queso and charque remained in the alforjas, thanks to the succulent steaks which Giacomo adroitly cut off the animal, and which, being roasted on the embers, procured them a delicious supper.

When quite satisfied, the three men crowned this feast with a few drops of rum which Leon had about him, and, after smoking for some ten minutes, they wrapped themselves in their ponchos, with their feet to the fire and their hands on their weapons. Nothing disturbed their rest, which lasted till long after the first sun-beams had purpled the horizon, and it was Leon who awoke his comrades.

"Up!" he shouted to them, "the sun has risen and we must think of business."

"Ah!" said Wilhelm, as he rubbed his eyes, "what a pity! I was dreaming that we were carrying a cargo of pisco past the custom-house officers, who presented arms to us."

"I was not dreaming," said Giacomo, "but I was having a glorious snooze."

In a minute he was on his legs, while Leon was reflecting on his best course.

"Giacomo," he said to the Italian, who was making arrangements for a start, "we have arrived at the spot where our search will really begin. It is impossible for all three of us to dream of entering the city, which must be in the heart of this forest. On the other hand, I may have occasion to require men here in whom I can trust; you will therefore go back to the Parumo of St. Juan Bautista. So soon as the band arrives, you will take the command and lead it to the spot where we now are."

"What! I am to leave you!"

"It must be. Take careful note of the road we have followed, so as to make no mistake."

"All right, captain."

"However, when you return with our comrades, you will try to find a shorter and more direct route."

"Yes, captain."

"This grotto is large enough to shelter you all; you will remain in it with your horses, and not quit it, save on an order from me—you hear?"

"And understand—all right."

"One last recommendation. I have told you that it was important for the success of the enterprise I am undertaking that I should find all my men here in case of need. Remember, then, that I expressly forbid you letting yourselves be trapped by the red-skins, and you must show them that they are but asses when compared with a clever smuggler."

"We will prove it to them, captain, and I will take it on myself."

"In that case, you will set out directly, while we proceed through this forest, which seems the most entangled that I ever saw."

"One moment—hang it!" Wilhelm exclaimed; "do you not see, captain, that breakfast is ready?"

In fact, Wilhelm, as a man who did not care to run after adventures on an empty stomach, had blown up the fire smouldering in the ashes and roasted some superb slices of bear-meat.

"Wilhelm, you are growing greedy," said Leon, affecting a tone of reproach.

"Captain, when a man has his stomach full he can march a long distance without feeling fatigued," the German answered sententiously; "besides, the morning air sharpens the appetite."

"Very good, then, but we must make haste," Leon resumed, amazed at this long sentence.

"There, captain, it is first-rate."

Wilhelm had spoken the truth in asserting that the morning air sharpened the appetite, for, in spite of the toughness of the meat which composed the staple of their meal, it was disposed of in a twinkling, which leads to the supposition that the idea which the German had was not inopportune.

"Giacomo," Leon said again, "Wilhelm and I have provisions enough for a few days, and the forest will not let us want for game, if we require it; so you had better take the rest of the bear with you."

"Thanks, captain. At my first halt I will cut up all the best meat left."

"Take it, while we put the canoe in the water."

The three men then left the grotto

though not till they had looked all around to see whether any danger existed for them. Giacomo had thrown the bear's hide over his shoulders, and walked in front, Leon and Wilhelm following, and bearing on their shoulders the canoe, in the bottom of which they had deposited the remaining bear-meat. The skiff was soon balancing lightly on the water; Giacomo leaped in, seized the paddles, and went off.

"Good-bye, captain—good-bye, Wilhelm, till we meet again," he said for the last time.

"Good-bye and good luck," the latter replied, and the smuggler proceeded in the direction of the Parumo of St. Juan Bautista. Leon looked after him for a moment, and then addressed Wilhelm, who was awaiting his orders.

"My friend," he said to him, "I fear that we may have many difficulties to face if we cross the forest together. Suppose I left you in the grotto to await Giacomo's return? Once I have arrived at Garakouaïti, I could easily find means to warn you."

"What are you thinking of, captain? Suppose you were to be taken prisoner, or wounded, in that case there would be no chance of helping you if you were alone. At any rate, if anything happen on the road while we are travelling together, I will return at full speed to warn my comrades."

"Still, you will be forced to leave me after we have crossed the forest; for, as I told you, admission to the city is interdicted to all those who are not Indians, and the means which I imagine I have discovered to enter can only be used by myself."

"Well, then, captain, let me accompany you to the vicinity of the city, and then I will turn back."

"Very good; that is settled."

The two men re-entered the grotto, fetched their travelling utensils, and came out again, rifle on shoulders and axe in hand. They then buried themselves in the virgin forest which lay expanded before them.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INDIAN CITY.

Tcharanguii, the chief of the Jaos, had rejoined his warriors, after entrusting Inez and Maria de Soto-Mayor to the care of the Sayotkatta of Garakouaïti. Immediately after he had departed, the young ladies were imprisoned in the Jouimion Faré, inhabited by the Virgins of the Sun.

Although prisoners, they were treated with the greatest respect, according to the orders which Tcharanguii had given, and might perhaps have endured the weariness of their captivity with patience, had not a profound anxiety as to the fate reserved for them and an invincible sadness resulting from their brutal separation from those whom they loved, and the terrible circumstances under which they had left them, seized upon them.

It was then that the difference of character in the two sisters was displayed. Inez, accustomed to the eager attentions of the brilliant gentlemen who frequented her father's house, and to the enjoyment of the slothful and luxurious life which is that of all rich Spanish families, suffered on finding herself deprived of the delights and caresses by which her childhood had been surrounded, and, being incapable to resist the grief that devoured her, she fell into a state of discouragement and torpor, which she made no attempt to combat.

Maria, on the contrary, who found in her present condition but little change from her novitiate, while deploring the blow that struck her, endured it with courage and resignation. Her powerful mind accepted the misfortune as a chastisement for the fervent affection which she had devoted to Leon; but, confiding in the purity of that love, she had drawn from it the hope that she would one day emerge from the trial by the help of the man whom she loved, and who had rendered her aid and protection.

When the two sisters conversed together about the probabilities of deliverance, Inez trusted to the power of her father's name and fortune, while Maria contented herself with confiding in the bravery and intrepidity of the young smuggler chief who had escorted them up to the moment when they were carried off by the Indians. Inez did not understand what relations could exist between this captain and the future, and cross-questioned Maria; but the latter either did not answer the question or evaded it.

"In truth, sister," Inez said to her, "you incessantly speak about Captain Leon. Do you think, then, that our father, Don Juan, and Don Pedro, who loves me and is going to marry me, cannot succeed without Leon in delivering us from the

hands of the wicked red-skins who keep us prisoners here?"

"Sister Inez," Maria answered her, "I hope for the help of the smuggler, because he engaged to escort us to Valdivia, where we should arrive safely, and he is too honourable and brave a man not to set everything in motion to remedy the fatal event which has prevented him from keeping his word."

This last sentence was uttered by the maiden with so much conviction that Inez was surprised at it, and raised her eyes to her sister, who blushed beneath this searching glance. Inez said no more, but asked herself what could be the nature of the feeling which thus compelled her sister to defend a man whom she did not know, and whose relations with the family were of so low a nature. From that day no further allusion was made to Leon.

It is a strange fact, but one that is incontestably true, that priests, no matter to what country or religion they belong, are continually devoured by the desire of making proselytes. The Sayotkatta of Garakouaïti had not let the opportunity slip which appeared to offer itself in the persons of Inez and her sister. Endowed with a great mind, thoroughly convinced of the excellence of the religious principles which he professed, and, in addition, an obstinate enemy of the Spaniards, he conceived the plan of making the young ladies priestesses of the sun, so soon as they were entrusted to him by Tcharanguii.

In America there is no lack of such conversions, and though they may appear monstrous to us, they are perfectly natural in that country. He therefore prepared his batteries very artfully. The young ladies did not speak Indian, and he, on his side, did not know a word of Spanish; but this difficulty, apparently enormous, was speedily got over by Schymi-Tou.

He was related to a renowned warrior of the name of Meli-Antou (the Four Suns), whose wife, reared not far from Valdivia, spoke Spanish well enough to make herself comprehended. In spite of the law which interdicted the introduction of strangers into the Jouimion Faré, the high priest took it on himself to let Mahiaa (My Eyes), Meli-Antou's wife, visit the young ladies.

We can imagine the satisfaction which the latter must have felt on receiving the visit of some one who could talk with them, and help them to overcome the ennui in which they passed their whole time. The Indian squaw was welcomed as a friend, and her presence as a most agreeable distraction. But in the second interview they saw for what an interested object these visits were permitted, and a real tyranny succeeded the short conversations of the first days.

This was a permanent punishment for the maidens. As Spanish girls, and attached to the religion of their fathers, they could not at any price respond to the Sayotkatta's hopes, and still the squaw had not concealed from them that in spite of the honeyed words and insinuating manners of Schymi-Tou, they must expect to suffer the most frightful torture if they refused to devote themselves to the worship of the Sun.

The prospect was far from being reassuring: hence, while pledging themselves in their hearts to remain faithful to the Catholic faith, the young girls experienced a deadly anxiety. Time slipped away, and the Sayotkatta was beginning to grow impatient at the slowness of the conversion, and the slight hopes which the maidens had retained of being able to escape the sacrifice demanded of them gradually abandoned them.

This painful situation, which was further aggravated by the absence of any news from outside, eventually produced an illness whose progress was so rapid that the Sayotkatta considered it prudent to suspend the execution of his ardent wish. Let us leave the unhappy prisoners almost congratulating themselves on the alteration which had taken place in their health, and which freed them from the annoyance to which they were subjected, and take up the thread of the events which happened to other persons who figure in this history.

A month after the arrival of Maria and Inez within the walls of Garakouaïti—that is to say, on a fine October evening—two men, whose features or dress it would have been impossible to distinguish owing to the obscurity, debouched from the forest which we previously described, and stopped for a moment with marked indecision upon the extreme verge of the wood.

Before them rose a mound, whose summit, though of no great elevation, cut the horizon in a straight line. After exchanging a few whispered words, the two travellers lay down on their stomach, and crawling on their hands and feet advanced through the giant grass, which they caused

to undulate, and which entirely concealed their bodies. On reaching the top of the mound they looked down, and were struck with amazement.

The eminence on which they found themselves was quite perpendicular, as was the whole of the ridge that extended on their right and left. A magnificent plain stretched out a hundred feet beneath them, and in the centre of this plain—that is to say, at a distance of about a thousand yards—stood an Indian city, haughty and imposing, defended by a hundred massive towers and its stout walls.

The sight of this vast city produced a lively feeling of pleasure on the mind of the two men, for one of them turned to his comrade and said to him with an accent of indescribable satisfaction—

"That must be the city which Diego told me of: it is Garakouaïti! At last we have arrived."

"And it was not without trouble, captain," the other remarked, who was no other than Wilhelm; "we may compliment ourselves on it."

"What matter, since we have arrived?"

"Before the city, yes; but inside it, no."

Leon smiled.

"Don't be alarmed, comrade; I shall be inside to-morrow."

"I hope so, captain; but in the meanwhile I do not think it advisable to spend the night here in contemplating what there is at the base of this species of precipice, and I think we should not do wrong in returning to the forest, or seeking the road that leads to the place that lies before us."

"It is too late to dream of getting any nearer the city to-day. As for the road, we shall find it by bearing a little to the right, for the ground seems to trend in that direction."

"In that case, captain, we must put off the affair till to-morrow."

"Yes; and now let us return to the lama."

And joining action to words, Leon turned back, and exactly following the track which his body had left in the grass, he soon found himself—as did Wilhelm, who followed all his movements—once again on the skirt of the forest.

The silence which reigns at midday beneath these gloomy arches of foliage and branches had been succeeded by the hoarse sounds of a savage concert composed of the shrill cries of the nocturnal birds, which awoke, and prepared to dash at the loritos and humming-birds belated far from their nests; of the yells of the pumas, and the hypocritical and plaintive miaulings of the tigers and panthers, whose echoes were hurled back in mournful notes by the roofs of the inaccessible caverns and the yawning pits which served as the lurking places of these dangerous guests.

Going back along the road which they had traced with the axe, the smugglers soon afterwards found themselves close to a fire of dead leaves and branches burning in the centre of a clearing. Some fifteen yards from them a magnificent lama, carelessly lying at the foot of a tree, watched them approach, and fixed on them its large eyes as melancholy and intelligent as those of a stag, though it did not appear at all astonished or startled by their presence.

"Well, Jemmy, my boy, you were not tired of waiting for us?" Wilhelm said, as he went up to the animal and patted it on the neck.

Leon threw a few branches on the fire, which was beginning to decay.

"On my honour, captain, I am not curious," the German continued, "but I should like to know what you intend doing with this lama which we have dragged after us for the last fortnight? Now that we have reached our journey's end do you not think it time to kill and roast it?"

"For Heaven's sake no, my friend; for if I have spared this lama, it is simply that it may serve me as a passport to enter the city which we saw just now."

"How so?"

"I will explain that to you to-morrow, till then let us keep up a good fire, as the wild beasts seem out of temper to-night, and sleep."

"Done for sleep!" the German answered, phlegmatically.

And without further ceremony he prepared to obey his captain's orders. The latter, who felt that the hopes which he had conceived were on the point of being realized, was, as frequently happens in such cases, overcome by the fear that he had deceived himself in the supposition he had formed of the young ladies' captivity in the city of Garakouaïti. In vain did he recal the details which Diego had furnished him with about the customs of the Indians, and the art among others which they had of conveying to, and concealing in, the holy city everything they took from their enemies; the fear of

being mistaken constantly reverted to his mind.

"Oh no!" he said to himself, "I cannot have deceived myself; it is love which guides my footsteps, and I feel here," he continued, as he laid his hand on his chest, "something which tells me that I am going to see her again. Oh! see her, and then save her! It would be too great happiness, and I would give ten years of my life to be sure of success."

Then, following the current of his thoughts, Leon saw himself leading Maria back to the general, and receiving her hand as a recompence for the service which he had rendered him. Then, a moment after, he asked himself whether he could endure life henceforward were he to fail in his plans; and, looking at the rifle he held, he vowed that it should help him not to survive his sorrow.

"Come," he said to himself, suddenly, "this is not the moment for doubt. Besides, if Maria is not in Garakouaïti, Diego will be there, or some one who can tell me where to find him; and in that case he must restore me her whom I love, for he swore that she should be sacred to him."

After the young man had to some extent regained the courage which had momentarily failed him, he removed from his brow the anxiety which had overshadowed it, and asked of sleep the calmness necessary for his thoughts and forgetfulness of his anxious cares. He therefore lay down by the side of Wilhelm, whose irregular snores added an additional note to the melody which the wild denizens of the forest were performing with a full orchestra.

The first beams of dawn had just begun to tinge the sky with a whitish reflection, when the smuggler captain opened his eyes and shook his comrade's arm. The latter turned—turned again—and at last awoke, suppressing an enormous yawn, which almost cleft his face to the ears—

"Hilloh, skulk!" Leon shouted to him, "make haste and get on your legs; for we have no time to lose. The red devils are still asleep, but they will soon spread over the plain, and they must not find us here."

"Let us decamp," Wilhelm replied, who had been quite restored by his long sleep; "I shall not be sorry to have a peep at an Indian city. It must be funny."

"My poor Wilhelm, in spite of all the desire I might have to procure you this satisfaction, I am compelled to beg you to abstain from it, because, I have already told, I must go on alone."

"Der Teufel! But in that case what am I to do while waiting for you? for I do not suppose that you intend remaining any length of time in that confounded capital?"

"I will tell you. In the first place help me to dress."

"Dress?"

"Yes; hang it all! do you fancy I shall present myself at the city gates in Spanish costume?"

"What! are you going to disguise yourself?"

"Exactly."

"But as what?"

"As an Indian, you donkey."

"Oh! famous—famous!" Wilhelm exclaimed, bursting into a hearty laugh. "I'm your man."

"In that case make haste."

"I am ready, captain; I am ready."

The travestissement did not take long to effect: in a few minutes Leon took from his alforjas a razor, with which he removed his whiskers and moustache; and during this Wilhelm went to pluck a plant that grew abundantly in the forest. After extracting the juice, Leon, who had stripped off all his clothes, dyed his face and body with it.

Then Wilhelm drew on his chest, as well as he could, a tortoise, accompanied by some fantastic ornaments which had no warlike character about them, and which he reproduced on the face. He gave his magnificent black hair a whitish tinge, intended to make him look older than he really was, knotted it upon his head in the Indian fashion, and thrust into the knob the feather of an aras, which Leon had picked up some days previously in the forest, being careful to place it on the left side, in order to show that it adorned the head of a peaceful man, since the warriors are accustomed to fix their plumes in the centre of their top-knot. When these preparations were completed, Leon asked Wilhelm whether he could present himself among the Indians without risk?

"You are so like a red-skin, captain, that, if I had not helped to transform you, I should not be able to recognise you, for you are really frightful."

"In that case, I have nothing to fear."

Leon, feeling once again in his alforjas, brought out his travelling-case, and a

small box of medicaments, which he always carried with him, a precious article to which he and his men had had recourse on many occasions: joining to these articles his pistols, he made the whole into a small packet which he wrapped up in his poncho and fastened on the back of the lama, whose taming had so greatly excited Wilhelm's curiosity.

"Now," he said, addressing the German, "pay careful attention to what I am about to say to you."

"I am listening, captain."

"You will collect my clothes, and as soon as I have left the forest, start at once for the grotto, where I left Giacomo; our comrades must have reached it some days back. You have only twenty leagues to go, and the road is ready traced, since it cost us three weeks' labour; by travelling day and night, you can arrive soon."

"I will not lose an hour, captain."

"Good: you will tell Harrison where I am, and return here with all the men who have been enlisted at Valparaiso to reinforce our troops. Do you thoroughly understand?"

"Yes, captain."

"You will bring the horses with you, for they can pass. When you have all assembled at this spot, Harrison will place sentries in the environs day and night, while careful to hide them so that they cannot be noticed, and so soon as you hear the cry of the eagle of the Cordillera, which I shall imitate, you will answer me, so that I may know your exact position; and if I repeat it twice, you will hold yourselves in readiness to help, for in that case I shall be attacked. You will remember all these instructions?"

"Perfectly, captain; and I will repeat them to you word for word."

"Good!" Leon resumed, after Wilhelm had repeated his orders word by word. "One thing more. It is possible that when I return I may bring two or three persons with me; do not be troubled by that, nor stir till you hear the agreed-on signal."

"Yes, captain."

"Keep watch before all at night, for I shall probably leave the city after sunset."

"All right—a good guard shall be kept."

"And if I have not given the signal within a week, it will be because I am dead; and, in that case, you can be off and choose another chief, as you cannot hope to see Diego again.'

"Oh! captain, do not say that."

"We must foresee everything, my worthy fellow; but I have hopes that, with the help of Heaven, nothing disagreeable will happen to me. Here is the day, and it is time to set out; so let us separate. Good-bye, my excellent Wilhelm, my trust is in you."

"Good-bye, captain, and distrust those scamps of Indians, for they are as treacherous as they are cowardly."

The two men shook hands, and Leon made his lama get up from the ground, while Wilhelm, after making a bundle of the clothes which his captain had bidden him remove, threw it on his shoulder with a desperate air, opened his enormous compasses of legs, and went off into the forest with long strides and a melancholy shake of the head. Leon looked after him for a moment.

"It is, perhaps, the last friendly face that I shall ever see," he said to himself, with a sigh.

A moment after he resolutely raised his head.

"The die is cast, and I will go on."

Then, assuming the quiet, careless slouch of an Indian, he went slowly toward the plain, followed by his lama, though continually looking searchingly around him.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JAGOUAS OF THE HUILICHES.

In the sparkling beams of the sun which had risen radiant, the great landscape which Leon was passing through assumed a really enchanting appearance. Nature was, so to speak, animated, and a varied spectacle had taken the place of the gloomy and solitary aspect which it had offered on the previous evening to the captain and his comrade.

From the gates of the city, which were now open, poured forth groups of Indians, mounted and on foot, who scattered in all directions with shouts of joy and bursts of noisy laughter. Numerous canoes dashed about the river, and the fields were peopled with flocks of lamas and vicunas, guided by Indians armed with long wands, who were proceeding to the city from their neighbouring farms.

Strangely-attired women, sturdily bearing on their heads long wicker baskets filled with meat, fruit, or vegetables,

walked along conversing together and accompanying each sentence with that continued sharp metallic laugh of which the Indian tribes have the secret, and whose sound bears a near resemblance to that which the fall of a number of pebbles on a copper dish would produce.

Leon, who, by the aid of his new exterior, could examine at his leisure all that was taking place around him, looked curiously at the animated picture which he had before his eyes; but what most fixed his attention was a troop of horsemen in their war paint, armed with the enormous Molucho lances, which they wield with such great dexterity, and whose wounds are so dangerous. All, also, carried a slung rifle, a lasso at their girdle, and advanced at a trot in the direction of the city; they seemed to have come from the opposite direction to the one by which Leon was arriving.

The numerous persons scattered over the plain stopped to gaze at them; and Leon, taking advantage of this circumstance, hurried on so as to be mixed up with the curious crowd. The horsemen still advanced at the same pace, not noticing the attention which they excited, and arrived within fifty yards of the principal gate, where they halted. At the same moment three men quitted the city at a gallop, crossed in two bounds the bridge thrown across the moat, and came to join them.

Three warriors came out of the ranks of the troop to which we have alluded and approached them. After a short conversation all six horsemen rejoined the squadron, which started once again, and entered the town with it. Leon, who followed them, reached the gate at the moment when the last men of the detachment disappeared within the city. Assuming the most careless air he could, although his heart beat as if to break his chest, he presented himself in his turn to enter. After crossing the wooden bridge with a firm step, he entered the gateway, where a lance was levelled at his breast and barred his passage.

An Indian of lofty stature, to whom his grey hair and the numerous wrinkles on his face imparted a certain character of gentleness, cleverness, and majesty, advanced with measured steps, and looked attentively at him.

"My brother is welcome at Garakouaïti," he said to Leon. "What does my brother desire?"

"Yourana," answered Leon, who, thanks to the life he had led in the Pampas, talked Indian with as much facility as his mother tongue—"is my father a chief?"

"I am a chief," the Indian answered.

"My father can question me," Leon said.

"My brother seems to have come a long distance?" the other went on, looking at the smuggler's worn boots.

"I left my tribe four moons back."

"Which is my brother's tribe?"

"I am a son of the Huiliches."

"Mataï. My brother is not a warrior, I can see."

"My father is right; I am a Jagouas."

"Good! my brother is beloved by Chemiin."

Leon bowed, but said nothing.

"And where are the hunting-grounds of my brother's tribe situated?"

"On the banks of the Great Salt Lake."

"And why has my brother left his tribe?"

"To come to Garakouaïti to exercise the skill with which Chemiin has endowed me, and to adore Agriskoui in the magnificent temple which the piety of the Indians has raised to him in the city of the sun."

"Very good! my brother is a wise man."

Leon bowed a second time to this compliment, although his anxiety was extreme, and he knew not how the examination he was undergoing would terminate.

"What is my brother's name?" the Indian asked.

"Cari-Lemon," Leon at once answered.

"My brother is truly a man of peace," the other remarked, with a smile. "I," he added, drawing himself up haughtily, "am called Meli-Antou."

"My father is a great chief."

It was Meli-Antou's turn to bow with superb modesty on receiving this flattering qualification.

"My skill supports the world: I am a son of the sacred tribe of the great Chemiin."

"My father is blessed in his race."

"My brother will follow me, and my house will be his during the period that he sojourns in Garakouaïti."

"I am not worthy to shake the dust of my mocassins off on the threshold of his door," Leon replied, modestly.

"Chemiin blesses those who practise hospitality. My brother Cari-Lemon is the guest of a chief; he will therefore follow me."

"I will follow my father, since such is his wish."

And he began walking behind the old Indian, delighted in his heart at having escaped so well from the first trial. Before starting, Meli-Antou entrusted to another Indian the post which he occupied at the city gate, and then turned to Leon.

"Arami!" he said to him.

Both, without further remark, proceeded toward the house inhabited by the chief, which was at the other extremity of Garakouaïti. The European, accustomed to the tumult, bustle, and confusion of the streets of the old world, which are constantly encumbered with vehicles of every description and busy passers-by, who run against each other and jostle at every step, would be strangely surprised at the sight of the interior of an Indian city.

There are no noisy thoroughfares, bordered by magnificent shops, offering to the curiosity and covetousness of buyers or rogues, superb and dazzling specimens of European trade. There are no carriages—not even carts; the silence is only troubled by the footfall of a few passers-by who are anxious to reach their homes, and walk with the gravity of savants or of magistrates in all countries. The houses, which are all hermetically closed, do not allow any sound from within to be heard outside. Indian life is concentrated; the manners are patriarchal, and the public way is never, as among us, the scene of disputes, quarrels, or fights.

The dealers assemble in immense bazaars until midday, and sell their wares—that is to say, their fruit, vegetables, and quarters of meat; for any other trade is unknown among the Indians, as every family weaves and manufactures its own clothing and the objects which it requires. When the sun has attained one-half of its course, the bazaars are closed, and the Indian traders, who all live in the country, quit the city only to return on the morrow.

Everybody has by that time laid in the provisions for the day. Among the Indians the men never work: the women undertake the purchases, the household duties, and the preparation of everything that is indispensable for existence. The men hunt or make war. The payment for what is bought and sold is not effected as among us, by means of coins, which are only accepted by the Indians on the seaboard who traffic with Europeans, but by means of a free exchange, which is carried on by all the tribes residing in the interior of the country. This system is exceedingly simple: the buyer exchanges some object for the one which he wishes to acquire, and nothing more is said.

The two men, after walking right through Garakouaïti, at length reached the lodge of Meli-Antou, in which happened to be Mahiaa, his squaw, whom our readers know as the Indian woman whom the Sayotkatta had placed with General Soto-Mayor's daughters, in order to aid in their conversion to the worship of the Sun. Since the illness of the young ladies she had suspended her visits to the Jouimion-Faré, but intended to renew them so soon as she received instructions to that effect.

She was a woman of about thirty years of age, though she looked at least fifty. In these regions, where growth is so rapid, a woman is generally married when she is twelve or thirteen. Continually forced to undertake rude tasks, which in other countries fall to the men, their freshness soon disappears, and on reaching the age of thirty, they are attacked by a precocious decrepitude which, twenty years later, makes hideous and repulsive beings of women who, in their youth, were generally endowed with great beauty and exquisite grace, of which many European ladies might be fairly jealous.

Mahiaa, seated cross-legged on a mat of Indian corn-straw, was grinding wheat between two stones. By her side stood two female slaves, belonging to that bastard race to which we have already referred, and to whom the title of savage is applicable. At the moment when Leon entered the lodge, Mahiaa and her women looked up curiously at him.

"Mahiaa," said Meli-Antou to his squaw, as he laid his hand on the captain's shoulder, "this is my brother Cari-Lemon, the great Jagouas of the Huiliches; he will dwell with us."

"My brother Cari-Lemon is welcome to the lodge of Meli-Antou," the squaw replied, with a rather sweet smile. "Mahiaa is his slave."

"Will my mother permit me to kiss her feet?" said Leon.

"My brother will kiss my face!" the

chief's wife replied, as she offered her cheek to Leon, who respectfully touched it with his lips.

"Will my son take maté?" Mahiaa continued. "Maté relieves the traveller's parched throat."

The introduction was over. Meli-Antou sat down, while his wife ordered her slaves to unload the lama and lead it to the corral, after which the maté was served. Leon, while imbibing the favourite beverage of the Spaniards and Indians, looked at the house in which he now was. It was a rather spacious square room, whose whitewashed walls were adorned with human scalps, and a rack of weapons, kept remarkably clean. Folded up puma-skins and ponchos were piled up in a corner, until they were arranged as beds. Wooden chairs, excessively low and carved with some degree of art, furnished this room, in the centre of which stood a table, only some fifteen inches above the ground.

This interior, which is very simple, as we see, is reproduced in all the Indian lodges, which are composed of six rooms. The first of these is the one which we have just described, and the one in which the family generally keep. The second is set aside for the children. The third is used as a bed-room. The fourth contains the looms, which are made of bamboo, and display an admirable simplicity of mechanism. The fifth contains provisions of every description; and lastly, the sixth is set apart for the slaves. As for the kitchen there is none, for the food is prepared in the corral, that is to say, in the open air. Chimneys are equally unknown, and each room is warmed by means of an earthenware brasero.

The household duties are entrusted to the slaves, who work under the inspection of the mistress of the house. These slaves are not all savages; many of them are unhappy Spaniards made prisoners of war, or who have fallen into the ambushes which the Indians incessantly set for them.

The lot of the latter is even more sad than that of their companions in slavery, for they have not the prospect of being free some day, and must expect to perish sooner or later as victims to the spite of their cruel masters, who avenge themselves on them for the numberless vexations which they suffer at the hands of the Spaniards. It is truly in this harsh captivity that a man can apply to himself the words which Dante inscribed over the gates of the Inferno, "Lasciate ogni speranza."

Meli-Antou, to whom accident had led Leon, was one of the most respected chiefs among the warriors of Garakouaïti: he had lived among Europeans, and the experience which he had acquired by passing through countries remote from his home had rendered him more polite and sociable than the majority of his countrymen.

He informed Leon that he was the father of four sons, who had joined the great Moluchos army, and were fighting against the Spaniards: he told him of the journeys he had made, and seemed anxious to prove to the medicine man, Cari-Lemon, that his great courage as a warrior, and his military virtues, did not prevent him recognising all that there was noble and respectable in science.

The captain seemed deeply touched by the consideration which Meli-Antou paid to the character he was invested with, and resolved to profit by his host's good temper to sound him cleverly as to what he desired to know as to the presence of Diego, Tahi-Mari, and the young ladies in the city. Still, in the fear of arousing the Indian's suspicions, he waited till the latter furnished him with the opportunity to question him.

An hour about had elapsed, and Leon had not yet been able to approach the question without danger, when an Indian presented himself in the doorway.

"Agriskoui rejoices," said the newcomer.

"My brother is welcome," said Meli-Antou; "my ears are open."

"The great council of the Ulmens is assembled," the Indian said, "and awaits my brother Meli-Antou."

"What is there new then?"

"Tcharanguii has just arrived with his warriors: his heart is full of bitterness, and he wishes to speak to the council."

"Tcharanguii returned!" exclaimed Meli-Antou, in surprise; "that is strange."

"He has just arrived in the city."

"Was he in command of the warriors who arrived about an hour ago?"

"Himself. My brother did not look in his face when he passed before him? What answer shall I give the chief?"

"That I am coming to the council."

The Indian bowed and departed, and the old chief rose, and, after courteously taking leave of Leon, went to the council. The captain took advantage of the free-

dom granted him to take a turn round the city, and try to pick up the topographical information of which he stood in need.

Not knowing how his stay in the city would terminate, or how he should get out of it, he studied most carefully the formation of the streets and the situation of the buildings, in the event of an attack or an escape. When he returned to Meli-Antou's lodge, the latter had got back and was awaiting him with a certain amount of impatience. On remarking the animation depicted on the Indian's features, Leon thought that he had, perhaps, discovered something concerning him, and advanced with a considerable amount of suspicion.

"My brother is really a great Jagouas?" Meli-Antou asked, as he looked searchingly at him.

"Did I not tell my father so?" Leon answered, who began to believe himself seriously menaced.

"My brother will come with me, then, and bring the implements of his art."

It would not have been prudent to refuse; besides, nothing as yet proved that Meli-Antou had any evil intentions: hence Leon accepted.

"My father can go on, and I will follow him," he contented himself with answering.

"Does my brother speak the language of the Spanish barbarians?"

"I have lived for a long time on the banks of the Salt lake, and I understand the idiom which they employ."

"All the better."

"Have I to cure a Spaniard?" Leon asked, who wished to make sure of what was expected of him.

"No," said Meli-Antou, "one of the great Moluchos chiefs brought here some time back two pale-face women: it is they who are ill; the evil spirit has seized on them, and they are at this moment in danger of death."

Leon started at this unexpected revelation; his heart all but stopped beating, and an involuntary shudder agitated all his limbs. He was compelled to make a superhuman effort to drive back the profound emotion which he experienced, and to answer Meli-Antou in a calm voice:

"I am at my father's orders."

"Let us go, then," the Indian answered.

Leon took up his box of medicaments, followed the old man, and both, leaving the lodge, proceeded towards the Palace of the Vestals.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

TCHARANGUII had returned to Garakouaïti, with orders to fetch reinforcements for the Molucho army, which, under Tahi-Mari's orders, had seized by surprise Valdivia and Conception, and was advancing on Talca. The young chief had been delighted at this mission which gave him an opportunity for seeing again his two captives, with whom he was so struck. Hence, after explaining to the council the motive of his presence in the city, he hastened to seek the Sayotkatta to whom he had entrusted them. But the latter, on learning the return of the young Indian chief, proceeded to Mahiaa to warn her and recommend her silence about the active part which she had taken in the attempted conversion of the young ladies. Mahiaa promised to remain dumb, and informed the old man of the arrival of Cari-Lemon the Jagouas, whose knowledge might be useful in re-establishing the health of the prisoners.

The Sayotkatta thanked the Indian squaw for her devotion, and begged her to send the Jagouas of the Huiliches to him. Meli-Antou himself promised to bring him to the palace as soon as he came in again. After this the Sayotkatta, henceforth at rest, awaited the visit of Tcharanguii, for which he had nerved himself.

At the first words which the chief uttered as to the lively desire he felt to see his prisoners, the old man replied that, for the sake of guarding them more effectually, he had removed them to the Palace of the Vestals until they were restored to their legitimate owner.

"My father will promptly deliver them into my hands, then," Tcharanguii said, "for they belong to me alone."

"My son," the high priest continued, "my heart is filled with affliction, but I cannot satisfy my son's just demand, for the maidens whom he confided to my charge have been sorely tried by Chemiin, who has sent on them the scourge of illness."

"Is their life menaced?" the young chief exclaimed.

"Gualichu alone holds in his hand the existence of his creatures; but still I believe that the danger may be avoided. I am awaiting an illustrious Jagouas, belonging to the Huiliche tribe, who, by the help of his knowledge, may restore

strength and health to the slaves whom my son won from the barbarous Spaniards."

Tcharanguii, on hearing this bad news, had not been able to repress a movement of annoyance, which seemed to show that he was not entirely the Sayotkatta's dupe. and suspected what had really happened, Still, either through respect or a fear of being mistaken in his suppositions, he constrained himself and contented himself with begging the old man to neglect nothing to save his captives, adding that he would know how to display his gratitude to him for the attention which he might pay them.

At this very moment Leon entered, accompanied by Meli-Antou. The Sayotkatta looked at him with close scrutiny, and made him undergo a cross-examination precisely like Meli-Antou's. His answers satisfied the high priest, for a few minutes after he led him away to the Jouimion-Faré, to examine into the illness of the Senoras, while Meli-Antou and Tcharanguii followed them.

Leon's heart was beating with the most violent emotion, and heavy drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. The critical position in which he found himself was, indeed, of a nature to cause him lively anxiety. He was not at all afraid about retaining his own coolness and stoicism in the presence of the young ladies, for he had too great an interest in not betraying himself to lack the strength of remaining his own master, whatever might happen.

But what he feared above all was the effect which his presence might produce on the Senoras if they recognised him at the first glance, or when he made himself known, for it was indispensable for the success of the stratagem which he wished to employ that the young ladies should know with whom they had to deal.

In the meanwhile they had arrived; the four men saw the palace gates open before them, but so soon as they had entered a large room, which, through the absence of all furniture, might be compared to a vestibule, Tcharanguii received orders to remain there with Meli-Antou, while the Sayotkatta and Leon proceeded to visit the captives. As we said, all the Indians, except the Sayotkatta, were interdicted from entering the residence of the Virgins of the Sun; still one person, the medicine man, was of course an exception to the rule.

Following the Sayotkatta, then, Leon crossed a long court-yard, entirely paved with brick, and going up a few steps, found himself in a small building entirely separate from the main building, in which were the Virgins of the Sun.

In a hammock of cocoa-fibre, suspended from two golden rings at about eighteen inches from the ground, a maiden was lying, whose excessively pale face bore the stamp of great sorrow. It was Donna Inez de Soto-Mayor. By her side stood her sister Maria, with her arms folded on her chest, and her eyes, full of her state of despondency, proved that she had for a long time abandoned all hopes of emerging from the prison in which she was confined, and that the illness had also assailed her. This room, which received no light from without, was merely illumined by a torch fixed in a bracket in the wall, and whose vacillating flame cast a sickly reflection over the persons present. At the sight of the two men, Maria gave a start of terror: Leon turned to his guide.

"Chemiin alone is powerful, for his skill supports the world," he said. "Gualichu inspires me; but I must be alone in order to read on the face of the sufferers the nature of their malady."

The Sayotkatta hesitated for a moment, and then left the room. Leon rushed to the door, fastened it on the inside, and returned to Maria, who, more and more terrified, was crouching in a corner.

"Maria! it is I—I, Leon, who has come to save you——"

A cry escaped from the maiden's breast.

"Silence," said the smuggler; "perhaps he is listening."

Inez was awake and looking at this scene, whose meaning escaped her.

"You, Leon?" Maria at length said, as she cast her arms round the young man's neck. "Oh, thank Heaven! thanks!"

"For mercy's sake, listen to me! The moments are precious."

"Oh, take me away, if you love me! take me away at once!"

"Soon."

"Oh, sir," Inez said, in her turn, "save me, and my father will reward you."

Leon smiled, and looked at Maria, who raised to him her lovely eyes, radiant with joy and love.

"My father—where is he?" she asked him. "My sister reminds me that we left him in the midst of the contest."

"He is in safety, so calm yourself."

Footsteps were heard approaching the room in which the young people were assembled.

"Some one is coming," said Leon; "take care."

"But what must we do?" Maria asked.

"Wait, and have confidence."

"What! you are going away?"

"I shall return. Once again, hope and patience."

"Leon, if you do not save us, we shall die."

"Oh yes, Senor Captain, have pity on us," Inez added.

Maria's curls grazed Leon's lips, who felt his soul pass away in the kiss which he gave them.

"Whatever happens, whatever you may hear, trust in me, for I am watching."

"Thanks."

The footsteps had stopped after drawing nearer still; Leon opened the door, and without uttering a syllable, passed before the Sayotkatta, displaying marks of the greatest agitation, and ran toward the vestibule, making incomprehensible gestures. The maidens asked themselves whether they were not the sport of a dream, while the Sayotkatta was dumb with surprise.

Closing the door again, he followed Leon, but as if he did not dare approach him. At the moment when he entered the room in which Meli-Antou and Tcharanguii were waiting, Leon had rejoined the latter, and still seemed possessed by thought which absorbed him.

"Well, brother?" the two Indians said. "Speak," the Sayotkatta added; "what is the matter with you?"

"The sons of Chemiin must arm themselves with courage," Leon slowly answered.

"What does my son mean?" the old man resumed.

"Mayoba has seized on these women, and from this night the evil spirit will smite all those who approach them; for the learning which Gualichu has given me has enabled me to assure myself of the malign influences which they can exert."

The three Indians, credulous like all of their race, fell back a step; and Leon still continued apparently to wrestle against the influence of Mayoba.

"What must be done to deliver them?" Tcharanguii asked.

"All strength and wisdom come from Gualichu," said Leon. "I ask my father, the Sayotkatta, to let me pass this night in prayer in the Chemiin sona."

The Indians exchanged a glance of admiration.

"Be it as my son desires," the Sayotkatta answered.

"Until to-morrow let no one approach the Spanish women, and Gualichu will grant my prayer by indicating to me the remedy to be applied."

The men bowed their assent, and left the palace with Leon. On arriving in front of the Temple of the Sun, Tcharanguii and Meli-Antou parted, and the Sayotkatta led Leon into the interior.

"To-morrow, after morning prayer, I will let my father know the will of Gualichu."

"I will wait, my son," the old man said; and, leaving Leon alone, he retired.

In order to make our readers properly understand the confidence with which the Indians accepted Leon's statements, it is necessary to add that in these countries soothsayers are regarded as the favourites of the Deity, and enjoying an unlimited supernatural power. And it must not be supposed that the lower classes are alone imbued with this opinion: the chief of the warriors, and the priests themselves, though they do not grant them such an absolute power, recognise a marked superiority over themselves.

Leon passed the whole night in arranging in his mind the details of the plan which he had formed to rescue the two maidens. The next morning he paid a visit in the company of the Sayotkatta to them, in which he acquired the certainty that Inez could without danger support the fatigue of being removed from the Palace of the Vestals. In fact, the Nina, who had suddenly recovered the hope which had abandoned her, found the illness which was undermining her health dissipated as if by enchantment. As for Maria, the captain's presence had given her more than hope, in the unlimited confidence resulting from reciprocated love.

As on the previous day, Leon was careful to remain alone with the young ladies, and begged them to hold themselves in readiness to quit the Jouimion-Faré. As on the previous day, too, Tcharanguii and Meli-Antou anxiously awaited in the first room the result of the visit, where Leon found them, and the young chief questioned him as to the state of the patients. He pretended to reflect for a moment, and then replied—

"My brother Tcharanguii is a great chief, and the pale-faces tremble at his appearance; his heart can rejoice, for his captives will soon be delivered from the wicked spirit."

"Is my son speaking the truth?" the Sayotkatta asked, as he tried to read in the countenance of the false medicine man the degree of confidence that he could place in his words.

"I am a simple man whose strength resides in the protection which Gualichu grants me, and it is he who has revealed to me the means of restoring health to those who are suffering."

The Sayotkatta bowed submissively, and invited Leon to let him know what he ought to do.

"Maitai!" Leon answered; "on the coming of the third day following the present one, so soon as Iskarri spreads abroad his beneficent light, my brother, the young chief of the Jaos, will take the skin of a lama, which my father, the venerated Sayotkatta of the Moluchos, will kill in the interval, and bless in the name of Chemiin. He will spread out this skin on a mound which I will show him, and which must exist in the vicinity of the city, so that Mayoba, on leaving the maidens, cannot enter any person belonging to Garakouaïti: after which he will lead the two captives to the spot where the skin is stretched out."

"But," the Sayotkatta interrupted, "one of them is unable to leave the hammock in which her body reposes."

"The wisdom of my father dwells in each of his words; but Gualichu has given the strength to her whom he wishes to save to leave her bed."

For a second time the Sayotkatta yielded to the subtlety of these unanswerable arguments.

"That done," Leon continued, "he will select four of his bravest warriors to help him to guard the captives through the night; and then, after I have given my brother, as well as the men who accompany him, a drink to protect them against all evil influences, I will expel Mayoba, who is torturing the pale-face squaws."

Meli-Antou and Tcharanguii listened in silence, while the Sayotkatta seemed to reflect; Leon noticed this, and hastened to add—

"Although Gualichu assists me, and allows me to triumph over the wicked spirit, it is necessary that my brother and the four warriors whom he selects should pass the night preceding the cure in the Chemiin sona, and deliver to the wise Sayotkatta twenty brood mares which have not yet foaled, that they may be sacrificed to Gualichu. Will my brother do this?"

"If I do it, will my prisoners be restored to me?" Tcharanguii objected, with a certain hesitation.

"The Spanish girls will not only be restored to my brother, but they will also feel the most lively gratitude to him. If he refuses they will die."

"I will do it," Tcharanguii said, quickly.

"My son is a wise man," remarked the Sayotkatta, whose forehead grew clearer when Leon mentioned the gift of the mares; "Gualichu protects him."

"My father is too kind," Leon contented himself with answering with a feigned humility, while rejoicing in his heart at seeing the plan he had conceived so facilely accepted by the Indian.

Nothing could be more simple than this plan, which consisted in carrying off the maidens when they were on the hillock whence, a few days previously, he and Wilhelm had seen for the first time the walls of Garakouaïti. It was the sole chance of success possible, for he could not dream of carrying them off from the Jouimion-Faré, and even admitting that Tahi-Mari had been willing to use his authority over the chief of the Jaos, by forcing him to restore his prisoners to liberty, Leon could not have recourse to him, as he was fighting far away from the holy city.

The delay of three days fixed by Leon before attempting his plan was necessary to give Wilhelm time to find Giacomo and return with him and the band commanded by Harrison to the spot where the captain had metamorphosed himself into an Indian. These three days were employed in visits to the young ladies and prayers in the Temple of the Sun.

Still the time seemed long to the captain and the daughters of General Soto-Mayor, who continually trembled lest some fortuitous circumstances might derange their plan. On the last day, Leon, as usual, was conversing with Maria, recommending her passive obedience, when he heard a peculiar rustling at the door of the room in which the young ladies were. Immediately reassuming his borrowed face, he opened the door, and found himself face to face with the Sayotkatta, who recoiled with the promptness of a man caught in the act of spying. Had he heard what they had been saying in Spanish? Leon did not

think so, still he considered it prudent to keep on his guard.

The night at length arrived. The young ladies, each carried in a hammock borne on the shoulders of powerful Indians, were taken to the hillock, which Leon had pointed out on the previous day to Tcharanguii, and deposited on the lama-skin stretched out upon it. Leon made Tcharanguii a sign to post as sentries the four men who had carried the maidens. Then, after uttering a few mysterious sentences, and burning a handful of odoriferous herbs, he ordered the Indians and their chief to kneel down and implore Agriskoui.

During this time he looked down into the city, striving to see if anything extraordinary were happening in it. So soon as he was assured that all was calm, and that the deepest silence prevailed in the city, he rose to his feet.

"Let my brother listen to me," he said; "I am going to compel Mayoba to retire from the bodies of the pale-face squaws."

At this moment Maria and Inez gave a start of terror, but Leon did not appear to notice it.

"My brothers will come hither!" he commanded. The four sentries advanced with a hesitation which threatened to degenerate into terror at the slightest movement on the part of the smuggler.

"I am going to pray; but in order to prevent Mayoba from assailing you when he quits the maidens, drink this fire-water which Gualichu has endowed with the virtue of causing those who drink it to resist the assaults of the evil spirit, and then return each of you to your place."

At the words "fire-water," the Indians quivered, and their eyes sparkled with greed. Leon poured them out, as well as Tcharanguii, half a calabash of spirits, amply doctored with opium, which they swallowed at a draught.

"Now, on your knees, all of you!" said Leon.

The Indians obeyed. He alone remained on his feet, holding out his right hand in the direction of the East, and with the other making a gesture commanding Mayoba to obey his authority. A minute after he changed his posture, and began turning round, while making an evocation.

Half an hour had passed, and during this time one of the Indians had fallen with his face on the ground, as if prostrating himself through humility. Another followed his example, and Tcharanguii imitated him. In a word, the five men were soon all in the same position. Then Leon slightly touched with his foot the man nearest to him, and rolled him over on his side. The opium had thrown him into such a lethargy, that he could have been stripped without waking him. He did the same with the other four, who were equally stupified by the opium. Then, suddenly turning to the young ladies, who were awaiting the close of this scene with ever-growing anxiety—

"Let us go," he said. "Collect all your strength and follow me, for it is a matter of life or death."

Taking a pistol in either hand, he went down the hillock, preceding Inez and Maria, and ran with them in the direction of the forest. On reaching its skirt they stopped, for the young ladies, exhausted with fatigue, felt that they could go no further. Leon did not press them, but making them a signal to listen, he imitated with rare perfection the cry of an eagle of the Cordilleras, which he repeated twice. Within a minute, which seemed an hour to the smuggler, the same cry answered him. A quarter of an hour did not elapse ere sixty riders, having Wilhelm and Harrison at their head, debouched from the forest and surrounded the captain and the young ladies, whom they lifted on their saddles.

"Saved! great Heavens!" Leon exclaimed; "they are saved!"

At the same moment a flash crossed the horizon, a whistling was heard, and a bullet broke the branch of a tree a couple of feet from the captain.

"The Indians!" Leon exclaimed; "we must gallop, my lads."

(To be continued.)

SIAMESE AT HOME.

THERE is, perhaps, no other nation on the face of the earth which can be said to resemble, in their *tout ensemble*, the Siamese. The Malays have lent them their high cheek-bones and flat, sprawling noses; the Chinese their eyes; the Burmese their stature; and their complexions and dispositions have a *mélange* of all these nations put together. Of dwarfish stature, though of herculean strength, the Siamese yet possesses the meekness of a lamb, and a great deal of its cowardice. Though his features are cast in the Malayan mould, he possesses not one item of that insatiable thirst for revenge which is so prevalent a feature in the character of the latter people, and to gratify which they will sacrifice twenty unoffending victims, if by so doing they hope to convey one pang of bitter remorse to the soul of the object of their hatred. Who does not know what that fearful sentence "running a-muck" means, when the Malay in the blind frenzy of his wrath rushes through streets, *kreese* in hand, maiming and destroying every harmless individual that may cross his path in his fiendish pursuit of revenge. Now, the Siamese are a people incapable of retaining one spark of animosity; and during my stay at Bangkok I do not remember a single instance of seeing two Siamese come to blows, and seldom even quarrel. They have been taught from their infancy to obey and respect every grade, from the king to those just one degree above them; and from their inferiors they, in their turn, receive that homage they pay to others; hence, even were they so disposed, opportunities seldom offer which would admit of a dispute. If they be men of the lower order, such as servants, &c., those whom they might consider their equals, from the fact of their being of the same calling, never have sufficient liberty at their command, or time on their hands, to admit of their meeting together and conversing; and as there are no public-houses—those dens where brawls generally originate—if par hasard they are left together for a minute or two, they are too happy to embrace the opportunity of having a little friendly chat, and have no time to differ on any one single point. Their superiors they dare not insult, under penalty of the bastinado—that ogre that hangs *in terrorem* over the heads of all people in Asia; and upon the same principle, or rather from the same motives, their inferiors dare not insult them.

The dress of the Siamese men of all classes varies only in costliness. The rich men wear skirts of silk and embroidered stuff, which reaches from the waist to the knees, the rest of the body being *de naturalibus*. The poor men are clothed in coarse cloth, sometimes dyed, but oftener in its original state. All carry a light muslin shawl, which is flung carelessly over the shoulders, while the end is fastened round the waist. The more opulent men amongst the Siamese spend their days seated cross-legged in the verandah of their little shops. They smoke and drink tea almost incessantly, only varying their occupation by eating when meal hours arrive. They seem to have constitutionally the appetite of a wolf; for no man but a Siamese, or a Chinaman in Siam, could for a continuance of years smoke and drink tea as they do, take no exercise at all, and yet be always ready for their meals. That practice, so prevalent in the East, of asking just treble the value for the goods they dispose of, is familiar to the Siamese merchants and shopkeepers; but they do not possess that sharp cunning and jesuitical sophistry which is so strongly delineated in both Jew and Gentile traffickers in the East. The more opulent among the Siamese merchants, and the nobles and independent men of Bangkok, are strongly addicted to gambling and smoking opium; but as both these vices are prohibited by the king, and are amenable to a very heavy penalty (the third conviction subjecting the culprit to transportation for life), none dare indulge in them openly, or by daylight; but so inefficient is the Siamese police, that Bangkok is replete with gambling-houses of all descriptions, and here nightly are to be met numbers of the richest and most respected inhabitants, the officers of state and noblemen included, staking immense sums of money upon the turn-up of a single card. After a dozen rounds have been played, the cards are put aside for a few minutes, and opium-pipes introduced. These pipes resemble in form the common narghile, or hubblebubble, of the Levant. They consist of an empty cocoa-nut shell, in an orifice on the top of which a hollow wooden tube is inserted, and the opening hermetically closed, so as to prevent the

escape of either air or smoke. In another hole in the side of the cocoa-nut shell, a common little bamboo tube, about eighteen inches long, is tightly fixed; a little earthen bowl, perforated at the bottom like a sieve, is filled with opium, and one or two pieces of fire being placed thereon, this bowl is placed on the top of the wooden tube. The man who hands round this pipe holds with one hand the bottom of the cocoa-nut (which is half full of water), and with the other hand he presents the bamboo tube to the smoker, who, putting it to his mouth, inhales three or four whiffs of this most intoxicating and deleterious narcotic. The effect is almost instantaneous. He sinks gently against the cushion set at his back, and becomes perfectly insensible to what is passing around. From this state of torpor, after the lapse of a few minutes, he as gradually begins to recover, and in about five minutes time he is ready and fit to resume the game again. The pipe is passed round from mouth to mouth, so that half-an-hour generally intervenes between the first whiff taken by the first smoker and the last sigh heaved by the last man, as he indicates his revival from that Elysium of bliss, that short, pleasant dream, from which he is gradually awaking. One old, inveterate opium-smoker told me that, if he knew his life would be forfeited by the act, he could no more resist the temptation than he could curb a fiery steed with a thread-bridle. It carried him into the seventh heaven; he heard and saw things no tongue could utter, and felt as though his soul soared so high above things earthly during these precious moments of oblivion, as to have flown beyond the reach of its heavy, burthensome cage. However true all this may have been, however ecstatic the enjoyment—the tremulous voice and palsied frame, the deep-sunken, glassy, unmeaning eyes, spoke volumes as to the direful effects of the system upon the frame; and however much soul, or however buoyant spirits, may have lighted up the tabernacle while under such excitement, there was evidently but a faint spark of vitality left within. At other times, and a few more whiffs, a few more pleasant, glorious dreams, and that last spark would be extinct, and nought but darkness dwell within that lifeless trunk, which had revelled its glorious light away.

"Where has the brightness fled
That lighted up your eye?
Where have both thought and spirit fled,
The smile, the tear, the sigh?
The rippling waters answer 'hush,'
As gently the beach they lave,
'If mortals upon their fate will rush,
They meet it—in the grave.'"

The lower orders of the Siamese have their time too much occupied, and are luckily too poor to admit of their indulging in the excesses of their richer countrymen. Such as are servants are busily engaged about their master's affairs; boatmen are paddling from morning till night, and are too glad to avail themselves of the hours of repose in a little friendly chat with their own families and neighbours; they go to roost with the fowls, and turn out with the crows; and the consequence is that they are a robust, healthy people, their only cares in life being food and sleep, for sickness very seldom troubles them. All the Siamese, high and low, rich and poor, wear their hair in a most grotesque and fantastical fashion; the whole of the head is shaved with the exception of a little tuft of hair just over the forehead, which is permitted to grow bolt upright, and has a striking resemblance in shape to a cock's comb. They are all inveterate smokers, and as I have before stated, commence at a very early age to smoke, often before they have entirely relinquished the mother's breast. No man or woman in Siam ever thinks of assisting another that has had the misfortune to be upset; without a single exception they are all expert swimmers, and the first art into which a child is initiated is the art of self-preservation in the water, and both men and women excel in this. A very serious accident to an American missionary was very nigh resulting from this indifference on the part of the Siamese to assist others in distress. It often happens that Europeans who have been some time resident in Siam, paddle themselves about the river both for amusement and exercise; but none should ever attempt this pastime who cannot swim, at least a little, for be sure if any accident happens none will come to your assistance. Brother Jonathan, however, despite the many warnings given him, and the alarming precedent of a missionary having been in reality drowned not much more than a year before he made the attempt, must needs try his skill at paddling also, and of all hours in the twenty-four, fixed on seven p.m. for the experiment—a time when the river is most busy, as every one is

returning home for the night, and when objects are scarcely discernible, as by half-past seven all the year round it is entirely dark at Bangkok. The result of this rash essay was, that just as he had got about three hundred yards from his house, the canoe jolted up against the cable of a ship, and in one instant was overturned. Jonathan, who could no more swim than a stone could, had instinct enough, however, to cling to the canoe, and it and the luckless man floated down with the tide. In vain did the unhappy missionary shout and implore for aid, each time he opened his mouth gallons of water rushed down his throat, so he came to the wise resolution of holding his peace and trusting to Providence. By a most fortunate circumstance, Mr. Hunter happened to be coming in an opposite direction in his large canoe, and passed close to the drowning missionary; it was now almost perfectly dark, and he would have passed on without paying the slightest attention to so common a sight as a capsized canoe, knowing that the Siamese never require any assistance, as they swim with their boats up to the first vessel they come across, and there, laying hold of the ship's cable with one hand, with the other right the canoe; but his attention was attracted to something of monstrous dimensions floating behind him, and this he at once recognised to be one of those huge blue felt American hats which all the missionaries wore for better protection against the sun; immediately backing his canoe, he picked up the luckless being, more dead than alive, and conveyed him to his house, where, under the attention of Dr. Bradley of the mission, he was very soon put all to rights again.

The Siamese ladies may, without the smallest fear of competition, proclaim themselves to be the ugliest race of females upon the face of the globe. With their hair worn in the same fashion as the men, the same features, same complexion, and same amount of clothing, the man must be a gay Lothario indeed who would be captivated by their leering glances; but as though nature had not formed them sufficiently ugly, these most neglected of all the human species resort to dyes wherewith to dye their teeth and lips of a jet-black colour. The darker the teeth the more beautiful is a Siamese belle considered; and in order that their gums should be of a brilliant red, to form a pleasant contrast to the black lips and teeth, they resort to the pleasant pastime of chewing *betel* from morning to night. This betel consists, first, of the green leaf of the betel, which has a very tart flavour, something like the leaf of the pepper plant; in this leaf is placed a piece of chunam (the common lime used for building), then a bit of the betel-nut is broken into small pieces and placed on the chunam, and the leaf being rolled up into something very much like a sailor's quid, is then thrust into the lady's cheek, and is munched and crunched and chewed so long as the slightest flavour is to be extracted; and as they never swallow the juice, the results are very detrimental to the cleanliness of the floors of the houses and of themselves generally. They commonly make use of two such quids during the day, and this horrid mixture has the effect of dyeing their gums and the whole of the palate and tongue of a blood-red colour. Old crones and very ancient *chronoses* (for both men and women use the betel), who have no longer any teeth to masticate this horrid mixture with, are attended by servants who have a species of small pestle and mortar always about them, wherein they reduce the betel into a proper form for the delicate gums of their aged patrons.

Both men and women in Siam marry young, and are consequently prematurely old; a man of twenty-five may be the father of eight or nine children, and the mother of this lot be only perhaps twenty-three. There is a curious anecdote told of the Chinese, for the truth of which, however, no one has yet been able to vouch. They say when a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase to her family, from the moment of her accouchement the unhappy husband is put to bed also, and there detained for forty days; and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half. Should medicine be administered to her, he must partake of it also; and he is strictly confined to the same diet that she is obliged to undergo, which consists on an average, I believe, of about a thimbleful of cream of rice administered every three hours, to say nothing of the pill at bed-time to prevent indigestion. Be that as it may, in Siam they expose a woman to an ordeal quite as unnecessary as that which the unhappy Chinaman is forced to go through.

No sooner is an heir or heiress born to some happy parent than a wood-fire is lit in the room, the windows are carefully closed, and the door left only just so much

open as to permit of the smoke, after freely circulating in the room, to make its final exit; this fire is carefully kept lit during a fortnight: and the motives adduced for this smoking process is, that the smell of fire will deter a certain old gentleman who has too much of it at home from passing into the room, and thus preserve the life of both mother and infant. I saw the wife of one of Mr. Hunter's own servants, in a cottage close to his house, exposed to this ordeal; and can, therefore, vouch for its veracity.

The wives of the nobles and higher classes amuse themselves during the, to them, tedious hours of the day, as most Oriental women of the higher classes generally do; they fritter the long hours of the day away in gathering flowers, making bouquets and wreaths, singing love-songs and lamentations in a veritably woful strain, dancing to the music of empty gourds strung as guitars, telling and listening to fabulous tales, lolling listlessly under shady trees, and ruminating on what is next to be done; chewing betel leaves, blackening their teeth, and admiring themselves in mirrors that reflect too faithfully their frightful faces. Orientals universally seem to possess but two exciting topics of conversation—the one about money, the other about food; their ideas beyond this are limited—they roll round with the world, and are content so to do blindfolded, provided the two essential requisites of life are to be had. They know the day only as a time allotted to them to eat, drink, and earn money, and the night they acknowledge as an appointed time of rest; beyond this few permit their imaginations to stray. What the sun is, or how the glorious light of day is derived—why rain falls at certain seasons, and the night-dew at others—how flowers and trees thrive and blossom, and put forth green leaves and yield luscious fruit—where the young bright birds of glorious plumage find a home and the wherewithal to satisfy their cravings—what the cool zephyr blows for, and seas and oceans and rivers in continual motion, foam and leap, or ripple calmly in the sunlight;—these are all themes far beyond the grasp of their dormant imaginations. They walk through life blindfolded, turning neither to the left nor to the right, nor ever digressing one inch from the monotony of their every-day life, unless it be to pick up a piece of silver or a morsel of bread. In some eastern countries dress occupies the attention of the younger portion of either sex, and there are exquisites and elegants to be found; but in Siam even this is laid aside, as what little clothing they wear never alters in its pattern, though it may in design and colour. The only time a Siamese female may be said to be decently clad is when she is married, and then for the first time in her life she is covered from head to foot in gaily-coloured muslins and veils, her face is hid from public gaze, and three days elapse ere she returns to her pristine simplicity of costume: this is the only period during her lifetime that she is thus attired. There is a period when her face is again shrouded and her form enveloped in long white drapery, but few would like to raise her veil and gaze upon the fearful mystery that dwells in her face; it is when the spirit has fled to that long home "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The Siamese women, though utterly devoid of any moral principle, are, to do them justice, excellent housewives; they toil from sun-rise to sun-down for their husbands and children—cooking, washing, sweeping, and employed upon sundry other household jobs; sometimes they ply the needle for a short time, but this is an accomplishment very rare indeed. The wives of the poorer class of boatmen are often toiling all day, paddling a heavily-laden canoe up and down the river, striving to earn a few pence, or *fuangs*, as the small Siamese money is termed, by disposing of their vendibles, be they vegetables, betel-nut, or poultry. The first thing on awaking at early morn they may be seen disporting in the river, swimming and diving like water-fowl; and the last thing at night, before retiring to rest, they bathe in the river again. Some days, when the heat is very oppressive, they go into the water in the middle of the day; and whether there be twenty or two hundred spectators it makes small odds to them, so utterly callous are they to all feelings of propriety and decency. Children, so soon as they have been taught to swim, and are efficient in this art, which seems to come naturally to this amphibious people, are initiated in the science of paddling; and for this purpose every father of a family has a little bit of a canoe attached to his establishment, with a paddle of proper proportions; then the father gets into his own canoe and paddles away, and the child enters his diminutive canoe and follows in his track, for all the world like a young duck learning to swim. The time when broods of these may be seen upon the river is between one and

two o'clock, when pretty nigh all Bangkok are having their siesta. Children having acquired these two indispensable attainments—namely, swimming and paddling canoes—are then separated, and set about their different vocations in life. The boys are taught all kinds of athletic games, and especially that wonderful Siamese game of battledore and shuttlecock. After this they are permitted for a year or two to attend at the watts every day, and there, under the tuition of the priests, acquire some faint notion of their mother-tongue. After this they are launched into life on their own responsibility, the fortune bestowed upon them by the father consisting of a canoe and some paddles, and perhaps a small trifle in money. From this date the boy never sleeps under the paternal roof again, unless in after years by chance or accident; and, somehow or other, they all make their way through life. I never saw a Siamese inhabitant begging for a morsel of bread, the priests always excepted; and then it can no longer be called pauperism, as what they get from door to door is a tax levied on the people, by approbation of government, for the support of the church.

The girls remain at home under the tuition of their mothers, who, while they sadly neglect their moral training, give them a quiet homely education in all the branches of Siamese housewifery. They have generally become adepts in this art by the time they are eight years of age, and then they are packed off in canoes to sell all kinds of vendibles, and paddle for miles up and down the river from morn till night; and sometimes, if they have been unsuccessful in their day's sales, these poor girls are kept on the river till past midnight, and tired and worn, perhaps even without food, the supplicating tones of their voices, as they invite purchasers, is heartrending in the extreme. The long and short of it is, that Siamese husbands and wives, and parents and children, possess only a kind of animal instinct, or magnetism, which creates a sensation towards each other almost amounting to friendship, but that holy thing, *love*, is unknown amongst them; as well it may be, for how could so much impurity be caged up with so fair and spotless an emotion? So soon as a girl has attained the age of twelve she is married, and then the parents wash their hands of her for ever; but should no suitor be forthcoming, she is allowed a year's time, and opportunities to gain one. At the expiration of this period, if her efforts have been futile, as is, alas! too often the case, she is then taken by her father to his own shop, and there sold to the highest bidder that may appear within a month's time. Whether in this state of serfdom she will be kindly or basely used, whether the father will ever set eyes on his daughter again, is a feeling that never suggests itself to his cold and callous heart. I cannot believe it possible that the women are so utterly void of all maternal feelings; but of the father's want of humanity I have too often had ocular demonstration, while plying to and fro upon the river Menam. He regrets certainly that she was not married, for then his daughter could have had no ulterior claims upon his hospitality; but now, in case of the death of him to whom he has ruthlessly sold her, or in the event of his being obliged to leave the capital, she must fall back upon his hands, and then ten to one if he is ever able to dispose of her again. Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this unnatural state of affairs, I seldom heard of a Siamese ill-treating or quarrelling with his wife; and should daughters that have been sold into serfdom fall back upon his hands, they are kindly and gently treated, even though their age forbids all hopes of their ever being turned into gold again. Such, however, is not the treatment of the unhappy girls who oftentimes fall to the lot of Arab merchants from Bombay and the Red Sea, who are residing for commercial purposes at Siam. These often maltreat their unhappy slaves in the grossest manner; and their cruelties have sometimes reached to such a pitch that, watching their opportunity, the girls have fled and sought refuge and protection in the houses of the missionaries. But these instances of inhuman treatment have invariably been traced to the sons of Islam residing at Bangkok. The sons of the Prophet, entertaining an innate hatred against all professing any other creed than their own, and especially incensed against idolators, such as the Siamese are, wreak the whole fury of their vengeance upon the unoffending heads of the hapless victims that fall beneath their sway by being purchased with gold.

Upon the whole, I found the Siamese a civil, humble, and willing people, wrapped in the grossest ignorance and superstition, and lost to all sentiments of moral virtue; but a reform on this score can never be hoped till they have been made partakers of "the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion."

THE POLISH MOTHER.

> Men should wear softer hearts,
> And shudder at the butcheries of war,
> Even as at other murders.

Among the pleasant abodes which, during the happier days of Poland, diversified the suburbs of Warsaw, was one which attracted the attention of the traveller. It was less distinguished by splendour than by that combination of elegance with simplicity, not common in a country where the palace and the straw-roofed cottage, standing side by side, were wont to contrast the extremes of opulence and poverty. Situated on a gentle eminence, it was environed by shades and curtained with shrubbery, as if modestly seeking to hide its own elevation. A dark forest in the background defined the outline of its white turrets in graceful beauty, while mingling with the sighing sound of its branches, swayed by the winds, came the murmurs of the Vistula, disposing the mind to musing and pensive thought.

This sweetly rural retreat was the residence of John Radzivil, a descendant from the ancient nobility of Poland. Nurtured in the love of liberty, there was ever upon his lofty brow a painful consciousness of the subjugation of his country.

Courting retirement, he turned his attention to such pursuits as could not rouse the jealousy of despotism, though his disposition was rather to have braved the storm than to cower beneath it. The dismemberment of his native realm, her loss of a seat among the nations, and the oppressive dynasty of Russia, darkly occupied his solitary meditations.

But in his own home was a peaceful spirit, ever suggesting brighter hopes, and striving to awaken his smiles. Ulrica, the gentle and beautiful one, with whom a union of ten years had left his love unimpaired, employed the whole force of her influence to win him from melancholy themes. Her acquaintance with historic lore, and her native sympathies, led her feelingly to deplore the immolation of her country. But the spirit of piety which had taken possession of her soul, taught her to deprecate every vengeful and hostile purpose, and to view the voluntary shedding of blood not only as an evil to be dreaded, but as a sin to be shunned. Capable of appreciating the higher and bolder energies, her happiness was embosomed in domestic duties and affections, and she sought to inspire all her household with that love of peace which preserves the fountains of bliss untroubled. It was her delight to lull her infant with such low and quiet music, that sleep would hang long suspended upon the half-closed lids, as if herself a listener. Even the little, trusting sparrow, that in pursuit of crumbs had ventured to pass the threshold, would seem to linger at the sound of those exquisite melodies, standing long upon one foot, and turning his head rapidly from side to side, as if longing to bear to the children of his own nest those soothing and tuneful harmonies. She loved to instruct her daughter in those accomplishments that render home delightful, and by the influence of a sweet and subduing smile, to recal her, if her young spirit wandered or was weary. But, most of all, she loved to cheer his despondence whose heart reposed its confidence on hers; and when it shrank from those thorns and brambles with which the curse of Adam had strewn the earth, to restore to it, in its own sanctuary, some image of forfeit Eden.

Yet this bower of bliss was not free from the intrusion of care. Ulrica felt deep anxiety for her little son, in whom she could not but perceive the incipient tastes of a warrior. The piercing eye and raven locks which he inherited from his father, gave to the exceeding beauty of his childhood a lofty expression which no beholder could witness without repeating the gaze of admiration. His mother, discerning the structure of his mind in infancy, laboured continually to stamp upon its waxen tablet the impress of peace. Even then the ground seemed pre-occupied. Every leaf of olive that she cherished was plucked by some invisible hand. Often, when she flattered herself that the warbled melody of some sacred lay had reached and won his soul, he would suddenly raise his head from her bosom, and say—

"Sing me the battle-song of Sobieski, when he rushed upon the Turk. It is far finer music."

Sometimes, when she narrated, from the Blessed Volume, the lives of the men of peace, of the apostles who went forth bearing the precious Gospel, and of heaven's hymn of peace, sung by angels to the watching shepherds when the Redeemer of sinners was born, he would exclaim—

"Tell me now of him who slew the Egyptian, when he saw him mocking his people, and of the stripling who beheaded the giant, and of that glorious warrior who bade the sun and the moon to stand still in their courses, that he might have light and a long day to destroy his enemies."

The oppressive government of the Grand Duke Constantine became every day more intolerable: it often assumed the forms of wanton cruelty. Surrounded by his Russian minions, he took delight in humbling the nobility of Poland, and subjecting them to causeless penalties and offensive vassalage. In addition to these brutal abuses of power, a system of espionage was established in Warsaw, so strict, that home was no sanctuary. It extended even to the schools. He was not ashamed to employ emissaries and reporters among infants. He desired to crush in the bud every indication of the love of liberty. Even the enthusiasm that lingered around the fallen glory of Poland was visited as a crime, and History hid her annal from the eye of Despotism. A boy had inscribed on his seat in school the date of some event distinguished in the record of his country. This circumstance was deemed of sufficient importance to be transmitted to Constantine, who sentenced him to be torn from his parents, and placed for life in the ranks of the soldiers, and to be held incapable of advancement. The unhappy mother sought long and vainly for an audience; and when he was about to enter his carriage she threw herself at his feet, imploring, in the most piercing accents, mitigation of the doom of her miserable child. Provoked at her mediation and perseverance, he spurned her with his foot, and, deigning no reply, ascended his carriage. It is not surprising that these arbitrary deeds should affect with peculiar sympathy the mother of young Radzivil. She knew the unconquerable boldness of the boy, and her nights were sleepless with dread lest he, too, should be marked as a victim for the tyrant. She communicated her fears to her husband.

"Ulrica," he replied, gravely, "the current of the boy's soul is deep and noble beyond his years. The young eaglet cannot be restrained by the plaintive moan of the dove."

But Ulrica daily counselled her son. She strove to press into his soul the precepts of that religion which forbids retaliation. She selected from history the examples of those princes and statesmen whose pacific policy promoted the prosperity of their realms, and the happiness of their people. She simplified for him the most exquisite passages of those ancient philosophers who extol the excellence of patient virtue and serene contemplation. She exerted all a woman's eloquence and a mother's love to make his young soul a listener and a convert.

"Mother, when I was at Cracow with my father, I visited in the cathedral the tombs of our ancient heroes. I found where Sobieski rests. But I stood longest by the tomb of Kosciusko. The light faded, and darkness began to settle upon the lofty and solemn arches while I stood there. Then methought a voice came forth from these arches and talked with me of his glory, of his sufferings, and of the Russian prisons where he so long pined. And then it seemed as if he himself stood before me, that brave old man, covered with scars, and with the tears of Poland. And ere I was aware, I said, I will love Kosciusko and hate Russia for ever."

Ulrica gazed silently upon the boy. She had never seen anything so beautiful as that lofty and pure brow, inspired with emotions that defy utterance. His full eye cast forth a flood of living lustre, and his graceful form rose higher as he ceased to speak. Not Hannibal, when in the presence of Hamilcar he sealed the vow of eternal hatred to Rome, could have evinced more strongly how the soul may light up the features of childhood with a commanding and terrible beauty. The mother wondered at the strange awe that stole over her. She almost trembled to enter the sanctuary of that mind, lest she might displace imagery that heaven had consecrated, or lay her hand unwittingly upon the very ark of God. For a moment she thought, what if this being, so mighty even in his simple elements, should be the decreed deliverer of wretched Poland!

It was but a moment that this enthusiasm prevailed. She felt that it was the spirit of the warrior, whose lineaments she had been thus enforced to admire; a flame whose essence was destruction. The boy saw the tear glittering in her eye, and hastened to throw himself upon her neck.

"Mother, I will no longer sing the songs of Sobieski, nor speak to my companions of Pulaski, or Kosciusko, since it gives you pain. But when I see the proud Russian soldiers parading in the squares at Warsaw, and Constantine lord-

ing it over our people, can I help my heart from rising up, and the blood from feeling hot in my forehead?"

The features of the Russian dynasty continued to gather harshness and asperity. The Grand Duke became daily more odious to the people whom he ruled. Conscious of unpopularity, and partaking of that distrust which ever haunts tyranny, he retired from the royal palace to one in the vicinity of Warsaw, where he might be under the immediate protection of his own troops. It was no satisfaction to the Radzivil family that the new abode of Constantine was in their own immediate neighbourhood. Still trusting to find safety in seclusion, they devoted themselves to the nurture of their children, and to the varieties of rural science.

Autumn was now deepening to its close, and it was near the close of one of the shortening and gloomy days that Ulrica became alarmed at the absence of her son. He had prolonged his usual walk with his little sister, about his father's grounds, and she had returned without him. As this was of frequent occurrence, it would scarcely have excited observation, but for the heightened state of maternal solicitude. The bold bearing of the boy and his denunciations of tyranny had signalized him among his companions, and induced his parent to withdraw him from the public school. They had also deemed it prudent, since the royal residence had been placed in their vicinity, to interdict his leaving their own domain without an attendant.

Now twilight darkened, and he returned not. The earnest search of the whole household was in vain. Little Ulrica watched and listened for his footsteps till the curtains were drawn and the lamps lighted, and then retired to her bed to weep. All the machinery that agonized affection could command was put in requisition; yet the most persevering efforts could obtain no tidings, save that a child had been seen, hurried toward the palace by two Russian soldiers, and apparently resisting their purpose. The whole influence of an ancient and noble family was made to bear upon the recovery of this beloved representative only to reveal its utter inefficacy. Inquiry, reward, and menace, were alike powerless. The system of the despot was a sealed book.

"I will, myself, go to the Duke," said Ulrica, to her husband. "God has given him a human heart. Who can say but it may, sometimes, be vulnerable to compassion?"

John Radzivil felt that such an appeal was hopeless. Yet, as a drowning man rejects not the straw floating on the element that destroys him, he forebore to dissuade her from the enterprise.

The next morning the suffering mother sought the palace of Constantine. She went under the protection of Count Turno, a Polish nobleman, who had for years maintained a degree of ascendancy over the mind of the Duke, and was sometimes able to soften the violence of his measures. By a singular combination of talent and an amount of knowledge of the hidden springs of action, he had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the tyrant, without sacrificing either integrity or honour. But consummate prudence was requisite to maintain a post so hazardous. On the present occasion, he dared venture no more than to introduce the suppliant, and to press on her the injunction that her words should be few. Open interference on his part, he felt, would be fatal to the cause in which both his patriotism and his early friendship for the Radzivil family deeply participated.

When Ulrica entered the chamber of audience the Grand Duke turned away, as if determined to avoid her. Then his blue eyes settled for a moment on her, as cold as Russian snows. Arrested by her beauty and dignified deportment, aided in their effect by the rich and becoming costume of the Polish nobility, he reluctantly, though not ungracefully, gave attention.

"Great prince, you see before you the wife of John Radzivil. She seeks your presence, a wretched suppliant for her lost son. These three days and nights our search for him has been unremitting, but in vain. He was last seen in charge of two of the soldiers of your guard. Let me supplicate your clemency to give orders for his restoration."

"Madam, the commission under which I act takes no cognizance of wandering babes. I supposed that the mothers of Poland better understood both my duties and their own."

"Sire, our lost one was but a child. He had not numbered ten winters. If he was guilty of folly or rashness, I beseech you to restore him to his parents, that they may carefully instruct him not again to offend."

The haughty lip of Constantine curled as he spoke.

"You were, in truth, rearing up a viper. If his venom has chanced to fall upon yourselves, look to it. Fill not my ears

with your complaints. He was a rebel, and a ripe one, though so young in years."

Ulrica fell on her knees, and raising her clasped hands, exclaimed:—

"Spare the life of the child! A broken-hearted mother implores your pity for her only son. So shall the Judge and Father of us all be merciful to you in your time of adversity."

"Take away this mad woman," said Constantine to his attendants. "Turno, is there never to be an end of these Polish maniacs?"

Ulrica rose, and returned to her home. She uttered no complaint. There was a strength in her sorrow that refused the channel of words. Radzivil saw in the fixed glance of her eye that hope had departed.

"Ulrica, seek to bind me no longer at the footstool of peace. As the Lord liveth, it shall no more be peace, but a sword. There is a point beyond which endurance is sin. Poland stands upon that verge. The tyrant shall fall. Faithful and proud hearts have sworn it. I will no longer withhold myself from their covenant. My soul has lain still, and smothered its hatred, for your sake. Your sighs of peace have stolen over it, like the breath of flowers, weakening its purpose. My counsel of submission has been my reproach among patriots. They have called it my watch-word. Their brows grew dark when I uttered it. It was your spirit, breathing through my lips. I deemed it the spirit of Heaven, and bade the wrath of the warrior that boiled in my breast bow down before it. Henceforth I cast away its chains. I wear no longer the yoke of a craven policy. I will resist unto blood, unto death."

The discontent which had been but ill suppressed in the bosoms of a free people burst forth. Plans long fostered in their nightly conclaves came suddenly to maturity. On the evening of November 29th, 1830, the beacon-light sprang up on the banks of the Vistula. The concerted signal had been the burning of a house on that river at the hour of seven. The clocks of Warsaw struck *seven*. How many hearts struggled with unutterable emotion at that sound.

The expected flame threw out its red banner. The shout of "*To arms!*" came with that flash, as thunder follows the lightning. Throngs of patriots were at their appointed posts. Officers rode through the streets, inspiriting the people. Students and boys from the schools, in warlike array, marched to the head-quarters of the enemy. The rush was tremendous. Two thousand Russian cavalry, panic-struck, dispersed. The Grand Duke threw himself from the windows of his palace, and, aided by darkness and disguise, escaped. The gates of the city were in possession of the patriots. The prisons were stormed. Multitudes of the pale, emaciated victims of despotism came forth astonished from their dungeons, as the dead once mingled with the living in Jerusalem, when strange darkness hung over Calvary.

At midnight, Poland paused amid the miracle of her revolution, and kneeling down, gave thanks to Jehovah. It was a moment of sublimity, when that immense multitude, rendered visible by the red glare of torches, humbled themselves to earth, and amidst the most tumultuous emotions, swelled the response of "*Praise to God, to God the deliverer!*"

The next morning brought Ulrica a note from her husband.

"Warsaw is ours. No Russian foot pollutes it. Poland breathes once more in freedom the air of her own capital. Every spot overflows with rejoicing people. Old hoary-headed men give us their blessing, and children brandish their tiny weapons, with the shrill cry of *liberty*. As for me, I am searching every dungeon, every fastness, every den, where it is possible for despotism to have incarcerated our brave and beautiful one. I will return no more to my house until I restore him to your arms, or whisper in your ear those words, less appalling than our suspense, *he is dead*."

All day long, while acclamations rent the air, and the peasantry by thousands were flocking into the city to hail the men who had delivered their country, Ulrica sat still in the house. One deep, measureless, inexpressible emotion absorbed all lesser sympathies. At every footstep, at the echo of every voice, her heart, like the mimosa, shrank, trembled, folded itself. The hours seemed interminable.

At length twilight approached, evening darkened. Even her chastened spirit revolted at the prospect of passing another night of unmitigated suspense. Her children slumbered. There was no sound, save of their quiet breathing. She looked out upon the solemn stars, and strove to rise above them, in communion with their Maker. Suddenly there was a trampling of horses in the court-yard.

The power of motion deserted her, and ere she could recover it Radzivil was in her apartment. He laid on the bed a form closely wrapped in a cloak, and for a moment restrained her in his arms, as she was rushing towards it.

"My son! my son! speak, Radzivil! Tell me that he lives!"

"He lives, Ulrica. *But the life of life is fled.* It were a lighter thing to have seen him in the sleep of death."

Perceiving that she would no longer be withheld, he uncovered the face. All the fortitude that she had invoked from above was needful for that moment. Emaciated, haggard, his beautiful hair shorn close to his head, his eye devoid of lustre or intelligence, and every feature apparently transmuted to portray the dull, dreaming, hideous contortions of idiocy.

But he still breathed. And with that consciousness, hope, the comforter, came into the heart of the mother. *The heart of the mother!* that only heart whose love falters not, amid seas of agony, and mountains of temptation, and tempests of snow, until death smites down its idol. Even then it resigns hope only to call forth a memory which, tender as love itself, gathers, like the winged chemist of the air, honeyed essence from thorn-clad and unsightly plants.

Ulrica perceived that to her embraces there was no response, to her words no answer. Food the hapless boy received voraciously, and with a wolf-like appetite, yet regarded not the hand that gave it. The accustomed avenues to the soul seemed irrevocably closed, and death soon claimed the once beautiful boy for his own.

John Radzivil returned from the obsequies of his first-born in that state of feeling which shuns alike society and consolation. Solitude and moody silence were his choice. Grief seemed in his case to lay aside her features of tenderness, and to nerve and harden the soul for some gloomy, unspoken purpose. Ulrica perceived that his mind was brooding over plans of vengeance, and exerted all her influence to soothe and disenthral it. She suffered not her own sorrow to sadden her deportment, that her devotion to his comfort might be the more exclusive. She gradually incorporated the softened tones of her voice, like the sigh of the "sweet south," with his meditations, hoping to infuse a healing principle into the current of his diseased, tumultuous thought. She pointed out the sources of happiness that still remained to them, and endeavoured to excite the healthful emotions of gratitude to an Almighty Friend. She spoke fervently of the peace and independence of their country, and pressed him, by the love he bore to her and their surviving children, to withhold himself from any future scene of dissension, and yield his sorrows to the solace of domestic retirement and felicity. She dwelt eloquently on the tendencies of war to extinguish the finer sensibilities, to destroy the capacities of rational happiness, to stimulate evil passions, to uproot the precepts and spirit of the Gospel. But she shuddered to hear him repeat, with unwonted sternness, his determined vow of revenge.

It was on the 25th of January, 1831, that the Polish troops began to leave Warsaw, to encounter the immense force with which Russia was inundating their land. Delicate and beautiful females attended them on their route to Praga, inspiriting by their eloquence and enthusiasm. Then there were tender partings, and high patriotic hopes, and agonizing aspirations of piety, that submit not to the revealment of words.

The fortunes of Poland grew darker every day. Contest after contest was lost. The battle of Praga struck her down from her brief throne among the nations. Despotism returned with a twofold purpose, to do the deeds which her own nature prompted, and to punish rebellion. She was not slack in either task. Confiscation, imprisonment, banishment, death, were the instruments by which she wrought, and amongst the sufferers was the family of Radzivil, which was soon entirely extinguished.

VARIETIES OF MANKIND.

THE most approved classification of mankind is that of Blumenbach. He divides them into five varieties: 1. The Caucasian; 2. Mongolian; 3. Ethiopian; 4. American; and 5. Malay: and the following are the characteristics of each.

I. THE CAUCASIAN.

The skin white; the cheeks rosy—almost a peculiarity of this variety; the hair of a nut-brown, running on the one hand to yellow, on the other into black, soft, long, and undulating; the head symmetrical, rather globular; the forehead moderately expanded; the cheek-bones narrow, not prominent; the alveolar edge round, the front teeth of each jaw placed perpendicularly. The face oval and pretty straight; its features moderately distinct; the nose narrow and slightly aquiline, the bridge of it rather prominent; the mouth small; the lips, especially the lower, gently turned out; the chin full and round. This variety comprehends all Europeans, except the Laplander and the rest of the Finnish race; the Western Asiatics as far as the Obi, the Caspian, and the Ganges; and the people of the North of Africa.

II. THE MONGOLIAN.

Skin of an olive colour; the hair black, stiff, straight, and sparing. The head almost square, the cheek-bones prominent outwards; the superciliary arches scarcely perceptible; the osseous nostrils narrow; the alveolar edge arched obtusely forward; the chin somewhat projecting. The face broad and flattened, and its parts consequently less distinct; the space between the eyebrows very broad as well as flat, the cheeks not only projecting outward, but nearly globular; the aperture of the eyelids narrow and linear; the nose small and flat.

This comprehends the remaining Asiatics, except the Malays of the extremity of the Transgangetic Peninsula, the Finnish races of the North of Europe, Laplanders, &c., and the Esquimaux, diffused over the most northern parts of America, from Behring's Strait to the farthest habitable point of Greenland.

III. THE ETHIOPIAN.

Skin black; the hair black and crisp. Head narrow, compressed laterally; forehead arched; the cheek-bones projecting; the osseous nostrils large, the jaws lengthened forward; the alveolar edge narrow, elongated, more elliptical; the upper front teeth obliquely prominent, the lower jaw large and strong; the skull thick and heavy; the face narrow, and projecting at its lower part; the eyes prominent; the nose thick and confused with the projecting cheeks; the lips, especially the upper, thick; the chin somewhat receding; the legs in many instances bowed.

This comprehends the inhabitants of Africa, with the exception of the Caucasian variety which inhabits the northern parts.

IV. THE AMERICAN.

Skin of a copper colour; hair black, stiff, straight, and sparing. Forehead short; cheek-bones broad, but more arched and rounded than in the Mongolian variety; the orbits generally deep; the forehead and vertex frequently deformed by art; cranium usually light. The face broad, with prominent cheeks, not flattened, but with every part distinctly marked if viewed in profile; the eyes deep; the nose rather flat, but still prominent.

This comprehends all the American, excepting the Esquimaux.

V. THE MALAY.

Skin tawny; hair black, soft, curled, thick, and abundant; head rather narrow; forehead slightly arched; cheek-bones not prominent, upper jaw rather projecting. Face prominent at its lower part; the features viewed in profile more distinct; the nose full, broad, bottled at its point; mouth large.

This comprehends the inhabitants of the Pacific Ocean, of the Marian, Philippine, Molucca, and Sunda isles, and of the Peninsula of Malacca.

The Caucasian variety derives its name from *Mount Caucasus*, where we meet with a beautiful race—the Georgians; and because, so far as the imperfect light of history and tradition can guide us, the original abode of the species appears to have been in that quarter. In this class are included all the ancient and modern Europeans; the Assyrians, Medes, Chaldeans, Sarmatians, Scythians, and Parthians; the Philistines, Phœnicians, Jews;

the Turks, Persians, Arabians, and Hindoos of high caste. Blumenbach is inclined to believe that the primitive human race belonged to this variety. In support of this opinion it may be stated, that the part of Asia which seems to have been the cradle of the race has always been, and still is, inhabited by tribes of this formation; and the inhabitants of Europe in great part may be traced back for their origin to the West of Asia.

Are all these various tribes brethren descended from one stock? or must we trace them to more than one? The physiologists who have ventured to express the latter opinion have been stigmatized by intolerance and blind bigotry as atheists and unbelievers; yet this question belongs to the domain of the naturalist, and the philosopher has an unqualified right to moot it without incurring the heinous charge of infidelity. To form an opinion on this difficult subject, it will be necessary, as Lawrence justly observes, to ascertain carefully all the differences that exist between the various races of men; to compare them with the diversities observed among animals; to apply to them all the light which human and comparative physiology can supply; and to draw our inferences concerning their nature and causes from all the direct information and all the analogies which these considerations may unfold. "It is quite clear," continues the same ingenious writer, "that the Mosaic account makes all the inhabitants of the world descended from *Adam* and *Eve*. The entire, or even the partial inspiration of the various writings comprehended in the Old Testament, has been and is doubted by many persons, including learned divines and distinguished Oriental and Biblical scholars. The account of the creation, and subsequent events, has the allegorical figurative character common to Eastern compositions, and it is distinguished amongst the cosmogonies by a simple grandeur and natural sublimity, as the rest of these writings are by appropriate beauties in their respective parts. The representation of all the animals being brought before Adam in the first instance, and subsequently of their all being collected in the ark, if we are to understand them as applied to the living inhabitants of the whole world, is zoologically impossible. How could the polar bear have traversed the torrid zone? If we are to believe that the original creation comprehended only a male and female of each species, or that one pair only was saved from an universal deluge, the difficulties are increased; the carnivorous animals must have perished with hunger, or destroyed most of the other species." On this obscure subject Adelung has expressed himself with much ingenuity: "Asia has been at all times regarded as the country where the human race had its beginning, and from which its increase was spread over the rest of the globe. Tracing the people up to tribes, and the tribes to families, we are conducted at last, if not by history, at least by the tradition of all old people, to a single pair, from which tribes and nations have been successively produced. What was the first family, and the first people descended from it?—where was it settled?—and how was it extended so as to fill the four large divisions of the globe? It is a question of fact, and must be answered by History. But History is silent: her first books have been destroyed by time; and the few lines preserved by *Moses* are rather calculated to excite than to satisfy our curiosity.

"We must fancy to ourselves this first tribe endowed with all human faculties, but not possessing all knowledge and experience, the subsequent acquisition of which it left to the natural operation of time and circumstances. As Nature would not unnecessarily expose her first-born and inexperienced son to conflicts and dangers, the place of his early abode would be so selected that all his wants could be easily satisfied, and everything essential to his existence be readily procured. He would be placed, in short, in a garden of paradise. Such a country is found in Central Asia, between the 30th and 50th degrees of north latitude, and the 90th and 110th of east longitude (from Ferro); a spot which, in respect to its height, can only be compared to the lofty plains of Quito in South America. Here, too, all the animals are found wild which man has tamed for his use and carried with him over the whole earth."

This ingenious historical investigation points out the East as the earliest and original seat of our species, the source of our domesticated animals and our principal vegetable food; but it by no means decides whether the globe was peopled by one or several original stocks.

The startling nature of this question on the first view of the subject must induce us to consider the circumstance of these five distinct varieties arising from

one stock as miraculous; but when we compare them with the corresponding difference in animals, we can easily come to the conclusion that the various races of human beings are only to be regarded as varieties of a single species, without supposing the intervention of any supernatural agency.

The causes of the difference of our species have been the subject of great varieties of opinion. Most of the Greek and Roman historians have attributed it to the influence of climate; and amongst moderns, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Buffon, and Zimmerman, have considered the modification of the individual and the degeneration of the offspring as the result of this external agency. Lord Kaimes, Hume, and many other philosophers, have entertained a contrary opinion. No doubt the influence of climate may materially affect colour, stature, hair, features, and even the moral and intellectual character; but it must be considered as inadequate to act upon conformation. The prevalence of light colours in the animals of polar regions is well known: the arctic fox, the white bear, the snow-bunting, are striking instances of this peculiarity; but these circumstances are purely superficial. The skulls of these individuals are similar to those of the Europeans; nay, it is well known that light races are found among dark nations, and many protected parts of the body are blacker than those which are exposed. Buchanan tells us, that the Jews in Cochin are divided into white and black classes, though born under the same parallel; the white Jews having been known there for upwards of one thousand seven hundred years. Dr. Shaw and Bruce describe a race of fair people, near Mount Aurasius in Africa, with red hair and blue eyes, and who are, according to tradition, descended from the Vandals. We find the red Peruvian, the brown Malay, and the white Abyssinian in the very zones peopled by jet-black races. This influence of temperature upon colour frequently varies according to the seasons. Pallas observed that even in domestic animals, such as the horse and cow, the coat is of a lighter colour in winter. The Siberian roe, red in summer, is white in the winter; the fur of the sable and the martin is much deeper in the warm months; and the squirrel and mustela nivalis, which become white in Siberia and Russia, do not change their hue in Germany. The winter coat, it has been observed by naturalists, is found far advanced in the preparatory autumn. This bounteous provision of nature seems to have been extended to the vegetable kingdom, and it has been observed that the pellicle of onions is much thicker on the approach of a severe winter than on that of a more temperate season. But if further proof were necessary to impugn this doctrine respecting climate, we may adduce the fact of a woman having borne twins of different complexions, a white and a black. With all due respect to the much-lamented Bishop Heber, we must receive with some degree of hesitation his assertion that the Persian, Greek, Tartar, and Arabian inhabitants of India, assume, in a few generations, without any intercourse with the Hindoos, a deep blue tint, little lighter than that of a negro; and that the Portuguese, during three hundred years' residence in that climate, have assumed the blackness of a Kaffir. The same learned prelate is of opinion that our European complexion was not primitive, but rather that of an Indian; an intermediate tint is perhaps the most agreeable to the eye and instinct of the majority of the human race. Dr. Heber, perhaps, had not seen, in various Roman Catholic treasures, portraits of the Virgin Mary, painted, according to tradition, by St. Luke, and in which she is represented as a negress.

That solar heat produces blackness of the integuments is an ancient opinion, and is supported by Pliny. Buffon asserts that "climate may be regarded as the chief cause of the different colours of man;" and Smith is of opinion "that from the pole to the equator we observe a gradation in the complexion nearly in proportion to the latitude of the country."

Blumenbach, under the same impression, endeavours to account for this black tinge by a chemical illustration somewhat curious. He states that the proximate cause of the dark colour is an abundance of carbon secreted by the skin with hydrogen, precipitated and fixed by the contact of the atmospheric oxygen. Our creoles, and the British inhabitants of India, may esteem themselves particularly fortunate in not being subject to this chemical operation! On the other hand, it is well known that a black state of the skin has been produced in white races under peculiar circumstances.

Climate also receives some difference from the nature of the soil, and some

from the degree of cultivation; sand is susceptible of greater heat than clay, and an uncultivated region shaded with forests and covered with undrained marshes is more frigid in northern and more temperate in southern latitudes, than a country laid open to the direct and constant action of the sun. History informs us that when Germany and Scythia were bound in forests, the Romans often transported their armies across the frozen Danube; but since the civilization of those barbarous regions, the Danube rarely freezes.

Migration to other countries has also been adduced as one of the causes of variety in mankind; but the permanency of the characteristic distinctions of any race militates against this supposition. The physical character of the Celts, who peopled the west of Europe at an early period, is still observable in the Spaniard, most of the French, the native Welsh, the Manks, and the Scotch Highlander; whereas the German race, who occupied the more northern and eastern settlements, are still distinguished by their transparent skin, rosy complexion, flaxen hair, and blue eyes; and in Ireland, the race of the Danes and Milesians can to this day be recognised in their respective characters. Shaw and Bruce traced the descendants of the Vandals who passed from Spain into Africa in the fifth century; and after a lapse of thirteen centuries, Bruce says that they are "fair like the English, their hair red, and their eyes blue." Negroes have been introduced into the New World for upwards of three centuries, where, despite of a new clime and different habits, they still retain the character of their race; and the Jews who have not intermarried out of their nation, have preserved their features for nineteen centuries.

Not only do we observe the peculiarities of physical conformation resisting the destructive or degenerating hand of time, but certain imperfections in their faculties have been equally permanent in certain tribes. It is a curious fact that the Mamelukes, who have resided in Egypt for upwards of five hundred and fifty years, have never perpetuated their subsisting issue. Volney observed, that there does not exist one single family of them in the second generation; all their children perishing in the first or second descent. The same observation applies to the Turks, who can only secure the continuance of their families by marrying native women, an union which the Mamelukes disdained. This singularity, remarked by Volney, has been since confirmed by late travellers.

It will be found that the progress of domestication, the natural result of civilized improvement, tends more materially to operate a wonderful change in the animal conformation, than any other supposed agency. The head of the domestic pig differs as much from that of the wild one as the Negro's from the Caucasian's. At Padua, it has been observed that fowls have a cranium perforated by numerous holes, and hollowed out like a shell. In some countries, nay districts, cattle and sheep have or have not horns; and in other instances sheep have so many of them as to have acquired the epithet of *polycerateous*. Wild animals continuing to inhabit the place that bore them, undergo little or no change, and their fossil remains and skeletons are similar to the present species; but nothing can form a stronger contrast to this specific uniformity than the numerous varieties to be found in those races that have been crossed in breed and domesticated by man. We could scarcely imagine that our sheep owe their origin to the mouflon or argali, an animal large in size, fleet, and fierce. The sheep of Senegal and India are those that have undergone the least degradation; while those of Barbary, Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, have experienced greater degeneration. We daily see dogs degenerate before our eyes, and it has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained whether they arise from one or several species. Cuvier, in his diligent researches, has concluded that our oxen do not originate in the urus or bison of the ancients formerly found in various parts of Europe, and still met with in the forests of Lithuania, and on the Carpathian and Caucasian chains; but he is of opinion, from the examination of fossil remains, that, like the camel and the dromedary, the species has been destroyed by civilization: the causes of these changes do not appear to operate by altering the parents, but disposing them to produce offspring more or less dissimilar in colour, form, and disposition.

Dr. Prichard observes, that the negro slaves of the third and fourth generation differ materially from the natives of Africa.

In opposition to this doctrine, which admits this wonderful degeneration under the plastic influence of domestication, it

has been shown that, as far as we know, the lapse of ages has not produced any change in the generality of animals. The zoological descriptions given by Aristotle twenty-two centuries ago apply distinctly to the same species of the present day, and every work of art in which these animals are represented corroborates the fact. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire brought numerous mummies of animals from the sepulchres of Egypt, and found no more difference between their skeletons and the osseous conformation of the present races, than in the relics of the human mummy and the bones of our contemporaries.

The following luminous conclusion of Lawrence illustrates the observation of the foregoing fact: "If new characters are produced in the domestic animals because they have been taken from their primitive condition, and exposed to the operation of many, to them, unnatural causes,—if the pig is remarkable among these for the number and degrees of his varieties, because it has been the most exposed to causes of degeneration,—we shall be at no loss to account for the diversities in man, who is, in the true, though not in the ordinary sense of the word, more of a domesticated animal than any other. We know the wild state of most of them, but we are ignorant of the natural wild condition to which man was destined. Probably there is no such state; because nature having limited him in no respect,—having fitted him for every kind of life, every climate, and every variety of food,—has given him the whole earth for his abode, and both the organized kingdoms for his nourishment. Yet, in the wide range through which the scale of human cultivation extends, we may observe a contrast between the two extremities, analogous to that which is seen in the wild and tamed races of animals. The savage may be compared to the former, which range the earth uncontrolled by man; civilized people to the domesticated breeds of the same species, whose diversities of form and colour are endless."

It is therefore obvious that the various causes which operate upon animals in producing these alterations from the primitive race, although the manner in which they act is unknown, are sufficiently evident to convince us, by analogy, that they may account for similar phenomena in the human race, without the gratuitous assumption of different original species, tending to invalidate the Mosaic account of the creation. Despite the witticisms of Voltaire and other philosophers on this subject, sound philosophy teaches us to assign the same causes to the same effects without calling in the adventitious aid of other possible influences; and no difficulties prevent us from recognising the unity of the human species, which are not applicable to all other animals.

LOST AND FOUND.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

The clock had struck eight; it had been dark for the last two hours, for it was the month of October, and the days were growing short, and the evenings were lengthening out, so that little children might sit awhile by the pleasant lamplight before they went to bed, and watch the strange shadows thrown upon the walls, and wonder why these black caricatures of men and things crept out unbidden in the evening, and where they had been lurking all through the day.

This is what the children at Dale Farm had been doing for the last few evenings, besides trying to summon up a number of fanciful shapes, produced by holding two and sometimes three hands between the light and the wall; for they had a book with a great many examples of shadow-painting, and from its instructions they were learning to make birds, hares, cats, and horned cattle, with surprising distinctness; so that papa, being allowed three guesses, generally managed to make out the object intended to be represented—always I believe, except once, when he wavered so long between a robin and a cow, that the little hands grew tired and dropped down. On that occasion a Polar bear was being attempted, and a strong impression prevailed that it would certainly have been recognised if the shadow-painters had not grown weary, and spoilt the fun.

But on this particular evening of which I write, the shadow-book was neglected; only a few spiritless attempts were made when the lamps were first lighted, and then the children, three in number, threw aside the book, and sitting down upon the hearthrug, talked together in whispers. They made a pretty group, though, taking them separately, you would not have called any one of them a pretty child; for the eldest, being nearly twelve years old, had lost the beauty of childhood, and had not yet been touched by the first dawn of that early promise that sometimes at this age will show us so distinctly the woman in the child. The other two, a boy of nine and a girl of seven, belonged to the fat and rosy order of children; and the three faces were very near together, and the three voices every now and then spoke all at once, and yet in a lower tone than was natural to them. Evidently the little heads were unusually busy.

But the clock had struck eight, as I said just now, and the appearance of a stout nursery-maid, armed with a flat candlestick, warned the trio that the little party was about to be broken up, and one of their number consigned to that bourne which inconsistent mortals generally approach with reluctance, and quit with extreme disgust. The doomed one, the youngest girl, met her fate with resignation, and only delayed her departure to whisper to the others that they musn't settle it without her.

When the door had closed upon the little one, the two elder children began to whisper again, but apparently with very little prospect of "settling it," if one might judge by the warmth and eagerness with which they interrupted each other every minute; and presently a bright tongue of light, that leaped upward from the fire, shone upon something small and glittering that the boy held in his hand. Once his sister took it for a moment in hers, and turned round with it to the lamp; it was a gold ring, set with blue stones. She tried it upon her fingers, but it was much too large for her, and soon slipped off again.

"Tell me about it again, Tom," she said.

"You know the place where we found the robin's nest in the spring," Tom answered; "well, it was in that very same place, on the ground, among the dead leaves. I was finding horse-chestnuts for the deer, and turning the leaves over and over with my foot, and I thought I saw something shine like a bit of glass; I lost it among the leaves, and then I dropped some of the chestnuts, and stooped to pick them up again, and fixed inside the green prickly shell of one was this ring. I mean to say that it's mine by right, because it was lying there for anybody to find, and I found it."

"Then why don't you show it to mother?" the girl asked.

"Because I'm not a fool, and don't want to have it taken from me and given to the first person that says it's theirs. I'll give it to *you*, Kate, if you'll put it by very safely, and promise never to say a word about it. Will you?"

"I should like it, Tom, if I thought it were quite right; but then, you see, somebody must have dropped it, and so——"

"And so they're served quite right for being careless," put in Tom. "Why, Kate, don't you remember when you lost your silver thimble, mother said it was just the right thing to happen to you, because you didn't take care of it? And she said something about its being a valuable lesson, and keeping you from losing other things; so this may be a very valuable lesson to somebody, and make them careful for all their lives; and if we were to find them out, and give it back to them, they might only go and lose something of more consequence."

Kate pondered over this ingenious argument; she was naturally rather a slow reasoner, and she did not see through it as quickly as some other children of her age might have done; but she was also naturally conscientious, and afraid of doing wrong, and her education and training had strengthened these good tendencies. She did not now like the idea of profiting by another person's loss, and after considering for a few minutes she exclaimed—

"I think I know how to settle it, Tom!"

"Get on," said Tom, "how are you going to settle it?"

"We might sell it, you know; jewellers buy such things, as well as sell them."

"And have the money instead of the ring; and buy gingerbread, and marbles, and things?"

"I didn't quite mean that," said Kate; "to be sure we might buy something with some of it, and we might give some of it away—do good with it, you know; but first we ought to wait a good while, and see if we hear of any one that has lost it."

"I think it does more good to buy gingerbread and marbles with your money than to give it in charity," said the boy.

"Oh, Tom!"

"I do; because then you help poor people that are keeping a shop, and trying to be industrious and good, instead of helping those who are lazy, and only beg."

Kate was silent, for she was a slow thinker, and anything like a new idea perplexed and unsettled her; she had not many notions, but I suppose they must have been large ones, for they always seemed to fill her head completely, so as never to leave any room for another; whereas Tom was a bold and audacious reasoner, and his arguments had at least a show of logic in them that was quite sufficient to puzzle her.

It happened that the mysterious conferences held by the three children, and by the two elder ones in particular, did not escape the notice of their mother; she had observed all day that their play-things were neglected, and that Tom's hand was in and out of his pocket with even more than usual frequency; she noticed, too, that he was elated with the consciousness of his secret, whatever it might be; and that Kate, on the other hand, was a little downcast and depressed. She knew Kate's dread of doing wrong, and she could see very plainly that her conscience was not quite easy about the matter that was taking up her thoughts and attention. Like a wise woman, as she was, she forbore to ask any questions, knowing very well that the mystery would not long be concealed from her, and that Kate in time would, of her own accord, place the difficulty before her; which she did. And this was the way in which it happened; when the children wished her good-night, before they went up to their rooms, Kate's voice was a little unsteady, and when her mother spoke again, but only on some every-day subject, Kate did not answer at all, but kissed her, and quickly went upstairs. So the mother knew that the heart of the little girl was full of something that troubled her, and she resolved to try that very night if she could not find it out and comfort her.

She waited a good half-hour, and then she went softly upstairs, and before she could get to Kate's little room, she had to go through the one in which her brother slept. She stood still a moment to look at him, shading the candle with her hand, for Tom was fast asleep. Looking at him, you would have said that nothing had ever troubled him, and that nothing was ever likely to do so; and she wondered, but not for the first time; she had often wondered before, at the great difference between her children, and whether it was better to be clever, and high-spirited, and easy-conscienced, like Tom, or to be rather matter-of-fact, and tender-hearted, and over-scrupulous, like Kate. She could not decide; but as she stood there she saw one thing very clearly; she saw how greatly that philosopher was mistaken, who affirmed the mind of a little child to be like a blank sheet of paper, on which anything might be written at will; she saw that God, who fashions all our hearts, sends us into the world with characters and instincts quite distinct from one another, and that in all ways of training and educating children this should never be forgotten.

She went on into Kate's room, expecting to find the little girl awake, but she was mistaken. Kate had evidently cried herself to sleep, for her face was flushed and her eyelashes were scarcely dry; but she was sleeping soundly now, and all other traces of her trouble had vanished from her face. Her mother would not have roused or disturbed her, but she would have given a good deal to know what was distressing her; she had hoped that this night would not have passed over without a full confidence between them.

Well, it could not be helped; she had delayed coming upstairs a little too long, and now she must wait till morning, and see what another day would bring forth. Most likely it was some very trifling matter, that a word or two would set right; Kate's troubles were usually of that description; only her mother was sorry that she should be grieving about something that no doubt could be soon cleared up. She stooped and touched Kate's face with her lips before she left her. She very gently moved one arm, that was lying outside the counterpane—for it was October, as I said before, and the nights were growing cold. Ah! what was this, almost falling out of the little hand? A piece of tissue-paper? She drew it gently away, and unfolded it, turning to the candle as she did so. She started, for inside the paper there was a gold ring, set with turquoise stones; she could see in a moment that it was a valuable ring, and she sat down by the side of the bed to think. This was Kate's trouble—there was no doubt of that—but how could such a ring have come into her possession? and why should she keep such entire silence about it? and why should the possession of a ring trouble her so, if——? She stopped here; she could not face that *if;* but no, she had no occasion to face it; she knew Kate far too well to suppose she could have taken what was not hers. All at once she guessed the truth—they had found the ring, and did not wish to give it up, and Kate had been persuaded by her brother to keep it and to be silent, even while she felt that her silence was wrong. The mother wrapped up the ring again, and put it back in the hand of the sleeper.

That night the mistress of Dale Farm sat up late beside the fire, and as she looked down into the burning coals, slowly and by degrees an incident in her early life, long past and forgotten, grew up in her memory, till she seemed to live it over again. And looking back intently into the past, she strove to piece together her recollections into one coherent whole, summoning up all that she had forgotten, and joining every dissevered link. "And this," she said, half aloud, as she rose up at last, "will be a better lesson for them than any amount of lecturing could possibly be; I will tell it them to-morrow."

The morning dawned, dark and storm-laden, and swollen clouds, marked here and there by rain-streaks, hung low upon the hills. The quiet and steady "drip, drip" of the falling drops, as they fell from the eaves upon the garden path, was the first thing the children heard when they opened their eyes that day, and the monotonous sound told them all that they could have learnt by looking out of the windows; rather more, perhaps, for the panes of glass were dim with rain, and diversified by a number of small rivulets coursing down their length. But that ceaseless dropping told them that on that day they could have no pleasant rambles, no nutting and blackberrying expeditions, that the fields were dank with long wet grass, and the hedges and hazel copse lying forlorn beneath the overhanging showers.

So, as it could not be helped or averted by any system of ingenuity, and as there are pleasures to be found in-doors as well as out, they settled themselves after breakfast to play at various games by the fireside; not in a very orderly or organized fashion, but after the manner of children, each one doing what was right in his or her own eyes. And once their mother opened the door and looked in upon them; but she quickly went away again when she found that they were merry and noisy, and fully occupied with their game. Her time had not come yet, and she knew it. But it came at last: the children grew weary of play—tired even of making a noise, and restless from confinement to the house, and they lounged listlessly against the windows, wishing that the clouds would break and the sun look through, and trying the efficacy of certain ancient rhymes, supposed to have a magical effect in driving away the rain; the charm, however, in this particular instance, proving a dead failure. Then it was that the mother, having accomplished the household business of the morning, looked in again at the door, for

the ceasing of their merry voices and the restless movements of impatient little feet had told her that they were tired of play. And all their eyes were turned upon her as she came in, with a kind of expectancy that she would provide some remedy for the disagreeable weather, or else for their discontent and weariness.

After laying another log upon the fire, for the damp had made it rather cold, and improving the general aspect of the hearth by a few quick strokes with the brush, she settled herself in a low rocking-chair that stood beside the fire, and from the recesses of a capacious pocket, produced a very long piece of knitting-work, which she was apparently intent upon lengthening still further, to suit the proportions of some agricultural Longshanks. As the children watched her proceedings from the window, a deceitful lull in the clamour of little voices might have led an inexperienced observer to suppose that she was to be permitted to knit in peace, and without interruptions. But a dozen stitches had not been transferred from one needle to the other, before Tom broke in with—

"Do put that away, mother, and tell us a story or something; we've got nothing to do except to watch the rain." A plaint that was speedily taken up by the girls—even by Kate, who was usually the last to complain, and the readiest to adapt herself to any small vicissitudes of fortune. The mother stuck her needles into the ball of worsted, and laid it on the table, and when the children—quick to mark this favourable symptom—left the window and gathered round her, she lifted the little one upon her knee, and bade the other two find places upon the hearth.

"I have just a little spare time," she said; "the rain has interfered with my plans as well as with yours, and now that my in-door business is done, I may as well make up my mind to sit by the fire, and knit or talk, for there will be no going out to-day: and you want to hear a story, and I have in my mind the remembrance of something that happened to me very long ago, when I was a little girl, not so old as Kate.

"I did not live, as we do now, in the pleasant country; my father's house was in London, and in a very noisy and bustling part of that great city, a long way from the green hedges and dark woods that you love so much to play in; and so my pleasures were all of a different kind from yours, and instead of pic-nics, and fishing parties, and nutting expeditions, I was taken sometimes to see the animals in the Zoological Gardens, sometimes to one or other of the bazaars, and sometimes to exhibitions of various kinds, such as a child could find amusement in and understand.

"It happened one day—I remember that it was in the winter time, and very cold and snowy—that my godmother, who did not usually live in London, but was visiting it for a few weeks, called at our house, and asked leave to take me with her for a drive, promising further to take me to one of the bazaars if I did not mind the cold of the afternoon. Accordingly, after undergoing what seemed a very long process of wrapping-up, I was at last placed by her side in the carriage, and we drove off, first through a number of handsome streets—for my godmother liked to look at the shops almost as much as I did—and then, as she had promised, to the largest of the bazaars.

"I think you scarcely know what these places are like: this one was a wilderness of toys, ornaments, and pretty things of every description, both to wear and look at; and when I had seen and admired everything to my heart's content, my godmother called to me to follow her into a recess, where a bright fire was burning, that we might warm our hands before we went away.

"A number of persons, like ourselves, were standing near the fire in the bazaar; some had been there for a considerable time, and were now preparing to withdraw; others approached it just at the time that we did; so that altogether there was quite a little crowd round the fender. It happened, however, that one by one all these persons went away in the course of the next few minutes, so that my godmother and myself were standing there alone. At last she asked me if I was quite warm, and finding that I was, she prepared to leave the building. She had already walked a few steps from the fireplace, and I was on the point of following her, when suddenly I saw something white lying just beside the foot of the fender, and partly hidden by it. I stooped and picked it up. It was a small square box made of white pasteboard. I opened it hastily, and found it contained a piece of soft wadding. Running after my godmother, I told her that I had found the little box, and showed it to her, adding that it contained a tuft of cotton wool.

As far as I can remember now, I think she said that most likely one of the ladies who had been standing round the fire had bought in the bazaar some small article of jewellery in that box, and had taken it out and thrown down the box; certainly, she said, that I could keep the box if I liked to do so.

"I put it in the pocket of my frock, and then I think that I forgot all about it until I went to bed at night, when I suddenly remembered it, and took it out to show it to Mary, the maid who waited on me. She opened it and took out the wadding, and then squeezing it in her fingers, she exclaimed, 'There's something wrapped in it, miss,' and she quickly pulled the little piece of wadding open and showed me a small flat locket made of gold, and set with a tiny circle of glittering stones. She held it to the candle to find out if there was any way of opening it, and presently it flew open, but it contained no hair, being evidently quite new.

"'Oh, Mary, how pretty it is,' I exclaimed, when I first caught sight of it.

"'Yes, miss, and how lucky you are to have found it,' she answered.

"'But it is a pity for the lady who has lost it,' I said; 'isn't there some way of finding out who she is? I think if I were to go to the bazaar and put it back exactly where I found it, that most likely she would remember she had been standing there, and come back to look for it. What do you think, Mary?'

"But Mary only laughed. 'Why, to be sure, miss,' said she, 'if you were to be such a goose as to put it back again after having the luck of finding it, the next person that happened to see it would walk off with it, and the lady who has lost it would be no better off than she was before. You don't know who lost it, and you can't find out; all you've got to do is to keep it, and say nothing at all about it.'"

"But mother," said Kate, interrupting the narrative here, "wasn't it quite true that it would have been silly to put it back again, because the right owner would not have been at all likely to get it in that way?"

"Quite true, darling," said the mother. She had noticed sundry glances, especially between the two elder children, that showed how quickly they had applied her story to the case of conscience that was at this time being discussed between them. "Quite true; but there were other ways that I, a child, knew nothing of, and that Mary could have told me about, if she had chosen to do so—ways of finding the right owner, I mean, and of honestly returning the locket."

"Oh, what ways, mother?" said Kate, with sudden eagerness, that was sufficient to have betrayed her personal interest in the inquiry.

"In that particular bazaar," her mother answered, "there was a place for receiving lost property; so that a person who had lost anything could inquire there and learn if it had been found in the bazaar."

"But there are not such places as those in the country," said Tom.

"Not often. Still there are other means of discovering the owners of lost property; it is possible, for instance, to advertise in the public papers, or to send a man round the town or village, calling out that such and such a thing has been found, or to communicate with the police, who can very often discover the owner; perhaps are making inquiries for it before it is found. Depend upon it, dear children, that if we really wish to do right and to be honest, we shall not be long in finding out the way."

"But, mother," said Tom, "suppose one were to find anything, and to advertise and send a man round, and speak to the police, and yet not discover the owner?"

"In such a case, dear, a great deal would depend on the value of the thing found; if it were worth a great deal of money, it might be worth while to advertise it several times; if all known means of discovering the owner had been fairly tried and had failed, I should consider it the property of the person who had found it."

"And if that person kept it," said Kate, "without trying to find out the owner?——" She stopped, and her voice faltered a little.

"It would be an act of dishonesty, dear child," said the mother; and there was a long pause.

"Well," said Tom, at last, "and what did you do, mother? Did you keep the locket?"

"I did indeed, Tom; but for me there was this excuse—that I did not know what I ought to have done in order to find out its owner, and I believed Mary, who told me it would be impossible to do so. Still I kept it with a guilty conscience, having been persuaded by Mary to say nothing to my parents about it,

for they, she said, would be sure to take it from me, and to give it to the first person who might happen to claim it, while all the time it was mine by right.

"After the first few days I was afraid to speak of it, lest I should be blamed for not having sooner done so; and now, if I refused any request of Mary's—and she sometimes wanted me to do things that I felt were not quite right — she would threaten to tell my father and mother about the locket, and by this means she could induce me to do many things that I should not otherwise have consented to. But all this while I was growing very unhappy. I had gained a locket, but I had lost my light-heartedness and gaiety; I was oppressed with the consciousness of a secret, and burdened too with a sense of positive guilt. For when Mary had been long absent from the nursery, as she often was, I had made excuses for her that were not strictly true, and had once even told a positive falsehood, all because my secret had given her a kind of power over me, which she used to the utmost. Thus my little life was beginning to be an unhappy one.

"This had gone on for some time," the narrator continued, "and every one began to remark that there was a change in me: I was no longer gay and cheerful, as I had been before. Mary was becoming a kind of tyrant to me, obliging me to do exactly what she pleased, and extorting from me promises of secrecy with respect to any transaction of hers that she had reasons for concealing. You will be ready, I know, to ask me why I did not at once free myself from my trouble, even at the risk of blame or punishment, by simply relating the whole matter to my father and mother. You have never been a great deal with nurses—certainly you have never lived in a nursery apart from your parents—so that you can scarcely be aware of the very great influence gained by a servant over the mind of a child who is given up wholly to her care; and I was naturally rather a timid child, and rather a slow speaker; and, besides, children in former days, even in the days that fall within my remembrance, were not on such terms of familiar love and confidence with their parents as a great many of them are now. After all, I might probably have confessed the whole affair, if I had been questioned; but I was not, and the evil went on.

"At last one evening, when Mary was curling my hair before I went to bed, she happened to say something about my beautiful locket, that made me tell her that now I hated it, and how I wished I had never found it. She told me, in reply, that I could very easily dispose of my treasure, if I had grown tired of it; and that she would even take the trouble to sell it for me, and would give me the money to spend as I pleased. I was so very foolish as to fancy that, by getting rid of the locket, I should in some way get rid of my troubles; and I very willingly gave it to her to be sold, feeling as if a great weight were taken from my mind the moment it was out of my possession. The next morning Mary brought me two shillings and a sixpence, which she put into my hand as the price of the locket. Now, I did not care anything about the money, and if she had not brought me any at all, I should not have asked her for it; all that I wished for was, never to see or hear of the locket again; but, child as I was, I could not help thinking that the locket must be worth more than this, and I asked Mary if she did not think so too. She answered that there was a great deal of difference between buying and selling, and that I could not expect more for a second-hand ornament. I told her next that I had not meant to say I wanted more for it—in fact, that I did not want anything at all—and that she might keep the two shillings and sixpence; but she answered that it was mine by right, and as she seemed to wish me to take it, I did so.

"I had foolishly hoped to make matters better by parting with the locket; instead of which I soon found that I had made them twice as bad as they were before; for Mary soon managed to make me aware that if I had done wrong in the first place by keeping and concealing it (and I felt that I had), it was infinitely more wrong to sell a thing that I did not feel to be properly my own; also that the transaction of selling it would displease my father and mother far more, should it ever come to their knowledge, than the more simple matter of finding and keeping it."

"But, mother," said Tom, interrupting the narrative, "Mary couldn't tell of you, you know, without telling of herself, so you were safe. If you had but thought of that, you need not have cared for her threats."

"Ah, Tom, but I didn't think of it. I was not like you," his mother answered, looking down with a mother's pride and fondness upon the large square forehead

and intelligent eyes of the boy; "I could only see it in one light; I had done wrong, and most likely what I had done would be found out some time or another—very soon, if I did not take care."

"And then, mother," said Tom, "what then?"

"Well, I don't know that I had any very distinct idea as to consequences; certainly, I was not afraid of incurring any particular punishment; but I was very much afraid that my father and mother would be angry with me—ashamed of me, perhaps—and that they would not love me and trust in me again.

"It would take up too much time if I were to tell you all, or nearly all, the troubles and perplexities that I found myself in by means of that miserable locket, especially after I had disposed of it—indeed I cannot recollect them all; I will tell you one or two. Mary was in the habit of occasionally holding conversations with an old gipsy woman, whom we met sometimes in our walks, for there are gipsies and fortune-tellers in London, as well as about our country lanes and hedgerows. She would sometimes walk for a considerable time by the side of this woman, when she did not think we were likely to meet any one who knew us, and their conversation was generally about 'a dark man.' Mary now and then bought small articles from a basket carried by the old woman, but after the sale of the locket she had more extensive dealings with her; and one day, when my mother was out, the gipsy even made her appearance in the nursery, and produced a very dirty pack of cards, with which she proceeded to tell Mary's fortune, or to pretend to do so. But this was not the worst; some lace belonging to my mother, and several pairs of her gloves and shoes, that I was sure she had not given to Mary, were disposed of to the old woman, who looked suspiciously at me, but was re-assured when Mary told her that I daren't open my mouth.

"And this was just the truth. I did not dare to speak, and every new act of dishonesty that became known to me only sealed my lips still faster; for I felt that I was in some measure implicated in the guilt, since I looked on and kept silence; yet this very feeling of being implicated in it kept me silent still. If I attempted to address the least remonstrance to Mary, she would tell me that I of all people need not talk; I had not been very particular myself, since I had sold what was not my own. When I reminded her how often she had declared the locket to be mine, she would say, 'Oh, yes, it was yours because you took it, and these things are mine for just the same reason.' Presently, other visitors were admitted to the nursery whenever my mother went out, and I was quite certain, from their language and appearance, that she would not have tolerated them in the kitchen, much less in the nursery, my room, if she had known of their visits to the house.

"It was a miserable time, dear children, and I do not like to dwell upon it. It went on for several weeks, but I will pass them over, and tell you what happened next."

"Did you ever find out the owner of the locket?" asked Kate.

"You shall hear," her mother answered. "One afternoon early in the spring we received a visit from my godmother, rather to our surprise, for we had not supposed her at this time to be in town. When I had been summoned from the nursery and the first greetings were over, she told my mother that she had come up to London partly on some business of her own, and partly because she wanted to see me, and to ask me a question.

"'You remember the day I took you to the bazaar, dear?' she asked, turning to me.

"'Yes,' I said, feeling certain that something very unpleasant was coming now.

"'And the little box that you picked up as we were standing by the fire?'

"'Yes,' I said again—how hard it was to get that 'yes' out!

"'Did you throw it down again, or take it home?'

"'I took it home,' I answered.

"'There was nothing in it, love, was there?'

"'A piece of cotton-wool was in it,' I said, trying to avoid a falsehood and to gain a moment's time.

"'Yes, I saw that; but there was no ornament or trinket of any kind in that little box?'

"I paused for an instant. I must either tell the whole truth, and take upon myself the blame that so justly belonged to me, or tell a direct untruth. For a moment I tried to force myself to confess the whole matter; a very few kind and warning words would have elicited it all; I did so hate the trap into which I had fallen; but there was a pause, a brief interval of entire silence, and I was so weak

and foolish that I felt as if I *could* not, without help or encouragement, declare my fault, or rather my series of faults. So I said 'No,' and the weight at my heart grew heavier, and my chances of escape from the snare grew less.

"'There, I knew there was not,' said my godmother; 'but don't look so distressed, dear child; I only asked you as a kind of form, that I might be able to say I had asked you. I knew very well that if you had found the locket you would have given it up directly.'

"I started at the word *locket*, and repeated it involuntarily.

"'Yes,' said my godmother, 'read this;' and she took a letter from her pocket, and handed it to me. I took it mechanically, but the writing swam before my eyes, and I could not read a word.

"'Ah, I forgot!' she said, 'children don't read writing easily; give it to me;' and she took it out of my hand, and read it aloud.

"It was as follows:—

"'Madam,—I have to apologize for troubling you with reference to a circumstance that occurred some weeks ago, but it was only yesterday that I succeeded in gaining your address, from a gentleman whom I remembered to have seen speaking to you in the bazaar. You may, perhaps, recollect having visited it with a little girl one day in the winter, and that the young lady picked up a small box by the fire, nearly opposite my stall. I had sold a short time previously a very small gold locket set with brilliants, and enclosed in that little box, or in one precisely like it; and when I saw the young lady pick it up, I concluded that the purchaser had taken out the locket and thrown down the box. I have since found that this is not the case, but that the box containing the locket was dropped by accident; and if you can give me any information that may lead to its recovery, you will greatly oblige the owner, and your obedient servant, J. Stock.'

"J. Stock! that was the name upon the box; I remembered it very well.

"'I declare,' said my godmother, 'the dear child looks as if we blamed or suspected her. It was a startling question to ask you, dear, and I am almost sorry that I did ask it, instead of writing at once to say that the box was empty. I might have known—I did know—that it was, and only asked for form's sake;' and she kissed me, and rose up to take leave.

"'When are you going to communicate with the writer of that letter?' asked my mother.

"'Directly, of course; the sooner the better.'

"'Will you oblige me by leaving it till to-morrow?' she asked next. My godmother looked surprised, but she consented.

"My mother saw her to her carriage, and in the meantime I retreated to the nursery, feeling more thoroughly miserable and degraded than I had done yet. But five minutes had scarcely elapsed before my mother followed me into the nursery, and told Mary to go down to the kitchen until she rang the bell. Then she sat down beside the fire, and drew me towards her, laying her hands caressingly upon my head, and thoughtfully smoothing back my hair. I was so very wretched that the slightest demonstration of love and affection towards me was enough to make the cup of my sorrows overflow, and I drew my face away from her, and crouching down beside her, buried it in the folds of her dress. She waited a little while and said, 'Now tell me all about it:' for she had read my trouble in my face while my godmother had been talking.

"And I told her the whole matter from beginning to end—as far as *facts* were concerned, that is; I could not tell her all I had suffered, or how very miserable I had been; but she understood it all.

"I had, of course, expected to be blamed, and I remember how grieved and surprised I was when I found that she blamed herself instead of me; for she traced the ascendancy that Mary had gained over me, and the girl's evil doings and deceit, to her own entire absence from the nursery, and want of watchfulness. Another servant was engaged to wait upon me, but from that day my mother never failed to spare a portion of her time from her own pursuits and occupations to make herself acquainted with everything that went on in the nursery."

"And was the locket returned?" asked Tom.

"No; for unfortunately it could not be traced; but its value, thirty shillings, was sent to the owner, with a brief explanation of the circumstances. It happened that the locket had been bought as a keepsake from a lady, who was on the eve of leaving England, to her sister, so that although we could restore its value in money, we could not possibly make up for the loss. It was a lesson to me, dear

children, for all my life; let it be one to you."

She felt something pull the skirt of her dress, and glancing in that direction, she saw that Kate had pulled it unconsciously in the eagerness of an argument with Tom, carried on in dumb language. She met the expression of their faces as she turned towards them, and then Kate spoke.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "I must tell mother."

"You needn't," the boy answered; "mother knows."

For his quick intelligence had readily divined that some knowledge of their dilemma had induced their mother to relate the story; and two days later the turquoise ring was in the hands of the person who had dropped it.

SELF-MADE MEN.

ANTHONY MAGLIABECHI.

This extraordinary man was born at Florence, October 28 or 29, 1633. His parents, who were of low rank, are said to have been satisfied when they got him into the service of a man who sold fruit and herbs. He had never learned to read, and yet was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste paper in his master's shop. A bookseller who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him "what he meant by staring so much on printed paper?" He said "that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it; and that he was very uneasy in his business, and should be the happiest creature in the world, if he could live with him, who had always so many books behind him." The bookseller, pleased with his answer, consented to take him, if his master was willing to part with him. Young Magliabechi thanked him with tears in his eyes, and having obtained his master's leave, went directly to his new employment, which he had not followed long before he could find any book that was asked for as readily as the bookseller himself.

This account of his early life, which Mr. Spence received from a gentleman of Florence, who was well acquainted with Magliabechi and his family, differs considerably from that given by Nueron, Tiraboschi, and Fabroni. From the latter, indeed, we learn that he was placed as an apprentice to a goldsmith, after he had been taught the principles of drawing; and that he had a brother who was educated for the law, and made a considerable figure in his profession. His father died while he was an infant, but Fabroni makes no mention of his poverty. It seems agreed, however, that after he had learned to read, that became his sole enjoyment, but he never applied himself to any particular study. He read every book almost indifferently, as it happened to come to his hands, with a surprising quickness; and yet such was his prodigious memory, that he not only retained a sense of what he read, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling them, if there was anything peculiar of that kind in any author.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, librarian to the Cardinal de Medicis, and to Marmi, the Grand Duke's librarian, who introduced him into the company of the literati, and made him known at court. Everywhere he began to be looked upon as a prodigy; particularly for his vast and unbounded memory, of which many remarkable anecdotes have been given. A gentleman at Florence, who had written a piece that was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi, and some time after it had been returned with thanks, came to him again with the story of a pretended accident by which he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed inconsolable, and entreated Magliabechi, whose character for remembering what he had read was already very great, to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down for him against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would, and wrote down the whole MS. without missing a word, or even varying anywhere from the spelling. Whatever our readers may think

of this trial of his memory, it is certain that by the treasuring up at least the subject and the principal part of all the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintances expresses it to Mr. Spence, "an universal index both of titles and matter."

By these means Magliabechi became so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he had read, that he was frequently consulted by the learned, when meditating a work on any subject. For example (and a curious example it is), if a priest was going to compose a panegyric on any saint, and came to consult Magliabechi, he would immediately tell him who had said anything of that saint, and in what part of their work, and that sometimes to the number of about a hundred authors. He would tell not only who had treated of the subject designedly, but point out such as had touched upon it only incidentally; both which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, and often the very number of the page in which they were inserted. All this he did so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon as an oracle, on account of the ready and full answers that he gave to all questions that were proposed to him, in any science or faculty whatever.

The same talent induced the Grand Duke Cosmo III. to appoint him his librarian; and no man, perhaps, was ever better qualified for the situation, or happy to accept it. He was also very conversant with the books in the Laurentian library, and the keeping of those of Leopold and Francis Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany. Yet all this, it is said, did not appease his voracious appetite; he was thought to have read all the books printed before his time, and all in it. Doubtless this range, although very extensive, must be understood of Italian literature only or principally. Crescimbeni paid him the highest compliment on this. Speaking of a dispute whether a certain poem had ever been printed or not, he concluded it had not, because Magliabechi had never seen it. We learn farther, that it was a general custom for authors and printers to present him with a copy of whatever they printed, which must have been a considerable help towards the very large collection of books which he himself made. His mode of reading in his latter days is said to have been this. When a book first came into his hands, he would look over the title-page, then dip here and there in the preface, dedication, and advertisements, if there were any, and then cast his eye on each of its divisions, the different sections or chapters, and then he would be able to retain the contents of that volume in his memory, and produce them if wanted. Soon after he had adopted this method, of what Mr. Spence calls "foreshortening his reading," a priest who had composed a panegyric on one of his favourite saints, brought it to Magliabechi as a present. He read it over in his new way, the title-page and heads of the chapters, &c., and then thanked the priest very kindly "for his excellent treatise." The author, in some pain, asked him, "whether that was all he intended to read of his book?" Magliabechi coolly answered, "Yes, for I know very well everything that is in it." This anecdote, however, may be explained otherwise than upon the principles of memory. Magliabechi knew all that the writers before had said of this saint, and he knew the priest's turn and character, and thence judged what he would choose out of them, and what he would omit.

Magliabechi had even a local memory of the place where every book stood, as in his master's shop at first, and in the Pitti and several other libraries afterwards; and seems to have carried this farther than in relation to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day the Grand Duke sent for him after he was his librarian, to ask him whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi; "for there is but one in the world, and that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."

Though this extraordinary man must have lived a sedentary life, with the most intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, July 14th, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library of his own collection for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain over, to the poor. By the funds which he left, by the addition of several other collections, and the bounty of some of the Grand Dukes, his library was so much augmented as to vie with some of the most considerable in Europe. Of this collection, a catalogue and description of

the works printed in the fifteenth century were published by Fossi, under the title *Catalogus Codicum Sæculo XV. impressorum in Bibliotheca Magliabechiana, Florentiæ adversantur*, Florence, 3 vols. fol. 1793–5.

Of the domestic habits of Magliabechi, we have many accounts that represent him as an incorrigible sloven. His attention was so entirely absorbed by his books and studies, that he totally neglected all the decencies of form and ceremony, and often forgot the most urgent wants of human nature. His employment under the Grand Duke did not at all change his manner of life: the philosopher still continued negligent in his dress, and simple in his manners. An old cloak served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night. He had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, in which he generally continued fixed among his books till he was overpowered by sleep. The duke provided a commodious apartment in his palace; of which Magliabechi was with much difficulty persuaded to take possession, and which he quitted in four months, returning to his house on various pretences, against all the remonstrances of his friends.

He was, however, characterized by an extraordinary modesty, and by a sincere and beneficent disposition, which his friends often experienced in their wants. He was a great patron of learned men, and had the highest pleasure in assisting them with his advice and information, and in furnishing them with all necessary books and manuscripts. Cardinal Noris used to call him his Mecænas; and writing to him one day, he told him he thought himself more obliged to him for direction in his studies, than to the pope for raising him to the purple. He had the utmost aversion to anything that looked like constraint. The Grand Duke knew his disposition, and therefore always dispensed with his personal attendance upon him; and when he had any orders to give him, sent them in writing. The pope and the emperor would gladly have drawn him into their service, but he constantly refused their most honourable and advantageous offers. The regimen he observed contributed not a little to preserve his health to old age. He always kept his head warmly covered, and took at certain times treacle, which he esteemed an excellent preservative against noxious vapours. He loved strong wine, but drank it in small quantities. He lived upon the plainest and most ordinary food. Three hard eggs and a draught of water was his usual repast. He took tobacco, to which he was a slave to excess, but was absolute master of himself in every other article.

He died in the midst of public applause, after enjoying during the latter part of his life, such an affluence as very few persons have ever procured by their knowledge or learning, and which, as he had acquired honourably, he bestowed liberally.

Though he never composed any work himself, yet the commonwealth of learning is greatly obliged to him for several, the publication of which was owing to him, such as the Latin poems of Henry de Settimello, the *Hodæporicon* of Ambrose Camaldula, the *Dialogue* of Benedict Aretin, and many others. A collection of letters, addressed to him by literary men, was printed at Florence in 1725, but it is said to be incomplete.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Joseph Verey, Author of "Roland the Painter," &c.

PROLOGUE.

By the side of one of those charming streams which have always been the delight and glory of Devonshire, whose banks glitter with wild flowers, and whose glassy surface, as it ripples along, seems to reflect with a sunshiny smile the rich foliage, broken cliffs, heath-covered hills, expansive downs, and nestling hamlets through which it passes, stood an extensive mansion, which had long been the property of my ancestors, the Irvings.

The charm which only centuries of habitation can give to such a place had thrown its magic round Castlehead. There were lofty trees overshadowing the old hall, which must have had centuries for their development, and the ivy clustering round the walls from basement to roof seemed to tell its own story; for one fancied that Castlehead must have been founded with those broad-spreading trees, and belonged naturally to those picturesque hills and that lonely stream, so well did its grey walls accord with the peaceful and varying landscape.

It was in this rural seclusion that my grandfather, Sir Mark Irving, had lived all his life in studious retirement, seldom being visited by any members of his family. Indeed, so rarely did the baronet offer an invitation to any of his friends or acquaintances, that in time he failed to see any of them, and began to be looked upon in the neighbourhood as a morose recluse.

In this judgment, however, there was some injustice. Sir Mark was not morose or misanthropical, only proud. There was no family near him in which he could take any interest. He was a reserved and thoughtful man, and he was surrounded mainly by small farmers and petty tradesmen, too engrossed with the never-ending task of procuring daily bread to find time to cultivate their intellectual powers; and the few gentry living in the neighbourhood were so scattered, and even of those so few could sympathize with the baronet's tastes, that he was necessarily thrown back upon himself.

Yet not upon himself wholly. He had a wife who enjoyed all that was excellent in Art or beautiful in Nature, but who ministered only too successfully to her husband's latent pride. Yet they lived happily, their existence being bound up with that of an only son, whose education and bringing-up had formed a most important item in the baronet's occupations. At the time of which we write this young man had just left college. He inherited much of his father's artistic taste—much, also, of his father's pride, and, in addition, had a quick, passionate temper, which did not easily brook control. He came home from college full of enthusiastic dreams, and imbued with the latest speculations of the day. He had learned, through mixing with other young men of his age, the value of the position he would ultimately attain to, and now, as he returned home, he glanced with pride and kindling eyes at the old hall, of which he would one day be master.

Much of this enthusiasm, however, diminished after a stay of a few weeks at home. He found that the pride of his parents would speedily lead to a misunderstanding between them. Sir Mark was ambitious, and part of the plan which he had formed for the future was to unite Mark to a wealthy heiress, whose possessions he calculated would elevate his son's position, and throw a new and gorgeous light upon the fortunes of the Irvings. Mark also found his own taste and disposition diametrically opposed to that of his father. They could agree upon no single point. To the chagrin of his parents, Mark had returned from college with his mind filled with theories and speculative views. He was by no means disposed to gratify his father by lending himself to those schemes and plans which had been arranged for the family advancement. The young man had just seen enough of the actual world to make him feel how little good or virtue is added to life by the mere possession of wealth or titles, no matter how honourable they might be, and he burned to distinguish himself by his own talent and energy.

Sir Mark indignantly accused his son of standing in his own light, and threatened,

in the event of his still continuing obstinate, that the inheritance should pass into other hands; and that the infatuated youth, as he called him, should try in reality the experiment of working out his own ideas of a manly and independent career.

Mark, hasty-tempered and self-willed, had been so accustomed to his own way at College, that the overbearing tone of his father made him furious. He was ready to seize any opportunity of thwarting Sir Mark's wishes. The chance he looked for soon came. Amongst the female servants at the Hall was one who had been lately engaged from London. Beyond bringing an excellent character, nothing was known of her; she was extremely good-looking and well-behaved, and from her manners and conversation it was evident that she had not always been in her present position. As a natural consequence of this superiority, Victorine soon discovered that she had enemies in the servants'-hall, and it was not long before complaints were made against her, especially as it had been noticed that the young squire, as Mark was generally called, had more than once spoken kindly but respectfully to her. The representations artfully made against her had produced the effect intended, and Victorine was to be discharged.

At this juncture, more from caprice than from any particular interest, Mark undertook to be Victorine's champion. He investigated the charges brought against her, and ended in satisfying himself that they were unfounded; upon which he boldly objected to her being turned away.

Sir Mark was furious; he taunted his son with what he denominated his Quixotic fancy, telling him at last, in a fiery passion, that he had better marry the girl at once and provide for her future welfare. Strange to say this idea acted like magic upon the young man's mind. He had seen that Victorine was beautiful, that she was innocent of the charges made against her, and, with something of a chivalrous spirit, he could not bear the idea of a young, beautiful, and even accomplished girl being sent away in this uncouth and unchristian-like way. Argument with Sir Mark was evidently useless.

Mark had left the hall in a savage mood after the interview with his father, and had wandered into the park to compose his feelings. It had been a calm and lovely autumn evening when he left the Hall. He had strolled along in an absent mood, drinking in the calm and peace of the quiet evening, when the sky suddenly grew dark, and there was every sign of a coming storm. There was an utter and awful stillness, as though nature, hushed and gloomy, brooded in silence and dread over the conflict to come. The air grew sultry; not a leaf stirred, when suddenly the awful roar of the tempest broke upon the stillness. The lofty trees seemed to howl in agony, while the fallen leaves and branches were whirled madly through the air. Soon the crashing thunder drowned the shrill voice of the wind, and soon in mighty floods came down the big dancing rain-drops. Mark would gladly have revelled in this elemental war, but he was at some distance from the house, and each moment he was getting wetter. He therefore deemed it wiser to forego romantic feelings and seek the nearest shelter.

He remembered that at a short distance from the spot where he stood a rude hut had been erected for some workmen, and he made for the spot at once.

What slight accidents often turn the current of our whole lives. Mark had but sought the shelter of this little hut to escape a drenching, but ere he left it again his course of life flowed in another channel from that moment to his dying day.

Softly entering the little hut, the first object that met his gaze was that of a female form apparently engaged in prayer. The sight was so totally unexpected in such a place and at such a time, that Mark stood transfixed a moment in utter surprise. Having only just left the daylight he could not at first, in the dusky light of the hut, recognise whose form it was. In a moment the shadow of his figure in the doorway made her conscious of Mark's presence, and she rose to her feet in some confusion.

Mark was half pleased half sorry to see that it was Victorine, but with the inherent tenderness of his nature he said, kindly:

"You are timid at the thunder and lightning, are you not?"

"Oh, yes," Victorine answered; "it is awful! It seems as though it was the voice of the Almighty denouncing us sinful mortals."

Struck with her simple earnestness and the forlornness of her situation, Mark fell into conversation with her. At every

moment he felt his first impressions of her goodness and purity strengthened. He fell to cross-examination of his own feelings. Should he, he asked himself, be guided solely by his father's opinion? Here was a woman, young, simple-minded, beautiful, pure-hearted; what should hinder his loving her and making her his wife? Doubtless his father had excellent intentions in desiring to promote his worldly advancement by a wealthy alliance, but years might pass—perhaps during his whole life he might never again meet with one on whom he could so confidently fix his affections, assured that happiness would be the result. What, if yielding to his father's wishes, he became united to one whom he could not love—from whom each genial impulse, each noble emotion would be thrown back upon himself? His resolve was taken. He told Victorine how he had defended her. He even apologized for the unfair manner in which she had been treated, and warmly, even passionately promised to befriend her.

Overcome by this unusual interest in her welfare, Victorine burst into tears. Mark was young—some will say foolish. At all events he was kind-hearted, and tried his utmost to comfort the forlorn maiden. An hour passed away thus. Mark forgot everything as he dwelt upon the grace and beauty of Victorine. Youthful eloquence and good looks had overweighed all scruples on either side. Mark had promised to marry Victorine, and she had promised to become his wife. Of course he was aware that it would be useless to make such a proposition formally to Sir Mark. It would have driven him almost mad. The young couple therefore determined, as Victorine would leave the Hall in a few days, that they should meet and be married privately.

During the short time that elapsed before the event took place, Sir Mark was surprised at the altered manner of his son. All the vapouring and blustering which the young student had indulged in previously had now disappeared, and he was as calm and reasonable as any father could wish. Time passed, however, and one day, shortly after Victorine's dismissal, Sir Mark, to his astonishment and wrath, received a short note from his son informing him that he had taken a wife of his own choosing, and felt confident of his future happiness. In fact, that he had wedded the discarded Victorine.

Sir Mark's rage and astonishment knew no bounds. Day by day his indignation increased rather than diminished, till at length he would not allow his son's name to be mentioned at Castlehead, and publicly stated to his friends that he had cancelled his former will, and had made another, leaving all he possessed to charitable institutions.

With respect to Mark and his young bride, they found life very smooth and pleasant during the honeymoon, but the means of existence must be looked after. Mark had not doubted that his father, who had hitherto not been wanting in kindness, would soon relent and do something for them, but after long waiting and hoping they were doomed to disappointment. There was now only one course to be adopted—to seek abroad in the world the means of subsistence which the offended baronet denied. Thus, after many weeks and months of weary anxiety the young heir to a magnificent estate found himself in a situation of a very humble kind. It was Mark's first experience of actual life, and a very bitter experience it was, and so keenly did he feel the humiliation to which he was subjected by a life of servitude, that he finally became disgusted, and going down to the nearest seaport took his passage for Canada, telling his tearful and unhappy young wife, who blamed herself as being the cause of all this distress, that his voyage would be of short duration, and that as soon as he had arranged his plans for the future he would come back for his young bride, and they would never set foot in England more.

Mark had another motive for leaving his wife behind: Victorine expected shortly to become a mother, and Mark feared that her health was too delicate for a long voyage; she had never been very strong, and now she was especially delicate. The constant self-reproach that she had been the sole cause of her husband's poverty, so preyed upon her mind, that she became really ill; her frame became enfeebled, and a frequent hectic flush upon her cheeks augured ill for the future. Frequently for hours when Mark had sailed, she sat looking vaguely at the passing clouds, as though like them she would wish to be wafted away beyond the limits of the cold, hard, unrelenting world. She pictured Mark toiling in a distant land, with no one to help or cheer him, and she looked forward in bitter sorrow to the thought that her little one would come into the world without a

father's welcome. Sometimes, too, she would grow desponding, and doubt if he would ever come back. The deep lines of sorrow were already furrowed upon her fair young brow, and all her cheerfulness and energy had left her. Mark had saved a little money during his late employment, and had paid for the rent of a cottage in advance. But these slender funds were soon exhausted, and it is impossible to say what her fate might have been if her position had not attracted the notice and sympathy of a neighbour.

This unexpected friend was a Captain Verschoyle, who had lately retired from the East India Company's service, having just acquired property enough to enable him to spend the remainder of his days in peace ashore. The village of Lymington, which the captain had chosen for his abode, was situated very near the sea. It was the captain's chief enjoyment to sit in his little drawing-room, and listen to the singing waves and dream away his declining years, thinking over his past struggles on the treacherous element, which now served to amuse him. There was another charm also for the old sailor in this neighbourhood: there were many old seafaring men who, like himself, had spent the greater part of their lives at sea, and had become so accustomed to its dangers, that they were as loath to leave it as the captain—just as we are often sorry to part with an old friend, even when his eccentricities have annoyed us.

The hearty old captain had heard the history of his young neighbour, and sailor-like felt the deepest sympathy for her. His kindness and attention had been so constant, indeed, that Mrs. Verschoyle was not always in the best temper in consequence.

Weeks, months elapsed, and still Mark did not come back. The vessel had been spoken with, and he had written to her from Quebec when he landed, but that was the last Victorine ever heard of him. Meantime a boy was born, and the expenses of the little household increased. Poor Victorine was almost in despair. It was in this extremity that she had told her simple tale to the captain.

The captain bounced, blustered, and swore, said Mark was a villain, and never intended to come back at all, at the same time brushing away some tears from his cheeks with the back of his rough, wrinkled hand.

"I'll tell you what, my lass," said he, when Victorine had finished, "you shall come and live with me, and I'll bring up your boy, and make a man and a gentleman of him. Come, let's shake hands upon it. There now, don't cry, there's a good wench. We've settled the point, and let's have done with it."

As may be expected, Mrs. Verschoyle did not enter into this arrangement with the same enthusiasm as her husband, but it was useless for her to object. The captain was a man of iron—immovable—unassailable, when once his fiat had gone forth. He had seen too much of mutinous beggars at sea, he said, to stand any defiance of orders on shore; so with little delay, Victorine and her infant son were duly installed in the Verschoyle household.

No one ever repented the proceeding. The sweet, gentle nature of the young wife, and the beauty of the child, soon won over those who had most objected at first. One of the earliest to welcome them had been Miss Mary Verschoyle, a maiden sister of the captain's; while one of her greatest foes had been the captain's wife. The policy of these ladies in regard to all home matters was as follows: if the captain suggested any new idea, Miss Mary seconded the motion with all her might and main, and attacked with the utmost vigour the amendment which Mrs. Verschoyle would be sure to propose.

The captain's wife was the younger of the two ladies, and had in her youth been somewhat celebrated as a beauty. It was now too late to judge fairly how far the celebrity had been justified; she had grown very stout and—shall we say it—very coarse. Her temperament also had suffered with the lapse of years. She was cheerful, hospitable, and generally well-meaning, but always ready to claim the least scrap of homage that she considered her due, being excessively vain. She, in fact, liked her own way so much that her daughters, Eleanor and Clara, had much difficulty in pleasing her. The only person of whom Mrs. Verschoyle stood in awe was the maiden sister of whom we have spoken; and in truth it was a sore trial at times to bear the sharp tongue of this active little lady.

Miss Mary, though like her brother naturally warm-hearted and impulsive, was not a woman to conciliate by her manners, and the chilling effect of fifty winters had not lessened the inborn acerbities of her nature. It is, perhaps, not far from the truth to say that she was rather proud than otherwise of her pecu-

liarities, and was apt to fancy that telling unpleasant truths in an unpleasant manner was a proof of her honesty and good intentions. She was a little busy woman, with eyes as sharp, and almost as bright, as they had been thirty years before, and with a tongue ready to seize upon any defect, and exaggerate it by tingling satire. It is not too much to say that Miss Verschoyle, though greatly feared in her own little circle, was not greatly beloved.

It was enough for Miss Mary that it was the captain's decree for Victorine to be received into the house, and she raised no objection whatever. Indeed, it was not long before the eccentric spinster, who had often professed a solemn hatred of children and infants especially, became Victorine's best friend, and to little Mark almost a second mother. The rough captain, also, could hardly have been more tender and gentle if Victorine had been his own child. The young wife, unfortunately, did not long require these good offices; she grew paler and weaker daily. The kind-hearted old sailor sat hour after hour at her bedside, and tried his utmost to cheer her.

"You must get a bit of colour in them pretty cheeks, my lass," said he, patting her pale face with his stumpy finger, as if she had been a child. "We shall have the lad coming back with his pockets full of money, scolding us all for not treating you better. Just look at the sunshine, dear! Come, cheer up! I'll have you take a walk with me before another week; I swear I will." But poor Victorine never took that walk with the captain, and the next time she passed through the garden which had formerly yielded her so much delight, she was lying insensible to its beauty in her coffin.

The disappointment, depression, and anxiety occasioned by her husband's long absence had quite undermined her constitution, and she sank from day to day. Within a few months after the birth of her child, she died, holding Mark's letter in her hand. Strangely enough, the captain fell ill immediately upon Victorine's death, and soon followed her to the grave.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I WAS about fifteen years of age when the facts of my past life, which have been communicated to the reader, were first revealed to me. I may here state that my father had never more been heard of. The reason why I was now, for the first time, informed of these particulars about myself was from the fact that Miss Verschoyle—still my greatest friend—had been discussing with her sister-in-law some plans for the future in which I was concerned, and had thought it advisable to make me now acquainted with all the circumstances of my introduction to the family.

As these simple incidents were gradually unfolded, a fierce pride, such as had formerly filled my father's breast, took possession of me. I thanked the ladies warmly and heartily for all they had done for me, but positively declined any assistance from them in future. Mrs. Verschoyle did not attempt to dissuade me, but Aunt Mary, as I had always called her, was almost heart-broken. Eleanor and Clara, also, who had grown up charming girls, a little older than myself, used their utmost persuasions to induce me to stay; but I was resolved to leave them. Independently of the latent pride which revolted at the idea of living upon the charity of those who were bound to me by no ties of relationship, there was a certain unspoken, but keenly felt, bitterness on Mrs. Verschoyle's part, which rather made me feel pleased with the opportunity of throwing back, as it were, any obligations. Ungracious as it may seem to place this thankless feeling upon record, it is true that I felt thus, and had a certain pride in showing this feeling, and therefore I have not chosen to hide the fact. There was no such feeling mingled with my sentiments toward Aunt Mary, and I can never while I live forget her hopeful encouragement when I left Lymington.

I went out into the world happy to the heart's core. I feared nothing—I was my own master. It was the height of summer when I left Lymington. The sun shone brightly upon all nature, and the sunshine of hope shone as gaily upon my heart. I had read of the battle of life—was this a battle where everything appeared so beautiful and full of life, joy, and gladness? I passed the village, gazing a moment with delight at the grey spire of the old church, looking so peaceful and bespeaking only happiness and contentment. But the bell tolled solemnly, and I saw a new-made grave. Lymington was left behind me, and I passed a gothic mansion standing embosomed in its lovely

grounds, and thought with envy of the happy inmates of such a paradise. A carriage passed me. "Is that the owner of this delightful place?" I asked of a rheumatic old man who passed me. "That is the doctor," said he. "The owner of that house has been bedridden for years." "You appear to know the family," I remarked.

"I was his bosom-friend when young," said the man.

"I hope he remembers you still," I said, compassionately.

"He pays me what I earn, and that's all I ever ask of him. His friendship did not outlast my fortune;" and the old man turned away, evidently not wishing for further conversation upon the subject.

My dreams began to take a soberer hue. Here, in a few short minutes from the time of my leaving the home of my childhood, I had learned lessons of actual life which might serve as bitter food for meditation many a day to come. But my hand was put to the plough and I must not look back. "Onward, still onward," had ever been the war-cry of youth, and it must also be mine.

I walked on all day. My purpose was to make my way to Exeter, about twenty miles from Lymington, and failing in procuring any occupation there, of proceeding to London.

Late in the evening I was refreshing myself at a wayside inn in the neighbourhood of Exeter, when a man of somewhat singular aspect entered the room where I was, and eyed me fixedly. I must confess his scrutiny did not please me, or make me feel much at my ease. I called to mind many a dismal tale I had read of travellers who had been waylaid and maltreated at wayside inns, and began to feel uncomfortable. It was dusk, and my companion's features were not clearly discernible. The waiter came in at this moment and lighted the gas, at the same time speaking respectfully to the stranger. This re-assured me, particularly as I now saw that the man's features, so far from being repulsive, had an air of coarse joviality which rather attracted me than otherwise.

I had not heard what the waiter said further than that he had called the stranger Mr. O'Hara. So suddenly had my impressions of the man changed, that I determined now to ask him if he could put me in the way of some employment.

"And what employment would ye like, honey?" said he, in a mellow Irish brogue, in answer to my question.

"Really, sir, I cannot say what qualifications I have."

"Can you spake forrin' languages?" said Mr. O'Hara.

I regretted that my accomplishments did not lie in that direction.

"Faith, ye needn't mind it," said he; "many's the man would have done better with his mother's brogue. But there's the makings of a dacent lad about ye. Would ye like me to spake the good word for ye?"

I expressed myself grateful for the interest he took in my welfare, and inquired what position he could suggest for me.

"Come this way," said he, and led me to the door.

"Now, take a mighty long squint over them elm-trees," said he.

I did so.

"And what did ye see then?"

"Nothing but two tall chimneys, I suppose belonging to a factory."

"True for ye—a factory is it? How would ye like to be the masther of that fine place?"

"I suppose it would be a useless wish that, sir, seeing we don't live in times such as we read of in the *Arabian Nights*."

"Faith, young gentleman, we live in *better* times, plase the Lord. Sure it's myself might be the masther of that fine property, only it's a lover of the pot and pipe I am. Take that for a warning, young gentleman, and don't muddle yer brains, and ye'll rise like a balloon in the world. But now for the address—here it is;" and he wrote with a pencil—

"A. Eldon, Esq.,
The Weir Mills."

"Will this gentleman employ me?" I asked.

"That he will, faith, if O'Hara puts in the good word."

I thanked him, and he proceeded to give me some particulars of the manufacturer.

"Och, he's been an iligant man in his time," said O'Hara. "I've heard tell that in Italy, when a young man, not a soul could come near him, for the beautiful taste he had. Faith! I've seen myself pictures and images enough to set up ould Dan Murphy, the showman, for the rest of his days."

"A gentleman of taste," I said.

"Divil a mistake in that, but how he came to be a mill-owner is the quare

thing. I've heard it was all through Cupid, the divil, that he turned to business. When at Rome you must do as Rome does. Mr. Eldon did that same, for he fell in love with a noble lady, and fought a duel, and quarrelled, and came from the country in a jiffey. When I came to be engaged he saw me in his study, and the whole place was full of the most beautiful drawings and pictures. 'Now, O'Hara,' said he, 'as we have come to terms, you can commence your duties at once.' 'And how will I do them?' says I. 'Tear up these drawings, and pitch the colours and brushes out of the window.' 'Sure yer honour's never in earnest,' says I. 'Yes, I am,' says he; 'more than ever I was in my life before.' 'Och, murder! Mr. Eldon,' says I, 'don't destroy the beautiful pictures. The children would go mad with joy only to look at them.' 'Make haste, then,' said he, 'if you want to save any, for you will never have the chance again. It's a fancy of mine,' he said, 'to wipe out the past and begin life anew. I have found out at last the only study worth pursuing—the only happiness worth seeking—the only taste worth cultivating—in fact the only real power on earth!'

"You may suppose I opened my eyes wide with wonder. 'What does yer honour mane?' said I.

"'Why,' said he, 'this power that moves the earth—this lever of society—this magic wand that bewitches all mankind—can you not guess what it is?'

"'Och, yer honour,' says I, the thought coming to my mind like the sun through a fog, 'I see what ye're after; sure it's money!'

"'Right, O'Hara. That will in future be the sole object of my study—the only taste which I shall indulge. My future career will be devoted to money.' So from the papers that were laid on the table he showed me the plan of the factory. 'But all this is useless for you,' said Mr. O'Hara, suddenly; 'you can write and read I'll swear better than Mike O'Hara. I fancy ye'll be just the boy for the masther. Come on.'"

We went at once to see Mr. Eldon, who engaged me without hesitation for a light office in the factory.

In seeking this gentleman I had no definite plan. My object was merely to gain employment of some kind at once, if possible, removed from mere drudgery, and where any mental faculties I might possess could be turned to advantage.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

I WILL not weary the reader with the details of my life during the next few years. A rapid general sketch will suffice to paint my career, as it would that of a thousand others similarly situated. My life was almost a solitary one. There were several hundred men employed in the factory, but I had no sympathy with any of them. Not from disdain, but simply because their views of life did not accord with mine. My upward path was thus rendered exceedingly difficult, pursued, as it was, against the dislike and even enmity of my fellow-workmen. I had but little time for study, but nature had kindly given me the power of mentally abstracting myself in the midst of the bustle and confusion of my life at the mill. I do not believe that I was moody or sour. I had not a monkish disposition to enwrap myself against the outer world, and thus lose half its glory and all its happiness. I only sought for solitude to strengthen my spirit and subdue a tendency to stormy passions and capricious impulses. These I had discovered to be latent in my character, and I endeavoured and determined to conquer them. I fancied that it was in solitude only these stern lessons could be learned. The experience of after years served in part to contradict this theory. Solitude cannot do much for us save by contrast. Let us wander in the mountain pass, or by the shores of mystic lakes—let us sit all the summer day and listen to the roar of the cataract or the splash of the ever-returning tide, and what shall we learn? Only that Nature of herself will never satisfy the longing heart of man. We come back strengthened and refreshed it may be, but not the less gladly shall we welcome the sight of familiar human faces. It is the great city—the busy hum of industry—the perpetual stream of traffic, which has the double effect of reconciling us to the excitements and anxieties of civilized life, and to suggest the wish of the Psalmist, that we had the wings of a dove, that we might flee away and be at rest.

To the poor man solitude is difficult of attainment—in many cases simply impossible. In thickly-populated dwellings, with the frequent accompaniment of dirt, noise, and darkness, the trial to men of a higher cast of intellect than their fellows is bitter in the extreme.

In the workshop also he must exchange

thoughts with his fellow-workmen. He would be the veriest churl if he did not. But it is so difficult for him to separate himself from his companions when the labour of the day is past. Most of those with whom he has associated either cannot or will not see the advantage to be gained by thought, study, or cultivation. It is so much easier to sink down to the general level, and not only easier, but the bond of good-fellowship is strengthened thereby.

Many of the hands therefore made comments of an unflattering nature upon my lonely habits. Some accused me of pride, others of meanness. Others merely thought it was the result of a sulky, morose disposition. Few would believe that I was actuated only by a simple desire to elevate myself in the social scale.

Thus passed my early days. To be one of a crowd passing daily before us where many a face becomes familiar by constant observation, yet is never appealed to in the spirit of friendship, is true isolation indeed, and such had been my isolation for years.

But mine was not a solitary case. Thousands learn their experience of life and fight its battles with no aid, no cultivation, no directing hand—nought save the inner voice of conscience, and the vague instinctive satisfaction there is in healthy natures in acting according to the best of their knowledge and power. Thousands come to manhood thus silently. They follow the path before them. They have no desire to be vicious. They do not understand what it is to be great. Much of their leisure is spent perhaps in meditative wanderings—in vague day-dreams. Yet to some of those who have so noiselessly earned their experience of the world will sometimes come sudden bursts of passion—sudden flashes of genius—sudden revelations of the depths of their own human natures which astonish others, and themselves most of all. Nor do solitary men necessarily become hard and worldly. They plunge into the crowd—they struggle for fortune; and often when the best years of their lives are gone some chance light is thrown upon the past, or it is linked by some unforeseen incident to the present by the slightest imaginable thread; and lo! the remainder of their lives is devoted to an early dream.

I have given this picture of my early days, because it will explain much that would be otherwise incomprehensible in my character.

So year by year passed away, and I rose step by step until taken into the establishment as partner with Mr. Eldon. In these early days I had seen little of the outer world, and I felt almost like a recluse. My altered position gave me now an introduction to society of which I gladly availed myself, although my diffidence at first in mixing with others frequently exposed me to some unmerciful quizzing, and destroyed much of my enjoyment. But I soon found that I was not inferior to those I met in mental acquirements, and this gave me confidence. I was at first esteemed singular and reserved, because I would not risk humiliation by pushing myself forward. I made few acquaintances, but I had one warm friend. This was a young artist named Cary, an accomplished and intellectual young man, whose appearance and manners unmistakeably stamped him as one of nature's nobility, and whose fair flowing hair and deep blue eyes gave quite a poetic aspect to his features.

This was my only companion, and a friendship which has lasted to this day had been established between us. We shared each other's amusements and studies, and when not occupied by business were rarely apart.

But the turning-point of my life was shortly to come. Amongst other amusements which I shared with Cary, was a great love of the theatre. Some of the best of the London actors had been giving a series of Shakesperian representations in Exeter. I was captivated by the new light thrown upon my favourite bard, and attended each performance.

One evening I had entered the theatre to see Othello, when my attention was drawn to a box above me, where sat a young lady leaning her head on her hand, evidently watching the play with intense interest. She was a beautiful girl in the first bloom of youthful loveliness. Her face was full of intelligence; her figure exquisite. She was charmingly dressed, and her distinguished appearance drew all eyes toward her.

I was captivated. For the first time I awoke to the magic of female beauty, and gave myself up to its enchantment. I had neither eyes nor ears for Othello. The play passed in dumb show, for the beautiful creature engrossed my whole attention. While I sat gazing at the unconscious girl, the door of the box opened

and, to my astonishment, Cary entered and took his place beside her.

I was in an agony of jealousy. I could stay no longer, but left the theatre at once, wandering up and down the street till the play was over. I saw my friend leave the theatre, bidding his charming companion good-night. I then flew eagerly towards him to inquire who the unknown beauty might be.

"Come," said I, "Cary, this is much too bad of you when you fall in with a prize like this to keep it a secret from a friend."

"All's fair in love or war," said Cary. "But don't be offended. I assure you I have never seen this fair damsel before to-night. I have been introduced to her friends, and thus it was that you saw me enter their box to-night. I did not think it worth while to refuse a good invitation. But I don't wonder you are fascinated; she is the loveliest girl I know, and what is more, she seems to have unusual talent."

"Who is she?—where does she come from?—what is her name?" I asked in a breath.

"Her name is Constance Aylmer. Would you like an introduction?"

"Can you ask me? You could hardly have made a more agreeable proposition, my dear fellow."

It was agreed that I should meet him on the following evening.

"You must put yourself on your best behaviour," said Cary, "for her father is an old dragon and guards her night and day. The fact is, she has such a passion for the stage that they are quite alarmed at it. I have been told that she took part once in some amateur theatricals, where her uncommon talent made her shine out a complete star amongst her companions. She was so fascinated by the applause she obtained that I am convinced she will go upon the stage, unless they get her married. But come to-morrow night, old boy, and tell me what you think of her. I daresay she will receive you cordially. You are just the sort of unsophisticated enthusiast to take her fancy."

I murmured my thanks to Cary in no very intelligible language, and, punctual to the appointment, I met my friend on the following evening.

I was ushered into the presence of the enchantress. My passionate admiration, however, was somewhat restrained, as her parents were with her, and were not too gracious either to Cary or myself.

The father of Constance had made money in business, and now lived retired in very good style. Constance had enjoyed every advantage of education and society, and Mr. Aylmer was as proud of her charms as though it had been some especial merit of his own that his daughter was so beautiful and clever.

He was a perfect martinet in his ideas of her education and manners. He condemned dancing, the stage, and, in short, most of the pleasures and accomplishments which most fascinated his daughter. The consequence of this rigid policy had been that Constance had acquired most of the forbidden accomplishments in secret, and many little touches of art astonished her father more than any of her friends who were in the secret. Had he known the ardent interest she took in the progress of the play, she would not have been allowed to enter a theatre again.

When we entered the drawing-room, I was so enchanted that I literally trembled with excitement. Nor was my nervousness dispelled by the somewhat frigid reception we received from the young lady's parents. I confess that I was almost speechless with admiration, and I daresay looked particularly foolish; but her graceful, easy manners and winning smile soon put me at my ease, and we began to chat freely about the performance, especially Macready's acting in the principal character. Constance entered into the spirit of the performance, criticising every point with a skill and judgment which surprised me. From the drama we turned to music, and she played some of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Wörte," from memory, too, like an artiste. Thus from one subject to another we passed merrily. It seemed as though a new life had opened to me. All the sorrows, trials, and struggles of the past vanished like a dream.

From that day I was a constant visitor at Mr. Aylmer's. I cannot say that I received much encouragement from Constance's parents, but at the same time they did not repulse me. I exerted myself to the utmost to gain their good opinion, and after a time with apparent success. My rising position in the factory was, doubtless, not overlooked, and, like cautious generals, they would not despise raw recruits if more efficient troops could not be had. It was about this time, too, that my fortunes had changed, and the tide of success seemed flowing toward me. Mr. Eldon having been obliged to leave the business entirely in my care

through ill-health, showed his confidence and goodwill toward me by taking me into partnership. A few months passed, during which my intimacy with Constance increased daily. At length I proposed formally for her hand, was accepted, and our union took place immediately.

Now, should any reader find fault with me for this hasty summary of my wooing and wedding (and no doubt many of the fair sex will do so) I here solemnly state my reasons for this hasty dismissal of so important a subject. The truth is, so many writers of novels and romances deal with the subject, and in almost every book we read we find that the adventures of the hero and heroine, from the time they first adventure into the troubled sea of courtship till they arrive at the secure haven of matrimony, form the great staple of literary food in the shape of fiction. Now, in this true story, dear reader, I beg to say that the events of my courtship and marriage were so similar to a million others, that I fear I could not awaken your enthusiasm by narrating them; whereas the events that took place after my marriage were of that kind which fortunately, or unfortunately (we shall see which), rarely happen, and therefore I shall dwell upon them minutely, and beg you will have the goodness and benevolence to follow me patiently through the labyrinth which my marriage created.

No marriage could have promised at first greater happiness than mine. Constance had talent, taste, and beauty. I was energetic and full of love and admiration for my wife; my position was daily improving; I was held in respect by my friends and acquaintances. There seemed to be nothing to interrupt the flow of my happiness. Life seemed to have showered its best gifts upon me, and I would enjoy them. I was open-hearted and joyous by nature, spite of my love of study. My present position had been gained by the labour of my own hands and brains, and I gave myself up with almost a boyish ardour to the enjoyment of life which seemed smiling before me.

The cottage I had occupied during my quiet bachelor days was given up, and a handsome villa was furnished at Starcross in a style which I felt could not fail to satisfy my young bride.

As may be expected, I had not forgotten my former friends at Lymington. As soon as we were settled after my marriage, I invited them all to spend a few weeks with me. The widow replied coldly with some indefinite excuse, but Miss Mary accepted my invitation heartily and came at once.

For the first time since we married, I felt a little uneasy. This was with respect to the opinion Constance would form of Aunt Mary, perhaps still more with regard to the opinion the eccentric spinster would form of her. Constance, I felt sure, would be inclined to ridicule the quaint old lady, if, indeed, she would not also resent some of the sharp sayings which Miss Mary would hardly fail to indulge in. For Aunt Mary, good woman, was no respecter of persons, as I knew well from old experience, and would not scruple to speak out what she thought, no matter how ungrateful the topic might be. I was therefore not unprepared for a little cross-firing between my charming wife and our coming visitor.

It turned out pretty much as I had expected. Aunt Mary came, saw, but was not conquered. It was evident that Constance did not please her. Her stay was short, and in leaving she said to me—

"It is easy to see, my dear boy, that I am one too many in your new household. I shall go, my dear boy; and remember, I do not say it from spite, but sorrow, when I tell you that you have made the greatest mistake you ever committed in your life. I pray God I may be wrong; but I fear you will remember my words keenly in days to come."

I smiled at the earnestness of my old friend. Knowing it was only her anxiety on my behalf that led her to make such a remark, I was not offended—rather amused, on the contrary. Little did I imagine that her fears would be prophetic.

Constance being so attractive, naturally drew much company to the house; some, indeed, of a class I was by no means disposed to cultivate. I, however, placed no restraint upon her; my only desire was to see her happy and contented—the greater amount of enjoyment she could have the better I was pleased. In one point I confess to feeling some disappointment. The gaiety of my present home was purchased at some loss of comfort and dignity. From having been a solitary man given to thought and study, I now rarely obtained a quiet hour. My young wife indulged in every luxury, and was always going into society or receiving company at home; such company, too, as frequently compelled me, much against my will, to absent myself upon the plea of business, or indeed any

other excuse that served to release me from flippant and uncongenial companions.

There are men and women to be met with in most circles who, without flying into actual defiance of the laws and motives which regulate the more elevated of their species, yet apparently hold these motives in utter contempt; and of this class, I grieve to say, a large portion of my wife's acquaintance consisted. If I expressed admiration of a noble action or a grand thought, I was an enthusiast; if disgust at meanness or hypocrisy, I was thin-skinned; if certain manners were too free or too much tinctured with coarse familiarity for my taste, I was voted monkish; if I could not express admiration for the successful quackery which is now so much in vogue, I was voted illiberal. It was no wonder, therefore, if I found it a little difficult at times to maintain my composure or keep my temper. The constant excitement of the life we were leading began to tire me, and I began almost unconsciously to fall into some of my old bachelor habits. No estrangement had taken place between me and Constance, but I was grieved to see that her views of life and mine daily grew more opposed.

A crisis soon happened. Coming home from the factory earlier than usual, I picked up a piece of paper on which a few words were written in pencil in a masculine handwriting. All I could decipher was—

"Come, sweet—do not disappoint me to-day; I waited hours for you yesterday."

The remainder of the paper was torn and dirty with being trampled under foot, and this was all that was legible.

I was thunderstruck, yet felt as though I had been in a dream. I read it again and again, and turned the paper over and over before I could understand what I was doing. Could it be possible that Constance, in whom I had placed such absolute confidence, was false? No, no; I would not harbour such an idea as this. But I was stifled with the agony of my suspicion, nevertheless.

The paper was not signed, nor did I know the handwriting. I sat down weak and nervous, and thought over every possibility connected with this event, but my mind grew no clearer; the mystery only grew deeper the longer I thought about it.

Suddenly Constance herself entered the room, dressed for walking, looking as beautiful and innocent as ever. She spoke to me, but I was so pre-occupied that I gave her no answer. I was beside myself, and before I could recover myself she had left the room. Starting up as if just awaking from a dream, I followed her; but in these few moments she had quite disappeared. Imagining she must have gone to Exeter, I followed her there, but still without success; and I wandered up and down the streets till late at night, but quite in vain.

Tired at last, I entered a tavern on the main road leading back to Starcross; and sat down near a window, with a vague notion that she might pass.

Such rapid alternations of hope and despair flitted through my mind that I became quite undecided as to any course of action. The words of the paper continually recurred to me, and I trembled with jealous rage. I rose at last, and paced wearily homeward; yet not without hope that I might still find Constance there, with perhaps a ready explanation of what had passed. But when I reached home she was still absent, and all my passionate feelings returned. I sat down without further thought, and wrote as follows:—

"There is no longer any necessity for concealment. I will never, if I can help it, see your face again. God knows what unhappiness it might have saved me had I never seen it. You shall not suffer by any act of mine, base woman, cruelly as you have wronged me. I leave this house and all it contains in your care. My solicitor shall correspond with you, and I will take care that you have an ample provision—all that your wants demand, if not more than you are entitled to by your conduct. Be happy if you can, but bear in mind a piece of advice I will give you in parting: never again leave papers of importance behind you, save under lock and key; and do not attempt to reply, as your letter will be thrown on the fire.

"MARK IRVING."

Having written this short and sharp note, I left an ordinary message with the servant, and went to the factory.

Contrary to my expectations, Constance did not send any reply. I stayed at the factory hour after hour, still hoping and believing that I had been mistaken, after all; and feeling certain that she would reply, and give me some explanation. I stayed at the factory a few days before I would go back to the house. When I did so, at last, I found Constance had

taken me at my word: the house was cleared of everything moveable. To add to my chagrin, I found that, of all my neighbours and friends, as many were inclined to condemn me as to sympathize with me. Various comments were made upon my conduct, some of them of the most unflattering nature; even the local journal indulged in a sensation paragraph, for the edification of the Exeter tea-tables.

Cary, kind-hearted as usual, and faithful as kind-hearted, was the first to sympathize with me. He came day after day to the factory in the hope of aiding me, and in the most delicate manner possible undertook to mediate. He made many inquiries, and took endless pains to solve the riddle of my wife's fall, but without success.

The mere fact, however, of Cary's making such a proposition only confirmed me in the decision I had come to.

"It is kind of you," I said; "but the voice from without is the death-knell of married happiness. I have thought much of Constance during the last few weeks, and had she appealed to me herself, I would have tried to forget all—to pardon all—for the mere felicity of once more holding her in my arms, of having her lips once more meet mine, of trying once more to begin life anew, and if possible blotting out the faults, errors, or blunders which have led to this unhappy result; but the gulf widens daily, and now neither the remembrance of past happiness, nor the influence of present friendship, can ever bridge it over again."

How sadly now rose before me a picture of my peaceful life at Lymington, which I had left so full of hope for the future! I thought with intense bitterness of the warning words addressed to me by Miss Verschoyle, when she left us after her short visit. The thought that I could command her sympathy again seemed to soothe me, and I determined to go to Lymington again.

(To be continued.)

HOLBERG, THE DANISH "MOLIERE."

The history of the modern literature of Denmark may be said to date from Holberg, who was born at Bergen, in the year 1684. Until this period a mere imitation of German compositions prevailed. There, as elsewhere, it had commenced with chronicles, moralities, and mysteries; the originals of which were generally derived from Germany. These kind of productions, together with legends and tales of knight-errantry, comprised, at the period of the Reformation, all the riches of Danish literature. The new religious doctrines, on being introduced into Denmark, produced a reaction which had a sensible effect on the progress of letters. Satirical poems were now written on the abuses of the papacy, in the style of the sacred hymns with which Luther and the early reformers edified the new church; besides psalms and canticles in the national language, some of which have been preserved to the present day, and are still sung in the churches of Copenhagen. From this time, the genius of the country partook a double character: on the one side, comic humour and raillery; and on the other, a religious tendency, exalted and mystical in its ideas. The first was afterwards represented by Holberg and Vesel, and the second by Ewald and Oehlenschlager; while both were combined in a peculiar manner, in the talents, at once caustic and enthusiastic, visionary and jocose, of poor Baggessen.

But to return to Holberg. One singularity of his disposition was the irresistible desire for travelling; and the perusal of a narrative of voyages induced him, at the age of twenty, to quit an excellent situation which he held at Bergen, despite the representations of his friends and relations, in order to gratify this passion.

He proceeded to Amsterdam, but his stock of money—consisting of merely sixty crown pieces—being soon exhausted, he was compelled to return to Norway, where he gained a precarious subsistence by teaching the French language, with which, however, he was but imperfectly acquainted. Of this he was himself sensible, for he relates in his "Memoirs," that a Dutchman having arrived in the

city of Christiansand, where he resided, disputed with him the honours of his profession, and a competition arose between them, which Holberg thus amusingly describes:—

"A day and hour being assigned, we both appeared, and essayed our knowledge of French, in the presence of our respective pupils, and separated with an equal success. I attacked him in Norwegian French, and he replied in Dutch French, and I do not believe that the Gallic language has ever before been so desperately ill-used."

His wandering habits returning, Holberg proceeded to England, with a purse as scantily furnished as on his preceding excursion. After remaining some months at Oxford, always observant of everything around him (for his disposition was remarkably inquisitive), and intent on improving his mind, the want of means, as usual, obliged him to return to Denmark, where, in order to obtain resources, he announced a course of lectures on the various countries he had visited, and the objects of interest he had particularly remarked.

Multitudes flocked to hear him. "But," he says in his *Memoirs*, "when I spoke of payment, the majority of the audience found out the secret of rendering themselves invisible; and the only return I derived from those who patiently attended to the last, was a profound salutation whenever we chanced to meet in the street afterwards."

At length a situation presented itself congenial to his taste, and he travelled for some time through Germany in charge of a young pupil. On his arrival in Denmark after this third voyage, Holberg commenced his literary career by the publication of a few historical essays, which did not, however, receive any marked attention, but led to his acceptance of a post in the university; and he profited by a commission that had been confided to him to examine the great Lutheran schools established in Holland, to propose a more extended expedition, that conducted him step by step to Paris and Rome.

At the former city he had the mortification, as a professor of languages, to overhear the servant of the inn where he was staying, declare that he spoke French like a German horse, and this was by no means the only humiliation to which he was exposed by his strong Danish pronunciation. Not being able, as may be imagined, to profit much by Parisian society, he passed a portion of his time sauntering about the public gardens, then much frequented, and in the national libraries, which, by a striking contrast, were deserted, except by a few young students, who occupied themselves solely in reading the *Dictionary of Bayle*, then the literary novelty of the day.

The curiosity of Holberg for everything strange is exemplified in that part of his *Memoirs* where he says,—"I saw at Marseilles many inhabitants of the East, a large number of galleys and troops of Turkish and Christian captives, who passed through the city with chains round their arms and legs. This sad spectacle ought to have excited compassion, but I felt only an emotion of strange pleasure, from not having witnessed anything of the like before."

During this voyage, Holberg exhibited the same restless powers of observation, surmounting every difficulty, and undergoing privations and embarrassment in the attainment of any object to which his fancy impelled him. He was not even deterred from his course by a chronic fever, that accompanied him until his return to Denmark, when he was suddenly cured by attending a concert. In the midst of misery and peril, he was constantly studying the various phases of human character, and especially the eccentricities and follies of mankind. At one time overcome by sickness, and exposed to the brutalities of a Genoese innkeeper—or on board a vessel attacked by pirates, surrounded by a crew, sighing, praying, offering vows, and invoking Saint Anthony—or in Rome, reduced in means, and preparing his own dinner, describing himself as holding a book in one hand and the cover of a saucepan in the other, and discovering by experience that it is not easy to combine at the same time, cookery and philosophy. In all these vicissitudes, he was constantly occupied in extracting some subject for mirth, either from himself or others, distracted from real misfortunes to some point which would afford matter for ridicule, and satisfied, as he relates, that life is a comedy in which he was destined to perform his part, in scenes sometimes tinctured with sadness, but the representation of which amused him always.

The same eccentric character existed in Cervantes, the soldier of Lepanto, and prisoner of the Moors; in Goldsmith, Goldoni, and Molière; and, singular enough, while Holberg was visiting in this manner

France and Italy, Regnard, with the same erratic disposition and love of adventure, was on his way to engrave his name, as yet unknown, upon the rocks of Lapland.

After this last excursion, Holberg returned home to await the succession to a chair in the university, expected to be vacant by the dangerous illness of a professor, "whose life," he says, in his *Memoirs*, "appears to me very long."

This event, however, soon afterwards occurred, and Holberg received his diploma as a teacher of metaphysics. This science, however, was, at this epoch, but the barbarous logic of the schools, and had no attractions to the ardent and matter-of-fact spirit of Holberg, whose good sense had been strengthened by travel, and cultivated by experience.

"Accordingly," he says, "at my nomination, those who knew me best presaged the annihilation of these dogmas, for I avow frankly I abandoned the path of my predecessors, and metaphysics never ran greater danger than when under my guardian care. At the commencement I endeavoured, as well as I could, to conceal my disgust, and at my installation made a discourse in its praise, but it was of such a nature that the partisans of metaphysics listened in anger, conceiving that I had pronounced, instead of a panegyric, a funeral oration upon the science."

Holberg now devoted himself with greater ardour to historical pursuits. It was amidst his researches, compilations, and Latin dissertations, that he composed his first poem. He was as much surprised as any of his friends at the performance, for he had expressed a strong dislike to poetry. "It was to him," he wrote, "like taking a disagreeable potion, merely because the doctor prescribed it."

However, one day he essayed the translation, in verse, of the *Sixth Satire of Juvenal*, one of the most caustic and violent productions of that author; and the success of this piece proved at once the excellence of his poetic talents. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that Holberg, from whom the true era of Danish poetry was to commence, was at this time ignorant of the rules of composition in verse. A friend taught him the technicalities of the art, and the result of his application was a poem in the heroic comic style, entitled *Peter Paars*, in which are related, in bombastic language, the adventures of a Danish artizan, who makes a voyage of some leagues to see his sweetheart. The sensation produced by this work was very great, and, in the space of a year and a half, it went through three editions; an event unexampled before this in Denmark. He afterwards published his Satires, to the number of five, but, disgusted with poetry by the outcry to which he was exposed by his caustic pen, he renewed his historical studies, and proceeded with a work he had previously commenced, *On the Ecclesiastical and Civil Constitution of Denmark and Norway*. In the midst of these grave occupations, however, the comic humour, so inherent in his character, regained its ascendancy, and he conceived the idea of establishing a national theatre in his country. In the course of three years—from 1722 to 1725—he was enabled to accomplish this project, and the one was founded at Copenhagen in which, with the assistance of some French actors, about twenty comedies were performed from the pen of Holberg.

The first, and one of the most celebrated of these compositions, is entitled the *Political Tinman*, a person who meddles in the affairs of Europe, to the neglect of his own business. To cure him of this folly, his friends persuade him that he has been appointed a burgomaster, and he accordingly assumes airs of importance that are highly amusing. But at last, tired with the vexations of office, and the vast mass of pretended affairs thrust upon him for adjudication, he is delighted to throw off his false dignity, and return to his tin kettles.

Another comedy, *John of France*, displays a young simpleton sent to Paris to learn the language, and who takes back with him, to the old patriarchal firesides of Copenhagen, a ridiculous imitation of the French foppish manners, and the impudent airs of the Regency.

The *Sleeper Awakened* is an admirable and characteristic outline of the Jutland peasant of those days.

Holberg excels in broad humour; a rich vein of satire and gaiety runs throughout all his productions, which are not on the whole, however, arranged with art.

A comedy in one act, entitled the *Christmas Festival*, although slight in construction, is, nevertheless, one of the most effective and exciting of his pieces. It displays, with great truth and vigour, the strange follies practised in Holberg's time, at this season, by the Danes. They were the grotesque remains of the peculiar solemnities with which the ancient Scan-

dinavians celebrated at this epoch the winter solstice.

Pedantry was likewise a vice held in especial dislike by Holberg, who lashed it severely, especially in one of his compositions, called the *False Philosopher*. In this, as indeed throughout all his productions of the same nature, he has followed closely upon Molière. In one play, however, which is a parody full of wit and buffoonery of the imitations of German literature, then so highly esteemed in Denmark, he approaches nearer to the Italian school.

After several years of successful labour, during which he had acquired great popularity, Holberg, who felt his health declining, proceeded to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, and from thence to Paris. This time his pecuniary resources were in a flourishing condition, and permitted him to frequent the literary club of the Café Marion, over which Lamothe presided, and to make the acquaintance of Montfauçon, Hardouin, Tournemine, Fontenelle, and other celebrated men of the time.

On his return from this fifth voyage, he completed and published a work of a totally different nature to any he had yet produced. It is a kind of counterpart to the *Metamorphoses*. Plants and animals are transformed into human beings, who preserve in this character the remembrance of their origin, and the satirical intention is evident throughout: thus, a he-goat is changed into a philosopher on account of his beard and butting propensities. This composition, the wit and raillery of which is sometimes ingenious, but generally cold and eccentric, raised against Holberg a deluge of attacks, more or less violent, from persons who imagined themselves caricatured; and at length tired of the absurd hostility created by his caustic humour, he declared in a preface to one of his works that, desirous of living in peace with all mankind, he would abandon satire, and betake himself again to history. The various works of this kind written by Holberg, although of considerable merit, do not come within our province. Suffice it to say that, amidst the numerous labours of his pen on history, statistics, and geography, Holberg still found time to compose a few more comedies, inferior, it is true, to the first. At length, in 1741, appeared in Latin one of the most singular productions of his fertile imagination, the *Subterranean Travels of Nicholas Klimm*. This was the last satirical effort of his genius, that flowed in spite of his previous resolution.

The hero of this strange narrative, a Norwegian, incited by curiosity, descends by a cord into a cavity of great depth, pierced in the rocks of his native country. The frail support breaks, and Klimm falls into a subterranean world, where the most startling marvels await him. He beholds nothing around him but trees, and believes himself in a great wood. Fearful of encountering danger, he naturally seeks the means of escape, and climbs amidst the branches of one of the sylvan giants, but he soon finds out his mistake. Klimm had arrived in a country the inhabitants of which had the form of trees, and that wherein he had taken refuge was the wife of the governor of the place! Such is the commencement of this narrative, reminding the reader of the eccentricities of Swift, although with far less pretension to originality and design than the author of *Gulliver*, whose fictions have an air of probability that makes us agree with the old sailor who observed: "It is a pity the voyages of Captain Gulliver are not true, they are so interesting."

The author indulges in a succession of suppositious events from which comical effects are produced, but a moral and a purpose is concealed beneath all this apparent buffoonery.

Holberg, the avowed disciple of Molière, was, like him, a valetudinarian and hypochondriac, but only at intervals.* Generally speaking, he was a man of serious manners, calm, and reflective; fond of female society, and of great equanimity of temper. Holberg, who had been elevated to the dignity of a baron, died in 1754, leaving behind him considerable wealth, and a fame destined to become European.

* Holberg informs us in his *Memoirs* that he had at times fits of ill-humour against human nature, but he cured himself by taking two pills in a dose whenever such feelings became strong.

BIBLE WOMEN.

No. 3.—DEBORAH.

Night with her lustrous stars, her silence and repose, had passed away, and soft-eyed dawn, heralded by gentle zephyrs, and breathing out perfume, arose from Asia's mists like the poet's Venus from the sea, all smiles and gladness. Each flower threw out its fairy petals, and wafted forth its fragrant incense to the day. Almond and citron blossoms, brilliant pomegranate and oleander, tossed the dew from their delicate heads, and shook their fragile branches in the morning breeze. The birds were on every bough singing their rejoicings to the coming day; for as yet the sun had not appeared, but clouds of rose and purple told of his near approach, and threw a softened radiance over plain, and hill, and valley. A clear and gentle river—Kishon, "that ancient river, the river Kishon"—wound through the verdant plain. By its side arose a sloping hill, whose summit was crowned by a grove of oaks and elms, among whose shadows a lordly temple was just made visible as the sun's first rays fell on the hill-top, while all below still lay in shade. The rising light revealed its snowy porticoes and lofty arches, and graceful columns of rare proportion; then passing down the hill, shone on a procession of solemn worshippers who were winding along the river's bank, and ascending to the temple above. Conspicuous among the throng were the sacred oxen, who, gaily decorated with ribbons, and wreathed with roses, were led by young boys clad in white robes and crowned with garlands. Behind them came a train of women dancing and singing to instruments of music; while preceding and around the victims were several hundred priests, whose black robes threw the only shadow over a landscape now brightly illumined by the broadly risen sun. The procession ascended the hill; the temple doors were thrown open; the priests entered, and advanced to the altar. There, upon two pedestals, stood the gods they came to worship. The one, a man cast in brass, having an ox's head—the other of marble, and in human shape, clothed in a coat of golden mail, wearing a crown and wielding a sword; the former was Moloch, and the latter Baal. To these gods of metal and stone the priests and people had come to ask for protection from a powerful enemy, who in predatory bands made inroads upon them, and carried away flocks, and people, and goods.

Reader, canst thou say in what land arose this temple, these images of marble, and these idol-worshippers? Canst thou believe it was in Israel? In the promised land? Alas, it was the dear-bought land of Canaan, and these deluded idolaters were the sons of Judah, once God's own peculiar people!

The last of the priests had but just entered the temple when, bursting through their ranks and uttering shrieks of terror, a woman, one of the dancers, threw herself before the statues; it was Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite—the roses which had wreathed her lank locks had fallen on her shoulder, and the white fillets were waving in disorder over her sallow shrivelled cheeks in bright contrast to their tawny hue. "O, Baal, save us!" she cried in distraction. "Now save us, for the enemy is upon us!" A chorus of shrieks arose from the women without, who came pressing confusedly into the temple. "The Canaanites are upon us!" they cried—"O, Moloch, shield us!"

Eager to save themselves from the invaders, the priests hastily closed the iron-studded doors of the temple, heedless of the many shrieking women whom they thus cruelly shut out. Their hopes of admission vain, the worshippers fled to the groves or down the hill, followed by the affrighted oxen and their youthful leaders.

Jael arose from the ground, and endeavoured to pass out of the door. "O my child!" she cried: "my Zillah is without: O let me go forth and shield her, or die with her!"

The priests, however, were bent upon saving themselves from harm, and the wailings and passionate entreaties of the miserable mother were unheeded by hearts as hard as the marble gods they worshipped.

At last the shouts of the enemy and cries of their victims were hushed, and the noise of trampling steeds receded. The temple doors were slowly opened, and, their safety being ascertained, the priests of Baal came forth. There was nothing to be seen near them, but afar off they descried a band of horsemen

riding rapidly away, each bearing a captive upon his horse, while behind them the sacred oxen were goaded onward by a powerful escort. As the last of the horsemen turned the wood which hid them from sight, it was perceived he bore away upon his horse a young girl, who, with arms uplifted, was loudly calling for aid. In her struggles a scarlet girdle fell to the ground; Jael swiftly ran down the hill, and hurriedly examined it.

"They have taken my daughter!" she cried, with a burst of woe. "O, Zillah, that I could have died to save thee!"

Prostrate on the ground, the miserable woman threw dust upon her head, invoking curses upon the Canaanites, and vowing deep vengeance for this cruel wrong.

During these troubles the judge of Israel died, and Deborah became a "mother in Israel." Deborah, the widow of Lapidoth, was a woman of a strong and masculine mind; more capable of ruling the affairs of the nation than many of her countrymen. Of this they were well aware; and came to her for counsel in any emergency. The piety of Deborah was great, and her God had bestowed upon her the gift of prophecy; thus using her as a means of keeping the faith in Israel, and drawing her country-people from the dreadful crime of idolatry, into which they had fallen. The grief of Deborah at their delinquency was great; as she foresaw the certain punishment their guilt would bring upon them. The present distress with which the country was afflicted had been threatened them by their prophetess; but she was unheeded except by a few, who still worshipped at the tabernacle which was stationed at Shiloh.

Jabin, king of the Canaanites, was harassing Israel sorely, by marauding parties led by his general Sisera. During the confusion which prevailed, every one came for counsel to Deborah; and in course of time she was elected judge of Israel. Her dwelling, which was near to Shiloh, was a long, low, stone building, arranged in a square, around a court paved with marble. A piazza ran around this court, in front of the rooms, the pillars of which supported a balcony through which access was obtained to the upper chambers. From the centre of this court arose a lofty palm-tree; its smooth stalk bore no branches—but from the summit, circles of enormous leaves, some eight feet long, spread out like a vast canopy throwing a cooling shade over court and balconies. Beneath this tree was the favourite seat of Deborah, the Prophetess and Judge of Israel. Here she commanded a view of all her premises, and here her people obtained ready access to her through a wide gateway opposite.

One morning Deborah resorted to her favourite palm-tree, and placed herself upon her usual seat, which was a long divan of costly structure, having cushions covered with embroidered silk. Her dress was a dark coloured stuff of Damascus, having a deep border of gold embroidery, confined with a girdle wrought with scarlet and jewels; a bandeau was around her head, from which projected a short horn of gold, supporting a veil of thin muslin of India, which fell to her feet. She was surrounded by many of her people, who had come to her for judgment. A voice of wailing was heard outside the gate, when, followed by a large concourse of people, Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, entered the court. She wore a sackcloth dress woven of black goat's-hair, confined by a rope girdle, while her dark locks were thickly strewn with ashes.

"O help me, noble lady!" she cried; "help me, great Deborah! for I am stricken unto death!" With a deep groan she sank on the ground before the feet of the prophetess.

"What moves thee thus, Jael?" asked Deborah, raising her. "Why art thou thus mourning in sackcloth?"

"My daughter, my sweet child Zillah, hath been carried away by the enemy!" she exclaimed, weeping. Others, joining their cries to her, bewailed the loss of relatives, or cattle, and entreated Deborah for help against the invaders. Deborah listened while the outrage at the temple, just related, was described.

"And is it to me, a worshiper of Jehovah, that the children of Baal come for succour?" she said, with indignation. "Away! go to your gods for aid. I will not raise a hand to save you! Do you not know, have ye not heard, that God has sworn He will punish you if ye forsake Him? Have ye forgotten the words of holy Joshua, who said,—'If ye forsake the Lord and serve strange gods, then will he turn and do you hurt and consume you?'"

While Deborah addressed her people, the mists of error departed from before their eyes.

"We are guilty before the Lord!" they cried in terror. "We will indeed serve the Lord our God, and His voice alone we will obey!"

"Away then!" cried Deborah. "Prove your sincerity! Cut down your groves, —throw down your images,—that the anger of the Lord be no more hurled against you. If ye truly obey Him, I will pray Him to raise up an army, and destroy your enemies from off the land."

The words of Deborah, whom they all reverenced as a prophetess, so excited the people, that they ran hither and thither, stopping not, until all their temples were demolished, groves hewn down, and idols destroyed; the gods they worshipped in the morning were broken to fragments and reviled in the evening. Deborah, like a wise governor, was determined to take advantage of the newly-awakened zeal of her people. She sent for Barak, the son of Abinoam, a valiant and faithful soldier, who had always distinguished himself in fight. He came at her bidding, and found her on her usual seat at the foot of the palm-tree.

"The people have turned from the error of their way, have left their gods, and will worship Jehovah," said the prophetess. "The Lord hath revealed to me He will accept them, and will chastise those that have afflicted His chosen people. He commands thee to assemble an army, and attack Jabin the Canaanite."

Barak looked irresolute, and said—"The enemy hath not left a shield or spear among us: and he hath nine hundred chariots of iron!"

"What, Barak! knowest thou not we have the Lord on our side? What are spears and chariots to Jehovah? Thou art as the spies who feared the Amalekites. 'We are not able to go up against this people; for they are stronger than we!' they said; and what replied Joshua—'Fear ye not the people of this land; their defence hath departed from them, and the Lord is with us; fear them not!' Thus also saith Deborah—fear them not. Assemble ten thousand men of the children of Zebulon and Naphtali, and the Lord will deliver Jabin's host into thy hand. Ascend to the fort upon Mount Tabor, and I, Deborah, to whom the Lord hath given dominion over the mighty, will draw to the river Kishon, Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and multitude; and there will I deliver him into thy hands."

Barak still doubted. "The people have been so terrified and subdued by the Canaanites, that they will not assemble at my call. If thou wilt go with me, then I will go, for the people will believe the Lord hath sent thee; but if thou wilt not go, then will not I."

"I will go with thee, O faint of heart!" said the heroic Deborah; "but know, for this thy want of trust in God He will take the victory from thee, and give it to another. The Lord hath revealed to me He will sell Sisera into the hand of a woman."

Deborah arose immediately, to prepare for her journey. Sandals of leather embroidered with scarlet and jewels were laced upon her feet; a turban guarded her head from the sun, and a large mantle was folded around her. At the gate her favourite animal awaited her; a white ass, one of those which, on account of its hue, was reserved for princes and nobles alone. This gentle creature was gracefully proportioned, its legs were long and slender, and its body covered with a coat of glossy silvery hair. Accompanied by Barak and a train of followers, Deborah made a tour of the country; exhorting the people to arise and go to battle against the king of Canaan. Her words and appearance enabled her soon to assemble ten thousand men, which was all she required. These she placed upon Mount Tabor to lie in wait for the enemy.

According to her promise, Deborah drew Sisera and his troops to the foot of Mount Tabor. She caused the fact of the assembling of Israel to be told to Jabin, who sent Sisera with a large body of men towards the river Kishon. Deborah and Barak had, in the meanwhile, ascended Mount Tabor, where their men were concealed in the fort or among the groves, from the observation of the enemy.

Mount Tabor arose in an abrupt, cone-shaped hill, many hundred feet above the plain of Esdraelon; its sides were clothed with oaks and sycamores, and its summit crowned by a fortress. On the walls of this fort Deborah stationed herself to look out for the enemy. Here the whole land of Israel seemed spread out before her. Below, she looked upon the verdant plains of Galilee, watered by the Kishon and the Jordan, and surrounded by a band of mountains; while on one side glittered the sea of Galilee, and on the other stretched the bright waters of the great Mediterranean. The sun of that day, on which the prophetess had predicted the

approach of the Canaanites, was declining, when she descried their advance-guard emerging from a defile between two of the hills bordering the Galilean sea. The plain was soon covered with their numerous host. Onward they came, band after band; their iron chariots rumbling as the roaring of the great deep in a storm. At their head came Sisera. His chariot was overlaid with carved gold, and adorned with gay painting, while from each side projected a glittering scythe. Three white horses bore him swiftly on; their backs covered with steel armour, and their heads decorated with a high ornament of feathers and painted leather. Sisera, a tall and powerful man, was standing in his chariot supported by his spear. His body was completely covered with a closely-fitting suit of mail, formed of golden scales—a bow and quiver hung at his back, a dagger in his brazen sheath was suspended by chains from his crimson girdle, while his head was protected by a helmet of leather wrought with gold. An armour-bearer sat at his feet, by the side of his charioteer, who bore his sword and shield of leather, bound and studded with brass. Sisera encamped his band for the night on the banks of the Kishon, intending to attack the Israelites in the morning.

That night Deborah spent alone in the battlements, buried in meditation and prayer. Pious as she was, Deborah was mortal, and, as she reflected upon all she had done for the Israelites, and looked around upon the army she had collected, and on the ruined idol-fanes dimly visible in the moonbeams, which at her command fell to the ground, and thought upon the victory promised her, a feeling of triumph swelled her heart, and she forgot she was but an instrument in the hands of the Lord. "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!" she said; "Sisera, thy hours are numbered! thou art mighty in men of war, and in chariots and horsemen, but our God hath spoken; and the horse and the rider will be overthrown this night. Thou shalt fall by the hand of a woman, and Deborah's name shall resound in the land!" Deborah now sought out Barak. "Awake! arise, Barak!" said she. "Up! for this is the hour when God shall deliver Sisera into my hands."

The Israelites were soon assembled in front of the fort. The priests then stood before them to address them according to the commands of Moses. "When thou goest into battle before thy enemies, O Israel!" they said, "and seest horses, and chariots, and a people more than thou, be not afraid of them! for the Lord thy God is with thee, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt."

"Is there a man here," cried Deborah, looking upon the assembled band, "that is fearful and faint-hearted! Let him return to his house, lest he infect his brethren, and their heart be as faint as his."

With one voice the people vowed to face the foe manfully; and were immediately led down the hill. In the dead midnight hour, the Canaanites were awaked from a sleep they had indulged in from contempt of their foe, by tremendous shouts. A terrible clangour of trumpets was in their ears; they arose in a fright, and in looking up beheld the lights the Israelites carried, which to their alarmed imaginations seemed stars descending from heaven upon them. A panic prevailed. "The stars are fighting against us!" they cried; "hear the shouting of their angry God! Let us fly!" Sisera and some of his officers rallied their men, and led them against the Israelites. The little band was sorely oppressed; but God, who was fighting for them, now brought a new and terrible enemy against the Canaanites.

While engaged in combat they suddenly became aware they were standing in water. They looked around—it had risen to their knees—the chariots were filled, and their ranks could hardly keep their feet. At once there rose a terrible cry: "The river, the river is rising! Fly ere ye perish!" The children of Israel had been early warned by their prophetess, and had retreated up the mountain; but the unhappy Canaanites, after struggling awhile with the waves, were, with all their mighty host, swept away and drowned.

Sisera fled in his chariot, but finding the waters rising fast, he abandoned it, and ran up to a neighbouring eminence. For many hours he wandered about, and, when the day dawned, found himself at some distance from the scene of action. He was in the plain of Zaanim. Before him he beheld an encampment of tents, which, from their peculiar construction, he knew belonged to the Kenites, and he felt assured of safety. At the door of one stood a woman, towards whom he ran for protection. Pursued by an avenging God, Sisera had been sent to the tent of his foe. It was the encampment of Heber the Kenite, whose family had joined

the Israelites, and she to whom the marauder flew for safety was his bitter enemy, Jael. She recognised him at once as the ravisher of her daughter and the oppressor of Israel, and rejoiced to see him approaching.

"Turn in, my lord! turn in to me," she said.

He gladly entered, and threw himself exhausted upon a pile of mats, which she had spread for him.

"Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink," he said, "for I am very thirsty!"

Jael opened a skin bottle, and poured him out some milk, and gave him with it bread with butter in a dish of carved gold, which her husband had taken in war. After he had eaten, she, at his request, threw over him a pile of clothes to conceal him from view.

"Stand in the door of the tent, good woman," said Sisera, "and if any man doth come and inquire of thee, 'Is any man here?' thou shalt say, 'No.' If I am saved this day it will go well with thee, for Jabin shall reward thee, and give thee a place in his palace. Then thou mayest rule the Israelite women, for there are many in our houses whom we have carried away captive!"

Jael, repressing the various emotions with which her bosom was bursting, as she saw her enemy in her power, now, in a voice of affected indifference, asked—

"Saw ye anything, my lord, of Zillah, a young girl who was taken from the temple of Baal when the sacred oxen were carried away?"

"Ay, indeed; she is in my house, and is as goodly to look upon as the goddess Ashtaroth. When I left home I made a vow to Moloch to sacrifice her and several others at his altar, if he brought me safe to Hazor again."

Jael rushed from the tent. "Now, God, I thank thee!" she cried, "that my enemy and Israel's oppressor is in my power. Zillah, thou art saved! for Sisera shall not return. In thy place he shall be sacrificed to the gods! Moloch! I devote him to thee! Baal! give strength to my arm! O Jehovah! pardon me! Why call I upon false gods? Thou alone art the only true God, and now that Thou hast given me my enemy in my hand, I will worship Thee alone."

Jael returned to the tent, and lifted up the curtain of the doorway. Her enemy was plunged in a deep slumber. Fearful some of his followers might wander there and rescue him from her hand, and knowing her daughter's life was the price of his safety, she resolved to put him to death, and thus render Israel free from one who had cruelly used them. She tore out one of the large nails with which the tent-ropes are fastened to the ground, and with a hammer smote the robber on the head. In triumph Jael rushed from the tent. Barak was riding rapidly past.

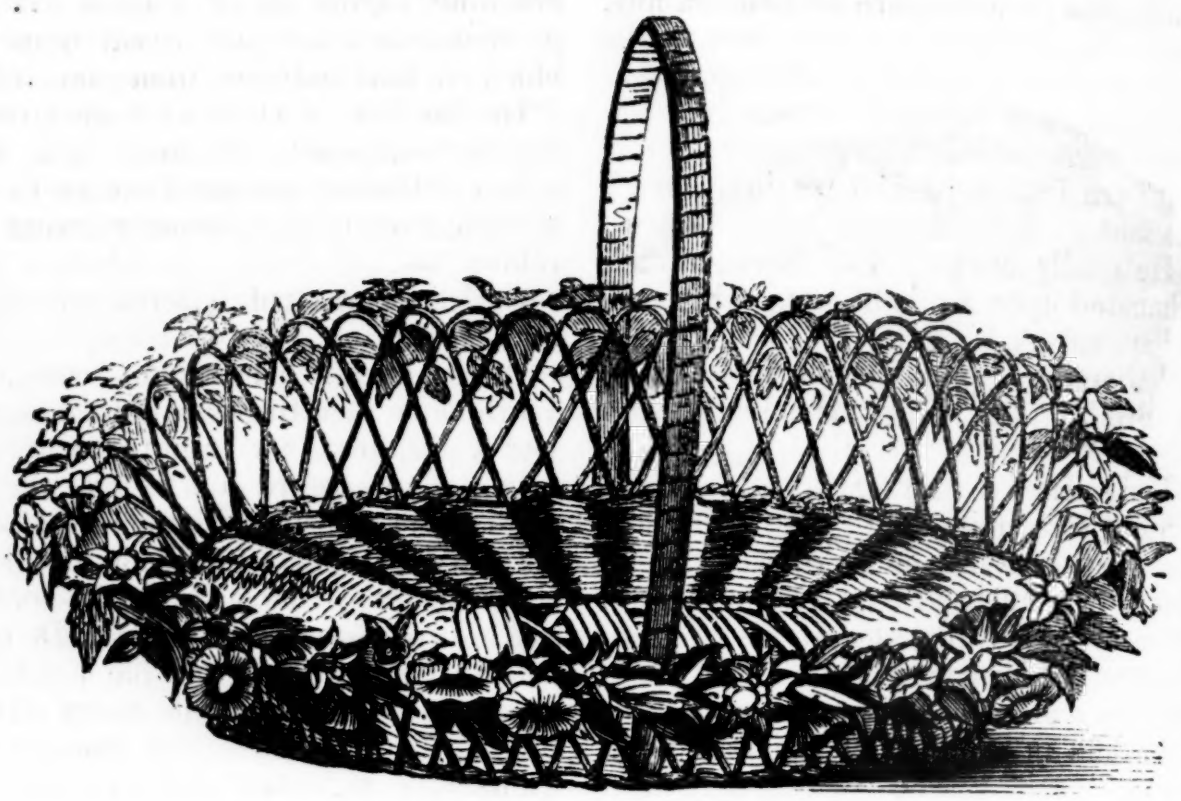
"Ho! Barak!" she cried, "come, and I will show thee the man thou seekest." Barak followed her into the tent, and beheld dead before him Sisera, the redoubtable oppressor of Israel. "Praises be to God!" he cried, "who hath this day subdued Jabin, king of Canaan, before the children of Israel! Truly did Deborah declare he should die by the hand of a woman. I thought the prophecy alluded to her, but to Jael is this honour due. Come with me, that I may show Deborah and the princes this thy noble act."

The next morning saw Deborah at the height of her glory and popularity. She was again seated under her palm-tree, surrounded by the princes and nobles of Israel, who gave to her the honour of freeing Israel from their oppressors. Deborah's heart bounded; but checking all pride, she said, "Not to me,—not to Deborah be the glory, my lords; let us ascribe it all to our merciful Jehovah, of whom I am the humble instrument. But where is our good general Barak? Is he still in pursuit of Sisera?"

Deborah looked up, and beheld Barak approaching, leading Jael; both were crowned with garlands, followed by men bearing a corpse upon a bier, and women dancing and singing triumphant songs.

"Behold the deliverer of Israel!" cried Barak. "Sing praises to Jael, for she hath slain Sisera, the enemy of Israel. Blessed above women be Jael, the wife of Heber!"

Jael was hailed as Israel's avenger by all the people when the death of Sisera by her hand became known. For one moment a pang smote the heart of Deborah, when she thus saw the glory given to another; but she was a woman of too lofty a spirit and devoted piety to envy another. "I am punished," she said, "for my proud thoughts of yesternight." Throwing off all feeling save joy for the death of Sisera, she approached and greeted Jael as a saviour in Israel; then taking her timbrel, burst out into a triumphant song.



CARD-BASKET, ORNAMENTED WITH GILT LEATHER.

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

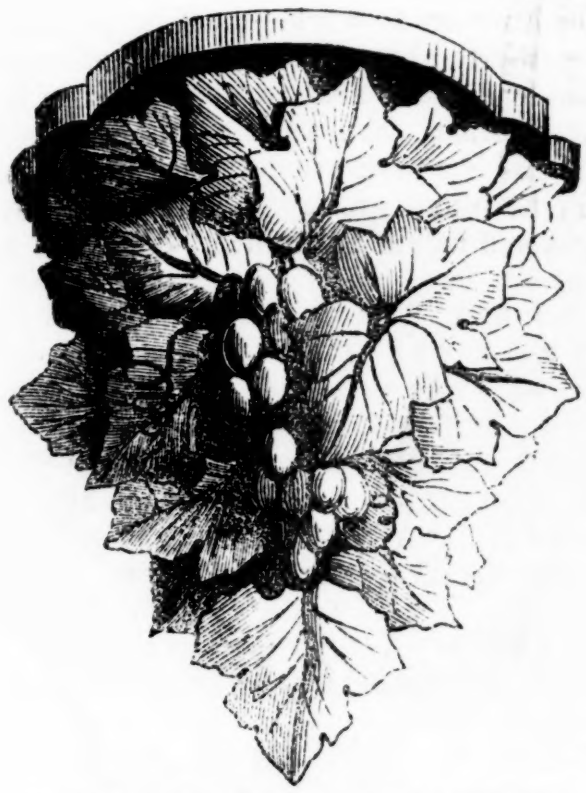
ORNAMENTAL GILT LEATHER-WORK.

THE material necessary for the practice of gilt leather-work are few and inexpensive:—Saddlers' leather, fine in grain and firm in texture; patent soluble size, French glue, gold-size, gold-leaf, spirits of turpentine, chrome in powder, and two sizes of brass wire, constitute the whole. For implements, a sharp penknife, a pair of keen scissors, three or four small paint-brushes, a couple of full soft camel-hair brushes, an ounce of gimp-pins, a hammer, and a brad-awl will suffice.

The leather must be bought at a currier's by the skin, or half-skin, according to the quantity of work which has to be done. The gold-leaf should be obtained at a gold-beater's. The rest of the materials can be got at any artists'-colourman's.

The first step towards constructing any article in gilt leather-work is to prepare the patterns. Now the most effective things we can imitate are flowers, foliage, and fruit, though birds and butterflies may be achieved with skill and patience. Nature must be our model; we must collect leaves of every size and form, and cut patterns of them in strong cardboard, veining these patterns with pen and ink for our after-guidance, and writing the name of each leaf on the under side of the pattern. The oak, the hazel, the vine, the ivy, the holly, the chrysanthemum, the geranium, the convolvulus, the maple, and the laurustinus, furnish us with the most useful and effective leaves. With oak-leaves of course we group acorns, and these latter must, for gilt work, be turned at a turner's from some hard wood, and perforated to admit of a wire stem being passed through them. Grapes are the natural accompaniment of vine-leaves, and these are made of a finer and thinner variety of leather, almost as soft as kid; the shape of the intended bunch is cut out from the ordinary leather, the grapes from the thinner variety, in pear-shaped pieces, the bulb of which is rather smaller than a florin; these bits are gathered with a needle and thread, and firmly stuffed with cotton-wool, and then sewed on to the foundation leather, with all due attention to effect and grouping. Nuts are formed of the thin leather in a similar way, but each one must be mounted on a separate wire, and the calyx of leaflets which adorn them moulded in the ordinary leather. Holly-berries may

be made by covering dry peas with the thin leather, and mounting them on fine



PATTERN BRACKET—VINE-LEAVES AND GRAPES.

wire, and then arranging them in groups on a stronger wire covered with leather.

For flowers it is scarcely possible to give specific directions. They should be modelled closely after nature; and in all single flowers, as the poppy, geranium, heartsease, and wild-rose, &c., each leaf may be cut out and moulded separately, and then bound with thread into its place on a firm wire stem, covered with leather. The lily, convolvulus, hyacinth, and similarly-shaped flowers, must be cut out in one piece, and sewed up and moulded, and then slid on to the wire stem, to which the stamens have already been attached, and bound firmly with thread. Double flowers, and many-leaved flowers, must generally be cut out in circles, each one containing its proper number of petals, and each one being smaller than the other, and every petal must be carefully moulded into its proper place. Wax-flowers, or good artificial flowers, may be taken as models when natural ones cannot be obtained. Stamens, tendrils, &c., are obtained by cutting very fine and fitly-shaped slips of leather, and curving or moulding them; the spiral form is given by winding such slips, while moist, round a pencil, or some larger object of the kind, and suffering them to remain until dry. Twigs, stems, &c., intended for grouping, may be made simply of leather sewed over strong wire, or by winding and moulding narrow moist slips of leather on themselves, or over actual branches which we have gathered from some tree.

The bracket, of which we have given a cut, is composed of vine-leaves and grapes. Having prepared the necessary cardboard patterns, proceed to work as follows:—

Extend a portion of the leather smoothly on a board, or common wooden table; let the right side be upwards; sponge it lightly with a clean sponge dipped in clear cold water, and a few minutes afterwards pass a soft duster over it to take off any superfluous moisture. Remember that the moist leather stains. Lay the patterns of the leaves in their turn on the leather; and maintaining the pattern in its place with the fingers of the left hand, pass the point of a sharp penknife round it, cutting out a model of it in the leather. Those who have not a steady hand, or a very keen-edged penknife, will find it better to take a steel stiletto, the point of which is not too sharp, or an ivory knitting-pin, and indent the outline of the cardboard on the surface of the leather; when this plan is pursued, a dozen leaves may be thus traced on the leather, and then cut out with scissors,



ROSE-LILY LEAF IN GILT LEATHER.

and flung into a basin of clear cold water, there to remain four or five minutes. In

cutting out a leaf, a bit for the stem should always be included in the pattern, as, whether we mount the leaves or nail them, this bit is useful. Lift each leaf separately from the water, lay it flat on a soft cloth, cover it, and squeeze it between the palms of the hands to get rid of the moisture, and then place it smoothly on the board; when they are all out of the water, take the stiletto, or knitting-pin, and indent the veins, taking care not to scratch or break the surface of the leather when doing so, as that would produce an unsightly blemish when we begin to gild. Having veined the leaf, take it up and mould it, or give it form; and for this, the fingers must be the implements, and they must accomplish their work with as few touches as possible. A pinch here, a fold there, a curve elsewhere, will give shape and grace to the object; and as no two leaves are exactly alike, taste has ample scope. Thus prepared, the leaf is put on a tray to dry. A warm, dry atmosphere is requisite for drying the leaves, but not exposure to the fire, as that warps and renders them brittle. Ten or twelve hours will generally elapse before they are dry.

Having got thus far, the next matter is to stiffen the work: to accomplish this, take a half-pound jar of crockery or earthenware, and put into it a piece of soluble size, the proportions of an orange, and about two square inches of the French glue, and set it on the hob by a good fire, or in a warm oven, to melt; when melted and thoroughly amalgamated, take one of the brushes and lay a smooth, even coat of this mixture over both sides of every leaf and every flower, as well as over all the wood or other material to which the work is to be attached. As this stiffening matter cools rapidly, and hardens as its cools, the jar should not be removed from the fire while we are using it. The leather must now be again put in the tray, and set aside for eight or ten hours to dry.

The back of every leaf and flower, and the woodwork of any frame or bracket to which they are to be attached, must now be coloured; and to effect this, some of the chrome powder must be dissolved in gum-water, or size and water (gum-dragon answers better than gum-arabic); the mixture must be sufficiently thick to thoroughly tint the parts it is applied to, without clogging or coating their surfaces in an unsightly manner. The yellow paint sold in tubes may be used when there is no hurry, but it is long in drying.

Lastly comes the most troublesome of all the processes—the gilding. Before beginning to use the gold-leaf, a number of pieces of tissue-paper—each one rather larger than the leaves of the book from which we are to work—must be cut, and one inserted between each page and the gold-leaf on the next, so that each leaf of the gold may have paper on either side of it: this is a precautionary measure which will be found greatly to economize this light and mobile substance. Pour out a



MOUNTED SPRAY IN GILT LEATHER.

little of the gold-size into a saucer, and with one of the soft brushes lay on an even coating of size, smoothly, over the surface of about eight or ten leaves; let them rest for ten minutes, and then, when the size shall have ceased to be moist and only remains adhesive, take up the leaf, and gently raising as much of the tissue-paper

as will uncover a piece of gold-leaf the size of the leaf or leather, press the sticky surface of this latter firmly down on the former, with the right hand, while, with the fingers of the left, the paper is held closely down over the residue of the gold, in order that no more than is necessary may be touched. Take up the leaf, and, with the finger-tip, smooth down any portion of gold not adhering, and with a soft brush take off any superfluous pieces. Should the leaf not be entirely covered, cut from the book a bit of gold-leaf of the requisite size, cutting through the papers which protect on either side; lift it on one of the papers, or with a gilder's tip, and turn it over on to the ungilded portion of the surface of the leaf. For making the veins, a very fine camel-hair pencil, just moistened in gold-size, will be found the best thing.

Flowers must be gilded petal by petal, and therefore the gold-leaf must always be cut for them. In all cases avoid exposing the gold-leaf to contact with anything, or breathing upon it, for its texture is so fragile, that the least thing tears, and roughens, and spoils it; when laid upon the leaf, soft kid, or satin, or the tip of the finger should alone be suffered to press it. The gold-size should have ceased to be moist before any attempt is made to gild, or the work will have a rough dingy appearance, instead of a brilliant metallic surface. The edges and mouldings, and all those parts of the wood-work of a frame or bracket, or the wicker-work of a basket, which will be visible when the article is complete, must be gilded in like manner. When perfectly dry, the gilding, or portions of it, may be burnished with a polished pebble, or piece of agate, if it be thought proper.

The brushes which have been used for the stiffening and colouring process must be washed in warm water and well rinsed; and those used for the gold-size, in spirits of turpentine, and then rinsed in warm water.

All that remains to be done is, to attach the leaves and grapes to the bracket. It will be best, first of all, to group a kind of design on the table; and then, when we have pleased ourselves, transfer it to the wood-work of the bracket. Each leaf is affixed to the wood with a gimp-pin. With the fingers of the left hand steady it in its place; with the right hand bore a small hole with a fine brad-awl through the stem-end of the leaf and into the wood; put the point of the gimp-pin into this, and hammer it down.

Flowers mounted on wire are attached to the wood, by nailing a small band of leather on, and then passing the stem through it.

The portion of a wreath, or spray, of which we give a pattern, is intended for one side of an oblong frame; a similar one will be required for the opposite side, a handsome bouquet for the top, and some leaves and flowers to be nailed on at bottom. In this wreath both leaves and flowers are mounted on a strong wire. The bouquet for the top must be mounted in like manner. Narrow bands of leather, nailed over the stem at intervals, will hold it down to the wood; and the leaves and flowers must be skilfully grouped, and nailed on at the bottom, to hide the commencement of the wreaths, and complete the whole.

The basket represented at page 388 is of wicker-work, sized with the stiffening matter, and then gilded; around the edge is a wreath of convolvulus and hyacinth flowers, with small leaves in leather, also gilded. It forms an elegant and unique table ornament, and may be filled with flowers, or used as a card or trifle-basket.

Frames for screens, pictures, &c.; brackets, decorations for vases, ornaments for console-tables, mouldings for work-boxes, or letter-cases, and various other objects, may be made in this work at a very trifling cost, and will vie in effect with the most expensive and elaborate pieces of furniture; while at the same time they will display proofs of the skill, the patience, and artistic imagination of their maker.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

THE popular mind satisfies itself with three very general ideas in reference to Mexico: first, that it is a vast and fertile territory, more particularly remarkable for its romantic scenery, as also for its dangers and inconveniences — both natural and artificial—from storms, banditti, and vile hostelries; secondly, that it had an ancient history, of which very little is known, save that its older inhabitants left some magnificent monuments of industry, and many more of a grotesque character, behind them; and, thirdly, that as a Spanish viceroyalty, or a Spanish republic, its present inhabitants have inherited the pride and vices of the mother country, have superadded to them those of a tropical climate, and that the vices of the people having extended to its rulers, the whole nation is now in a state of anarchy and disorganization.

If we approach the coast of Mexico, as is usually done, by the port of Vera Cruz, with its renowned fort of St. Juan de Ulua, dark forests, gradually sloping upwards, are seen to enclose the sandy shore to the west; then follow several mountain terraces, one commanding the other, till at length, towering above all, the magnificent cones and indented summits of the dark blue Andes seem to support the clear vault of heaven. Majestically rearing their heads over their fellows are the snowy summits of the Peak of Orizava and the wild jagged crater of Perote. From the latter the mountains branch off northwards to the sea, terminating in an abrupt rocky wall on the shores of the gulf, whilst to the south the Cordilleras extend in a huge semicircle in the distant horizon. Everywhere we find the same features—a narrow level tract of coast, not many miles in width, then a gradual ascent by gently inclining slopes to the spurs of the mountains, and finally to the high lands, which, almost uninterruptedly, extend for many hundred miles from north to south, nearly parallel with the coast.

On landing, everything appears strange —language, dress, and complexion of the inhabitants, and the town, with its Andalusian-Moorish trappings. Here we behold a group of negroes and mulattoes gesticulating in the most passionate manner, there the copper-coloured Indian silently offering his fruit for sale; the clearer-skinned Mestizo, or Mestin, urges forward his horse, or trots on an ass after his well-laden mules, whilst the European or Creole dandy, puffing his cigar, examines the new arrivals. On one side the Paris fashions, on the other the lightest possible clothing, consisting of a broad-brimmed straw hat, coloured or white shirt, and ample trousers. The fair sex exhibits the same contrast: on one hand the greatest luxury, on the other half-naked. What European can fail to be astonished at the sight of the fat negress there, who, seated comfortably at the door of her house, with a short clay pipe in her mouth, caresses her perfectly naked offspring, clinging to and clambering about her like a very ape? Who would not cast a glance after that troop of Mestin girls, all mounted, with fluttering ribands in their straw hats, as, smoking their cigarettes, they jest with their brown admirer, who, seated on his long-eared steed, thrums his jarana and sings jocular songs?

The women and girls of the lower classes wear large four-cornered wrappers of calico, with nothing save a fine chemise, often embroidered and trimmed with lace beneath. They have also a wide petticoat of bright calico or muslin, sometimes with a white under-petticoat, whilst the feet, innocent of stockings, are encased in light silk shoes. The dress of the wealthy Creole ladies is pretty much the same as with Europeans, being regulated by the newest Parisian fashions. For church-going, nevertheless, they adhere to the ancient Spanish black mantilla, falling from the head over the shoulders, and half way down the arms.

In Mexico, as indeed in all the originally Spanish colonies, the appearance of the towns is more or less similar to what is observed in the mother-country. Straight streets with raised foot-pavements, massive stone houses with flat roofs, churches in the Italian style of the seventeenth century, with lofty towers and high cupolas, covered for the most part with parti-colured shining tiles, meet the eye. The interior of the houses is decidedly Moorish. You enter through an arched gateway into the first court, surrounded by a colonnade, which is repeated in the upper stories. The doors and windows of the apartments all open on this court. In some districts there is a pretty fountain in the centre, round which

flowering plants are grouped in large vases. A second court is usually surrounded by the servants' offices, kitchens, and stables. In Vera Cruz there are no fountains; the flat, sandy soil does not afford a drop of water, and that which is furnished by the tropical storms is collected in large stone cisterns. Within the town the numerous vultures, seated in long rows on the buildings, or disputing with the lean dogs in the streets for the refuse of the kitchens, make a strange impression; and without, the shrubless downs impart a dull, forbidding feeling.

That part of the coast in which the conditions most favourable for luxuriance of vegetation—a powerful sun, and moisture loaded with carbon—exist, is the least fitted for man. The moist atmosphere produces not only all the bad fevers prevalent in tropical regions, but calls into existence countless armies of tormenting mosquitoes, ticks, and blood-sucking insects, which render life a complete torment. The only sounds that enliven these dark forests are the chirping of crickets and grasshoppers, the chattering of parrots, the tapping of woodpeckers, and the cry of the apes.

We find the most luxuriant vegetation at the height of from 2500 to 4500 feet above the sea. Most of the original settlements of the natives are met with at an elevation of between four to six thousand feet. In loftier situations the climate is no longer tropical; frequent rains cool the air, and in winter time snow-storms are not unusual. Nevertheless this climate is exceedingly healthy and uniform; the valleys and mountain slopes are adorned with perennial green, and the products of the temperate zones can be harvested the whole year round.

It is in the forest region, however, more than in that of the savannahs, that those picturesque scenes are met with which form the staple theme of admiration with every Mexican traveller. The mountains are deeply indented, the valleys narrow, and declivities steep, and there are everywhere indications of volcanic activity, streams of lava, craters fallen in, mountains uplifted and cast down. All the streams are torrents, and they form countless waterfalls. A vapoury cloud is often observed rising from some obscure recess of the forest; it is sure to be a cascade, precipitating itself into some deep abyss. It is only here and there that the country assumes the level appearance of plateaus, or of broader valleys. For the most part it has an alpine character, with a tropical or sub-tropical aspect, smiling valleys, dark forest-grown mountains, everywhere moisture, and an exuberant vegetable and animal kingdom.

South America has its plateaus like Mexico, and those of Quito, Cusco, and Cundinamarca are in part loftier than the latter. But they are separated from each other by profound and extensive valleys, and bounded by enormous chasms, with a tropical climate, from which the ascent to the cold Paramos is made with incredible fatigue. Not so in Mexico, where from south to north travellers and merchandize meet with uninterrupted vehicular transmission.

Taken altogether, the western slope is less abrupt than the eastern, and yet it is in parts more difficult for the construction of roads. The character of the landscape also differs much. The country is drier and hotter, the dense luxuriant forests are rarer, whilst more grasses and a slight growth of resinous trees—mimosas and terebinthias—are met with. The sea-coast is rather rocky than sandy; and there are safer bays than on the gulf.

Dense palm forests border the lagoons, and the valleys are adorned with charming groups of palms, cæsalpiniæ and figs.

There are districts where the industry of man has introduced artificial irrigation on a grand scale. Sugar and coffee plantations, equal to the most considerable in the West Indies, exist in the fertile plains south of Mexico. Extensive plantations are also met with in the plains of Mechoacan, but, generally speaking, little is cultivated, save what can be sown during the rainy season, although there are many Indian villages, the inhabitants of which plant vegetables and fruits in artificially irrigated fields. The yield of cotton along the coast is good, but there is a want of hands in the plantations, and the dwellers on the plateaus shun the coast as carefully as they would the infernal regions.

The country is very thinly peopled, and would have still fewer inhabitants if the mountains towards the South Sea were not so rich in metals. Most of the towns and villages owe their origin to miners, and new colonies are founded by them alone. In these mountains mining is very ancient; before the Europeans discovered America, the Aztecs diligently worked the diggings of Tlaschko, where, at the

present day, the mining town of Tasco is built upon silver. From Tehuantepec to Arispe, and further to the north, the mountains between the sea and table-land are metalliferous. In the north of Sonora are extensive gold-fields, richer, perhaps, than those of California. Silver, copper, lead, and iron have been found everywhere; but the rich veins can scarcely be said to have been opened, for want of hands to prosecute such undertakings with advantage. When, in the course of time, the Germanic population penetrates further south, and the Hispano-Indian race is replaced by one more energetic and enterprising, the extraordinary wealth of this country will be duly appreciated.

Turn we now to the Mexicans and their social and political relations. According to the people themselves, they are of two kinds, "*gente de razon y gente sin razon*," or, the reasoning and the unreasoning—that is to say, the whites, and the red and black races—the mixed races not only asserting their claim to some modicum of reason, but being at the same time more pertinaciously opposed to the Indians than the whitest of the whites. The law happily knows no distinctions; the constitution has placed all the citizens of the country, whatever their colour, on an equal footing, all privileges of birth are annihilated, and slavery has been long since eradicated. Customs, however, which have taken root amongst the people, and are perpetuated by the language, cannot be easily obliterated by law, and we consequently find in Mexico an aristocracy in colour, as in Europe we find an aristocracy of birth.

The Mexican population presents the most striking contrasts. On one side, splendour and luxury, elegant carriages, and Parisian fashions; on the other, dirt and indigence, an exclusive life with a separate national type in its outward appearance, in language, and manners. The different figures that pass before us comprise a leaf of the history of the country—a sad one, as with so many nations. The dusky Indian ruled here, and boasted a mighty empire; the superior intelligence of the Europeans conquered it, and rendered the freemen slaves. The severe tasks imposed on them carried off thousands, and to save them from extirpation the black African was introduced. When Cortes with his daring band conquered Mexico, the dominant race was that of the Aztecs, who, coming as invaders from the north, had subjected the peaceful agricultural nation of the Toltecs, and, enriched with immense booty, had adopted the customs of those they had overthrown. The noblest of the Aztecs fell in the struggle with the Spaniards; their property passed into the hands of the victors, who at the same time became possessed of the families of those who had fallen; the rude warriors were pleased with their acquisition, and married the dusky daughters of the country, who were rendered their equals by baptism. Cortes himself married the beautiful Marina, or Matintzin.

The varied groups of the Mexican population have something highly original, and form an excellent relief to the landscape, particularly the Creole in the country, and the Mestins, who, as horsemen, are quite equal to the Arabs, and gallop about the far-extending plateaus. In the towns, the younger Creole belonging to the educated classes is dressed in the European style. The desire to play the dandy is unmistakable in the young people, whilst the old Creole, as well as the Spaniard, never quits his dwelling without his long dark cloak, even though the sun be in the zenith.

The Creoles constitute a seventh part of the population, or about 1,200,000. In outward appearance they approach the Spaniards; and yet a peculiar type is unmistakable. The Creole is, above all, passionately attached to every kind of festive amusement, is a great admirer of the fair sex, and most pertinaciously addicted to gambling. The morality of the women is upon a par with that of the men. The Creoles constitute the chief part of the population of the cities; they are government officials, physicians, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, mining proprietors, and artificers. The great landed proprietors, the country traders, and the higher orders of the clergy, also belong to this class. The wealthy Creole is a friend to luxury; he has showy equipages, beautiful saddle-horses, numerous servants, but no comfort in his house. Domestic life is very different from that of the Germanic races. The life led by the ladies in their boudoirs savours somewhat of the Oriental; they work beautifully with the needle, weave and embroider, play, sing, and smoke, the latter from early youth, but the intellectual element is wanting, the understanding and the feelings are uncultivated, and sensuality therefore easily obtains the upper hand. Yet

they are said to be amiable and animated, and their society, as well as their persons, to be very attractive. The respect paid by the children to their parents is a redeeming feature in the character of the Creoles, who are also generally humane, compassionate, kind, and indulgent. The Creole has retained the liveliness, the excitability, and the romantic sentiments of the Spaniard, but while the latter is conservative, the Mexican Creole is for progress; he is also liberal and tolerant even in religious matters, whilst the Spaniard never quits the established forms in Church and State. The Spaniard labours perseveringly, seeks also to profit in detail, and saves what he has earned for old age; the Mexican earns with facility, but just as easily lets it slip through his fingers; he seeks to enjoy the fleeting moment, and leaves Providence to care for the future.

The aborigines of America, from Canada to the mountains of Araucaria, have fundamentally the same type of features, greatly modified of course by position and climate, mode of life, and peculiar customs. The aborigines of Mexico, too, though divided into many tribes, and separated by totally different languages, exhibit at the first glance the peculiarities of a race. They are naturally close, distrustful, and calculating. This among themselves as well as in their intercourse with strangers. It lies in their language, their manners, and their history. Their expressions are always ambiguous, and they are refined diplomatists in their negotiations. Even the priests cannot understand the confessions of their converts, the penitent delivering himself in metaphors and riddles. An Indian can seldom prevail on himself to tell a stranger his name, and usually gives a false one, lest he should be compromised. They are submissive and servile, with the exception of the Apaches and Comanches, who still retain their independence in the northern country. The Indians have the advantage of numerical superiority, constituting about five-eighths of the population, and apprehensions might be entertained of their awakening to a sense of their being a conquered race. But this is unlikely; they have lost all history and all spirit, there is no union among them, and as they enjoy the same right as the other inhabitants, they have no cause for discontent. Speaking some four-and-thirty different languages, they still live in communities, partly in villages, partly in towns, where they have their separate quarters. They choose their own municipal officers. All the subjected Indians are Roman Catholics, and most of their priests are of their own race. They have also elementary schools, but they are little resorted to.

The Metizo, or Mestin, is properly the offspring of a white father and an Indian mother. But the various relations of the Mestizos among themselves, and with the whites and Indians, have given to the name a much wider signification. There is this great peculiarity about the Mestizo, however, and which is almost general, that while the Creole has taken for pattern his progenitor the Spaniard, and sought as far as possible to reproduce him, while the Indian was quietly preserving the usages of his forefathers without ever being able to assert a prominent position, the Mestizo has never been anything else than Mexican, and the Creole has adopted his peculiarities rather than the reverse.

The Mestizo is a hardy fellow, of lank, elastic form; his complexion is not white, neither is it copper-coloured, like that of the Indian, but a light brown, through which the flush of the cheek appears. The hair is thick and black, but softer than the Indian's, the forehead higher, the eyes brilliant, sometimes black, sometimes hazel. He has inherited the Roman nose and heavy black beard of his father, the white teeth and small foot of the mother. One might take him for an Arab, as, lance in hand, he rushes past upon his light steed. He is an excellent horseman, of a bold, excitable disposition, temperate and persevering, but levity itself; always prepared for the dance or game, undisturbed by any care for the future, if the present moment has anything to enjoy.

The Mestizos are distinguishable from the Creoles on the one side, and the Indians on the other, by dress, as well as by complexion and language. The Creole contests his equality, while the Indian hates him as the bastard of his daughter; hence the progress is continually towards the whites, and the nearer the Mestizo approaches the Creole in colour, the more easy becomes the amalgamation. That which has once been torn away from the Indian race rarely returns to unite itself again. The Indian seeks his marriage alliances only among those of unmixed blood; the ambition of the Mestizo is only satisfied with a wife of a fairer colour than himself. Still the numerical superiority of the Indians would lend support

to Dr. Knox's theory of the greater adaptability of the Indian races to their own climates; the Mestizos do not, indeed, reckon above two millions, or one-fourth of the entire population.

As the kind of foliage determines the physiognomy of the landscape, so do the cities bear the characteristic impress of a people's life and manners. The Mexican cities show, at the first glance, a common origin with the Romaic nations of Southern Europe; straight streets, open squares, stone houses with flat roofs, numerous churches with glistening cupolas, far-extending citadel-like cloisters, Mounts of Calvary, magnificent aqueducts like those of ancient Rome—splendour and luxury on the one hand, filth and nakedness on the other. The two Castiles have furnished the models; there, as well as here, we find the same lack of trees, the same absence of beautiful parks and gardens, of cleanly and pleasant environs. In Mexico the suburbs are mean and dirty, and inhabited by the lowest classes. Refuse and filth, carcases of animals and rubbish of buildings, are found piled up at the entrances of the streets by the side of wretched hovels, the abode of ragged vagabonds or half-naked Indians. Lean, hungry dogs and flocks of carrion vultures beleaguer these loathsome, neglected precincts, and the traveller hastens his pace on passing to withdraw both nose and eyes from such unpleasant impressions. Although this picture applies almost universally to the towns on the table-lands, it is not so on the eastern coast, where at Jalapa, Orizava, and Cordova, for example, the suburbs are a labyrinth of fruit-gardens, from among which the red-tiled roofs of the cottages look forth with remarkable cheerfulness.

The possession of house and farm produces cares, and it is inconvenient to lock up boxes and chests, therefore they decline troubling themselves about such. The whole individual, with all that he has about him, is not worth a groat, and yet he is in the best humour in the world, and ready to sing and dance. When evening comes, he rarely knows where to lay his head at night, nor how to fill his empty stomach in the morning. A shirt is an article of luxury, but agreeable as a reserve in order to pawn it, or stake it, according to circumstances. If he is in luck he buys one, and a pair of trousers of manta (cheap cotton stuff). His chief possession is the frazada, a coarse, striped cloth, protecting him against stabs or blows, his bed and counterpane for the night, his state dress for church and market. This, his toga virilis, the Lepero throws over his shoulders with more pathos, he produces a greater effect with it, than formerly Cicero and Pompey, and should he eventually fall by the knife of an irritated foe, he does so with as much dignity as the great Cæsar on the ides of March. Sympathizing friends then wrap him in his royal robe, passing a cord round him like a bale of goods, and thus he wanders to the grave simply as he lived.

The proletarians, it is to be observed, are exclusively Mestizos; the Indians, poor as they seem to be, as peasants, landowners, mechanics, and as members of a community, are never proletarians. The Indian supports himself and his family honestly; he pays his taxes, lives in wedlock, and does not leave his village to wander about like a Lepero vagabond.

The revolt of Augustin Iturbid, a Mexican by birth, but a soldier in the ranks of the Spaniards, ultimately secured to the country its independence, but superadded a military despotism. The sudden elevation of this adventurer to the throne rendered him giddy, and he was deposed by the same power by which he had been elevated. The people then chose the republican form of government, and, moreover, the federal constitution, after the precedent of the United States. At the same time, most civil offices and employments, as well as military commands, fell into the hands of the insurgents, many of them uneducated, and only calculated to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of their subalterns. The national guard was looked to as the chief defence of the country, but it was so badly organized that it became the tool and the butt of the line.

The army itself became as demoralized as all the other institutions in the country by the revolt which carried Santanna into power. This rude and immoral egotist, to whom honour and conscience, fidelity and faith, were but as empty words, deprived the army of many excellent officers by dismissing the Spaniards and replacing them by an utterly worthless set—the willing instruments of his selfish plans. During Santanna's long dictatorship every branch of the administration fell into disorder.

It suddenly occurs to some former soldier, perhaps a captain, residing in a village three hundred leagues from the

capital, that the government is good for nothing. He speaks about it with Jack and Peter of the same village, reads the newspaper to them, shows letters from friends of consequence, which also blame the minister, and harangues his gossips that it is for them to change matters. They are content, and beat up proletarians for their scheme—rascals who prefer spending money to working, and know well enough that little is to be risked in such matters. A discontented colonel is known; he is informed that the country looks up to him as her liberator, and he is requested to place himself at their head. If he be one of the right sort, he comes with some of his confidants, a consultation is immediately held, and the plan for reforming the world is concocted. The same night the town-hall is taken possession of, the aldermen are sent for, are made acquainted with the intentions of the revolutionists, and compelled to do homage. On this the tax-gatherer is obliged to hand over all he has in his strong-box, and should it be little, a forced loan is raised from the disaffected shopkeepers of the place, the alarm-bell is rung, rockets are sent up, and when all the inhabitants are assembled in the market-place they are informed of what has taken place. Now follow loud cheers for the patriots, especially for the general-in-chief, as he is dubbed. A proclamation is then put forth, addressed to the whole nation, which is, of course, read with applause, and as soon as a sufficiently animating quantity of spirits has been drunk, it is resolved to march upon the next market-town. All hasten to fetch their arms and horses; the women howl and refuse to let their husbands depart; and, indeed, with many of them no great amount of persuasion is requisite. They slip out of the back door to the forest till the tumult is over. At length, after midnight, the patriotic army is ready to march. Though few, they are full of courage; the bottle is passed round once more at the expense of the regiment, and the heroes vanish in darkness.

If all goes well, several villages are surprised and join the rebels. When the principal village of a district has given in its adherence, a provisional government is appointed, and the army (200 men, perhaps) organized, armed, and drilled; the newspapers are full of it; a detachment of fifty soldiers is sent out against them by the prefect, but returns with all speed at sight of the superior numbers of the foe. The prefect packs up his archives and hastens off, whilst every one seeks to conceal his property of all kinds. Men who can be depended on are sent to treat with the insurgents, to sound them, and to promise to join them in order to gain time. Meanwhile fleet messengers are sent off to the provincial government and to the federal government. The provincial authorities complain that they have neither money nor arms to put down the increasing movement, 'presume that the conspiracy has far-extending ramifications, talk of a certain party who are waiting for the favourable moment only, and request speedy assistance from the capital. If the pronunciados were energetic men, they might generally march half way across the country before meeting with any organized resistance; but they decline going far—merely look around to see where they can lay their hands on some public funds and guard against a surprise. They have great difficulty in keeping their men together, who have all sorts of scruples ready when the excitement is at an end. An instance is related where the whole quota of a village declared to their chief that they must now return home to have their shirts washed!

At length information is brought that the government troops have marched. A council of war is held; it is resolved to occupy a strong position, to withdraw to the mountains; nevertheless they remain for the present in the village. A well-combined attack would in a general way settle the whole affair, and place them all at the mercy of the government; but milder measures must be attempted. The blood of citizens must not be shed, and those who have strayed must be reclaimed. The rebels proudly reject all advances; some of the outposts fire on each other from a distance of a thousand yards; a dozen of the government soldiers desert; this is a bad omen, and prudence is the mother of wisdom. Some honest people of the neighbourhood offer their mediation, which is accepted, and the end of the story is, that after several bootless marches, after wasting a tolerable quantity of powder, an agreement is come to, according to the terms of which the chiefs of the pronunciados lay down their arms and acknowledge the authority of the government, retain the rank, dignity, and pay which they have conferred on themselves, keep what they have stolen from the state, dismiss their army, and are all completely amnestied.

Such, then, is the present state of Mexico, a country presenting as great a variety and richness of resources in the vegetable and mineral world as perhaps any country on the face of the earth, possessing almost unequalled advantages in climate, soil, and configuration, and yet are three of its finest provinces, Sonora, Durango, and Cinaloa, overrun by wild Apaches and Comanches, whom a handful of men ought to drive any day from their forest and mountain lairs, while the more civilized portions of the country have been for a long time past subjected to the discomforts and abuses of revolutions, brought about by a needy, unprincipled, and demoralized set of officials and adventurers.

A TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.

"An earthquake?" said I. "No! I should like to know what it is like."

It was in February, 1834, I was a guest of Don Marzio Pignatelli, in Aquila, of Abruzzo. The Englishman never thinks of Italy without dreaming of daggers and poison. Never of the Apennines, without conjuring up starving hostelries and banditti scenes.

There is an Italy in the South, which God has created; there is another somewhere in the Clouds, that Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe, with a crowd of minor horror-mongers, have got up for the benefit of gullible readers.

Don Marzio's house and family, their manners and habits, might befit an English gentleman farmer of the old school. The same lavish hospitality, the same substantial hearty cheer, the same roaring horse-laugh. Donna Betta, his wife, was a very pattern of apple-tart makers. Don Marzio himself was quite a conjurer in the manifold science of coffee-boiling.

We were just on the point of testing his unrivalled abilities on that score. Dinner had been removed; and we gathered round the fire—husband, wife, and guest. It was, as I have said, the 13th of February. The open air was, at that time, deemed unwholesome for me. Don Marzio, himself an old Carbonaro, harboured me in his house; with a true Abruzzese's love of contraband, cherishing his guest in proportion to the danger and mystery which encompassed him.

The fragrance of the purest Mocha, inspiriting, inebriating, spread all over the room. Coffee, it was part of his tenets, should never be confined by a lid, never polluted by milk. He would prose about roasting and toasting, pounding and grinding, till he was hoarse with excitement.

On that day, however, some secret thought preyed on his mind, and the chemical preparation proceeded in silence. He sat on the right chimney-corner, his wife on the left; I remained standing between.

"So, then, Bird-in-the-bush," (*Uccello in frasca*—it was by that name he loved to designate me,) "so you sleep proof from thunder and earthquake, do you? I congratulate you; the shock was enough to rouse the dead from their graves, I tell you."

"I always thought it was a dream of yours, Don Marzio," interposed his better half, languidly. "It is a dreadful bore, I declare, to be disturbed in your first slumber, and scared out of your wits, from no better reason than that."

"A dream of mine!" retorted the amateur coffee-maker. "And San Francis Solano, who has dropped his ball* in the night; and the procession at the Capuchins, and the whole town in alarm—is that all a dream, too?"

"Well, well," I said, anxious to conciliate, "a pure conscience and easy slumbers, you know. I heard nothing of this, never heard anything like an earthquake in my life. I wonder what it can be like?"

These were magic words. The sound had not quite died away, when the feet I stood on seemed suddenly seized with cramp. Cup and coffee-pot dropped as

* San Francisco Solano, whoever he may be, is the patron-saint against the earthquake all over Italy. In most Franciscan convents there is an image of the saint, holding the globe of the earth in his outspread palm. The globe is so nicely balanced in his hand that the least undulation of the ground will determine its fall. The friars are thereby empowered to announce the slightest symptoms of commotion of the ground.

dead from Don Marzio's hand as the ball from St. Francis's palm. There was a rush as if of many waters; and for about ten seconds my head was overwhelmed by awful dizziness, which numbed and paralyzed all sensation.

Don Marzio, in form an athlete, in heart a lion, but a man of sudden, sanguine temperament, flew up like a bird, and darted out of the room with the ease of a man never burdened with a wife or friend. Donna Betta, a portly matron, also rose and followed instinctively; but I—I never could account for the odd freak—laid hold of her arm, bidding her stay. The roar of eight hundred houses reeling and quaking, the yells of ten thousand voices in a fit of despair, had wholly subsided ere I allowed her calmly and majestically to waddle up to her good man in the garden.

Thank God, we found ourselves all in the open air, under the broad canopy of heaven. We began to count heads. Yes, there we all stood, children, nursery-maids, stable-boys—all as obedient to the awful summons as the best disciplined troops at the first roll of the drum.

It was February, as I have twice observed, and we were in the heart of the Apennines. The day was rather fine, but pinching cold; and when the fever of the first terror abated, the lady and the little ones began to shiver in every limb. No one dared to break silence, but Don Marzio's eye wandered significantly from one to another's countenance in that awe-stricken group. There was no mistaking his appeal. Yet, one after the other, his menials returned his gaze with well-acted perplexity. No one so dull as those who will not understand.

Reader, I was then two-and-twenty. I had had my trials, and could boast of hair-breadth escapes. I smiled dimly, nodded to the old gentleman, clapped my hands cheerily, and the next moment was once more under the roof.

I made a huge armful of cloaks and blankets; snapped up every rag with all the haste of a marauding party; and moved towards the door, tottering under the encumbrance.

But now the dreaded crisis was at hand. Earthquakes, it is well known, proceed by action and reaction. The second shock, I was aware, must be imminent. I had just touched the threshold, and stood under the porch, when that spasmodic sensation once more stiffened every muscle in my limbs. Presently I felt myself lifted from the ground and hurled against the pillar on my right; the rebound again drove me to the post on the opposite side; and after thus being repeatedly tossed and buffeted from right to left like a shuttlecock, I was sent down to the ground outside, having tumbled headlong the whole range of the four marble steps of the entrance.

The harm, however, was not so great as the fear; and, thanks to my gallant devotion, the whole party were wrapped and blanketed, till they looked like a party of wild Indians; and as we trod now on comparatively firm ground, we had leisure to look about us.

The garden was open and spacious, being bounded on three sides by the half-crumbling wall of the town. On the fourth side lay the house, now miserably shaky and rickety. Close by the house was the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, and above that its slender spire rose, chaste and stainless, "pointing the way to heaven."

Any rational being might have deemed himself sufficiently removed from brick and mortar, and, in so far, out of harm's way. Not so Don Marzio. He contended that the shadow of that spire not unfrequently stretched all the way across his garden, which, towards sunset, it possibly did; but, by a strange perversion of argument, he added, that so far as the shadow extended, there might also the body that cast it reach in its fall; for fall it obviously must; and as the danger was pressing, he deemed it unwise to discuss which of the four cardinal points the tower might feel a leaning towards, whenever it "looked around and chose its ground."

Don Marzio was gifted with animal courage proportionate to the might of his stalwart frame. But mere thews and sinews were of little avail in the case. The garden was no breathing-ground for him; and he was resolved upon prompt emigration.

The people of Aquila, as indeed of most towns in Southern Italy, have the habit of, therefore a peculiar talent, for earthquakes. Two hundred yards outside the gate, there is half-a-square-mile of table-land on the summit of a hill; a market-place in days of ease, a harbour of refuge in the urgency of peril. From the first dropping of the earth-ball from the hand of their guardian saint, the most far-sighted among the inhabitants had been busy pitching their tents. The whole

population was now swarming there; pulling, pushing, hauling, and hammering away for very life; with women fainting, children screeching, Capuchins preaching. It was like a little rehearsal of doomsday.

Don Marzio, a prudent housekeeper, had the latch-key of a private door at the back of the garden. He threw it open, not without a glance of misgiving at the moss-grown wall overhead. Then he hemmed twice, and gave me a feverish shake of the hand.

"I am heartily sorry for you, my boy," he cried. "A *fuoruscito*, as I may say, a Bird-in-the-bush. You dare not show your nose outside the door. Safe enough here, I dare say,"—with a stolen glance at the spire,—"but you see, imperative duty—father of children—and so, God bless you."

With this he left me there, under the "deadly shade" of the steeple, ordered out his little household band, and away they filed one by one, the head of the house himself manfully closing the rear.

I was alone—alone with the earthquake. Solitude and despair—witness Robinson Crusoe—will inspire a man with endless resources. There was a wood-cellar in one of the out-houses, access to which was easy and safe. One of my host's domestics had slipped flint and steel into my hands. In less than half an hour's time, a cheerful fire was crackling before me. I drew forth an old arm-chair from the wood-cellar, together with my provision of fuel. I shrouded myself in the ample folds of one of Don Marzio's riding cloaks; I sat with folded arms, my eyes riveted on the rising blaze, summoning all my spirits round my heart, and bidding it to bear up. The sun had long set, and the last gleam of a sickly twilight rapidly faded. A keen, damp north-east wind swept over the earth: thin, black, ragged clouds flitted before it, like uneasy ghosts. A stray star twinkled here and there in the firmament, and the sickle-shaped moon hung on the west. But the light of those pale luminaries was wan and fitful. They seemed to be aware of the hopelessness of their struggle, and to mourn in anticipation of the moment when they should faint in flight, and unrelieved darkness should lord it over the fields of the heavens.

The town of Aquila, or "the Eagle," as the natives name it, is perched, eagle-like, on the brow of an abrupt cliff, in the bosom of the loftiest Apennines. Monte Reale, Monte Velino, and the giant of the whole chain, the "Grand Sasso d'Italia," look down upon it from their exalted thrones. Within the shelter of that massive armour the town might well seem invulnerable to time and man. But now, as I gazed despondingly round, the very hills everlasting seemed rocking from their foundation, and their crests nodding destruction. Which of those mighty peaks was to open the fire of hell's artillery upon us? Was not Etna once as still and dark as yonder "Great Rock?" and yet it now glares by night with its ominous beacon; and cities and kingdoms have been swept away at its base. Two hours passed away in gloomy meditation. The whole town was a desert. The camp-meeting of the unhoused Aquilani was held somewhere in the distance: its confused murmur reached me not. Only my neighbours, the Ursuline nuns, were up and awake. With shrinking delicacy, dreading the look and touch of the profane, even more than the walls of their prison-house, they had stood their ground with the heroism of true faith, and reared their temporary asylum under their vine-canopied bowers, within the shade of the cloisters. A high garden-wall alone separated me from the holy virgins. They were watching and kneeling. Every note from their silver voices sank deep in my heart, and impressed me with something of that pious confidence, of that imploring fervour, with which they addressed their guardian angels and saints.

Two hours had passed. The awfulness of prevailing tranquillity, the genial warmth of my fire, and the sweet monotony of that low mournful chanting, were by degrees gliding into my troubled senses, and lulling them into a treacherous security.

"Just so," I reasoned, "shock and counter-shock. The terrible scourge has by this time exhausted its strength. It was only a farce after all. Much ado about nothing. The people of this town have become so familiar with the earthquake, that they make a carnival of it. By this time they are perhaps feasting and rioting under their booths. Ho! am I the only craven here? And had I not my desire? Am I not now on speaking terms with an earthquake?"

Again my words conjured up the waking enemy. A low, hollow, rumbling noise, as if from many hundred miles' distance, was heard coming rapidly onward along

the whole line of the Apennines. It reached us, it seemed to stop underneath our feet, and suddenly changing its horizontal for a vertical direction, it burst upwards.

The whole earth heaved with a sudden pang; it then gave a backward bound even as a vessel shipping a sea. The motion then became undulatory, and spread far and wide, as the report of a cannon awakening every echo in the mountains.

There was a rattle and clutter, as if of a thousand waggons shooting down stones in the town. The Ursuline steeple waved in the air like a reed vexed by the blast. The chair I stood on was all but capsized, and the fire at my feet was overthrown. The very vault of heaven swung to and fro, ebbing and heaving with the general convulsion. The doleful psalmody in the neighbouring ground broke short abruptly. The chorus of many voices sent forth but one rending shriek. The clamour of many thousands of the town gave its wakeful response. Then the dead silence of consternation ensued. I picked up every stick and brand that had been scattered about, steadied myself in my chair, and hung down my head. "These black hounds," I mused, "hunt in couples. Now for the repercussion!"

I had not many minutes to wait. Again the iron-hoofed steeds and heavy wheels of the state chariot of the Prince of Darkness were heard trampling and rattling in their course. Once more the subterranean avalanche gathered and burst. Once more the ground beneath throbbed and heaved as if with rending travail. Once more heaven and earth seemed to yearn to each other; and the embers of my watchfire were cast upwards and strewn asunder.

It was an awful, long winter night. The same sable clouds rioting in the sky, the same cruel wind moaning angrily through the withered branches, through the chinks and crevices of many a shattered edifice. Solitude, the chillness of night, and the vagueness, even more than the inevitableness, of the danger, wrought fearfully on my exhausted frame. Stupor and lethargy soon followed those brief moments of speechless excitement. Bewildered imagination peopled the air with vague, unutterable terrors. Legions of phantoms sported on those misshapen clouds. The clash of a thousand swords was borne on the wind. Tongues of living flame danced and quivered in every direction. The firmament seemed all burning with them. I saw myself alone, helpless, hopeless, the miserable butt of all the rage of warring elements.

It was an uncomfortable night. Ten and twelve times was the dreadful visitation reproduced between sunset and sunrise, and every shock found me more utterly unnerved; and the sullen resignation with which I recomposed and trimmed my fire had something in it consummately abject, by the side of the doleful accents with which the poor half-hoarse nuns, my neighbours, called on their blessed Virgin for protection.

The breaking morn found me utterly demoralised; and when Don Marzio's servants had so far recovered from their panic as to intrude upon my solitude, and offer their services for the erection of my tent in the garden, I had hardly breath enough left to welcome them. Under that tent I passed days and nights during all the remainder of February. The shocks, though diminished in strength, almost nightly aroused us from our rest. But the people of Aquila soon learned to despise them. By one, by two, by three, they sought the threshold of their dismantled homes. Last of all, Don Marzio folded his tent. His fears having, finally, so far given way, as to allow him to think of something beside himself, he exerted himself to free me from confinement. He furnished me with faithful guides, by whose aid I reached the sea coast. Here a Maltese vessel was waiting to waft me to a land of freedom and security. From that time I was cured for ever of all curiosity about earthquakes. G. J. K.

NOVEMBER IN THE COUNTRY.

November! The very name comes to us with a sound of drizzling rain, an atmosphere of fogs and mists, having a prescriptive right to the title of "the worst month in the year."

Yet, at all events in the country, November has its bright side. Many a day which begins with an overcast sky, and a raw and chilly air, becomes cheerful and even genial as the sun approaches nearer the meridian.

Away with melancholy! Let us sally forth and see whether there is not much to enjoy in the country scenes of our island home, even in this much-abused month of November.

Down across the pastures, on whose rank and tangled grass the hoar frost yet lingers, by the tall thorn hedges showing their bright red haws glowing cheerily in the sunbeams which have fought their way through cloud and mist.

Yonder flock of redwings, winging their way across the fields, with that peculiar whistle which tells of coming winter, have already discovered that plentiful feast which nature seems always to provide most bountifully when there is most need for such a provision. There lies the river, winding slowly between its low and level banks. The reeds no longer bend their graceful forms to the passing wind with the cool rustle so delightful to the ear in summer, but withered and embrowned, and tangled in thick masses, form a warm and snug retreat for coot and moorhen. What a likely spot this reedy bay looks for a pike to choose as his ambush. Let us try the fortune of a cast: the bait, firm and brilliant, is soon taken from its bed of bran, and armed with the truculent flight of hooks. Now, a gentle throw, and the bait lights noiselessly on the placid surface, and spins, in mimic terror, through its native element.

Another throw, and yet another, for patience is the angler's cardinal virtue. See you yon point of weeds, running out at the extremity of the bay, past which the current flows, and forms an eddy round it? let us throw a yard or two below it, so that the bait may pass within tempting distance of any lurking freebooter who may have taken up his quarters there. Ah! a rush, a splash, a quick turn of the wrist, and the biter is bit. What headlong rushes! what frantic struggles to be free! but fainter and fewer grow the efforts; and now we tow the prize, scarce resisting, to a clear point, where the landing-net passes dexterously beneath him, and, under rather unpleasant circumstances, he makes his acquaintance for the first time with *terra firma*.

These November pike are beauties. The large fish have begun to run, and their condition is superb. Fattened by the luxurious diet of the summer months, they have now attained their maximum of weight and strength, and call into exercise all the powers of the angler, at the same time that they amply reward his patience and skill.

If we turn from the stream to the woodland, we find innumerable objects of interest. Passing along the sunny side of the plantations, where the dark green firs form a pleasing contrast with the rapidly thinning foliage of oak and ash—where the far-reaching boughs of the beech, still clothed with their bright-tinted leaves, form a screen overhead, we disturb the wary old cock pheasant, who has contrived thus long to baffle the arts of his numerous foes. See with what cunning he plunges headlong into the leafy covert, and carefully keeps the impervious boughs between himself and the imagined danger. On in front of us the squirrels are merrily skipping over the grass, collecting the last of the acorns to add to their winter stock. Flocks of wood-pigeons burst with a loud flapping and crashing from the tops of the trees on our approach, and alight at no great distance to levy a contribution on a neighbouring turnip field.

A stray rabbit every now and then pops up from a bunch of long grass, and with an occasional pause, and an inquisitive glance at the intruders, passes swiftly through some well-known track into the depths of the wood.

On the dead bough at the summit of some patriarchal oak, the Royston crow sits, gazing round in search of prey; not long destined, probably, to wait in patience, as few things come amiss to his hungry maw. In mid-air, poised at a hundred yards above the ground, the kestrel hangs, fanning the air with rapidly moving wings; now moving on a yard or two with a sidelong swoop, as with piercing eye he watches the motions of the unwary field-mouse.

All around us the hedges and the fields teem with active life. The smaller hard-billed birds—chaffinches, yellow-hammers, greenfinches — which during the spring and summer have been seen only in pairs, are now congregated in flocks, sometimes consisting of many hundred individuals; and in the frosty mornings, toward the close of the month, especially if hard weather is approaching, they assemble round stacks and in the adjacent trees in numbers almost incredible. Larks, also, and starlings are led by the same gregarious instinct to assemble in large flights. It is, indeed, a wonderful sight to watch the approach of a flight of starlings to the reed-bed, which they have chosen as their resting-place for the night. In the far distance, seen through the darkening twilight, they appear like a rapidly moving cloud, which, as it draws nearer, resolves itself into a compact living mass, composed of individuals who follow each with wonderful precision the movements of the one immediately preceding. Thus they come onward in an irregular figure which is ever changing its form, while every movement—whether vertical or horizontal —is executed with an unanimity which one cannot but imagine to proceed from a strict obedience to orders. Now one flank halts, while round it, as on a pivot, the whole main body wheels; now forming in close column, they swoop down toward the reeds as if about to alight, but the head of the column rises again, and, in a graceful curve, the long train behind follows its example.

At length, as if wearied with these manœuvres, the whole flight rises with one accord a few yards vertically, at the same time gradually separating so as to occupy a larger space; and then, with a rush which is audible at a considerable distance, they drop simultaneously into the covert of the reeds, and all is silent.

So dense are the flights of starlings in some places, that where the reeds are valuable, men are placed in ambush, to fire into the advancing mass; lest, by the united weight of so many individuals, the reeds should be crushed, and thus rendered unserviceable.

Along the swampy borders of brooks snipes may now be seen, rising with that peculiar *shriek* which at once brings the gun to "the ready," as by instinct. Their near kindred, the water rails, too, may sometimes be seen, now that the denser herbage of the banks is thinned, running along by the edge of the water, with noiseless rapid step. These birds are very difficult to flush; they seem to be aware that their powers of flying are limited, and they only have recourse to their wings as a last resource. We have seen one in the clear water of a little brook, hiding itself under the arch where a roadway crossed, completely submerged, all but its bill, and in this posture it remained for several minutes, in spite of various hints in the shape of clods and pebbles.

Of late years our November weather has been mild, but it is not very long since we remember some excellent skating for two or three days, commencing on the 21st of this month. But even in the absence of exhilarating frost, much enjoyment may be found among our brooks, and fields, and woods, by those who have the good fortune to dwell amid such scenes, and who have a genuine love of Nature in all her varied forms.

C. W. R.

"DULL? I should think so! I never was so lonesome in my life, Sara. And it used to be so different when 'the laddies were in town.' It's of no use denying it, life goes very stupidly without the laddies. We women, I for one, need their society to keep our temper on the right balance."

"They need us quite as much," I exclaimed, rather hastily.

"That's just like you, Sara. You're so tenacious of the dignity of '*our sex*.' Sara"—all the time poking the grate fire lazily, lying at her "lissom length" upon the floor—"Sara, I wonder you never put on bloomers, and went round lecturing on woman's rights."

I flung my ball of yarn at the speaker. It hit her dark glossy head, and disarranged a braid or two. She revenged the act by trailing the ball along for "Keeps," the Maltese, to scamper after. And leaning back in my chair, I watched her and thought about her,

"A dark, handsome little creature," I thought, "but inscrutable. You talk idly," I thought. "You assume carelessness, lightness, frivolity, to cover, if not a memory which hides and hurts, a restlessness, a fever of unquiet, born of an unsatisfied spirit. Which is it?" She was a half-way cousin of mine; we had been correspondents all our lives, off and on, and visited each other at irregular intervals. And this present visit of mine, which had lengthened from a season into a twelvemonth, had passed, and I had not yet fathomed her—this inscrutable something still baffled me. If this doesn't give some indication of character, I don't know what does. To live in the same house with a woman, eat at the same table, read a good many of the same books, and have sundry mutual feminine interests, and yet for a year *not to find her out!*

I had only come for a season—for the winter—then I should return North again, and Jessie would go with me for the summer: that was my plan. But that summer came, with war-clouds hurrying threateningly, and breaking in heavy destruction. I urged departure, never doubting but this gay little cousin would accede. But no. She said coolly, and quite carelessly,

"I sha'n't go and leave Liz and Ned here at school, while such a rumpus is going on about their ears."

"Take them, too," I suggested.

"Out of the question. You forget Uncle Rush has their responsibility. He'd be likely to let them go North now, wouldn't he? No, I must stay."

And then she burst out of her coolness, and for a moment I felt the fire of the Radeford blood.

"Stay with me, Sara—stay with me; I shall be lonesome as death if you go."

"You lonesome, with all the Radefords to pay cousinly devoir, and the Kingstons down the street?"

"You simple Sara," she answered, "don't you know that I am only part Radeford? Don't you know that the Chester soul is within me—that it tempers, and tames, and cools, not chills, Sara, this wild Radeford fire? Don't you remember how I have been Aunt Miriam's charge for the greatest half of my life? Aunt Miriam, who is all Chester, soul and body—all Yankee, as Uncle Rush sneers. And so, perforce, don't you see that I should consume myself and die, if left in this fiery atmosphere without a whiff of the Chester air to relieve me? Come, stay, Sara; I like you best of anybody."

So I stayed. Why shouldn't I? I was alone in the world, with no nearer relatives than my aunts and their children. And none of these liked me "best of anybody."

It *was* a fiery atmosphere for me at least, who believed in human freedom, the laws of God, humanity, and the government that most nearly represented these.

It never occurred to the Radeford cousins that there was anything inscrutable in Jessie Radeford. They thought cousin Jessie "so amusing," "so droll," "rather wild to be sure," and they "wondered what she could see in that cold Sara Chester."

But cold Sara Chester fancied *she* could see far beneath their ken, and below reserve, and wild wit, and drollery, that she could detect stinging sarcasm and sardonic scorn.

And so, as she lay there "at her lissom length," this inscrutable Jessie Radeford, and played at talking, as usual, while she played with Keeps, the cat, I thought my thoughts about her.

What was it? What set me following on that on this night? What, unless as the fire-light struck upon her face as

she spoke, I imagined that there was a haggard look about her eyes?—that there were hollows in her cheeks, and that the pomegranate-bloom there was hot fever only.

I was going to follow up my thought, when she began again:

"Sara, your argument isn't sound."

"What argument? I didn't know I had argued."

"My! don't she snap us up on our words, Keeps?" Then to me directly: "Well, your assertion, Sara, that the laddies need us as much as we need them. I don't believe it. They can fight, legislate, and do quantities of things, a good deal better without us than with us. Then, even in social affairs, who ever heard of a woman from choice having a party entirely of her own sex, clubs, and all that—eh, now?"—resting on an elbow, and eyeing me triumphantly over Keeps's head.

I laughed: "Oh, that's only their bad taste, Jessie. This is a question of needs, and the bad taste doesn't spoil the fact that they need us."

"Oh, ho! you wouldn't like to fight, would you, Sara? You don't think your need comes there, do you?"

I had forgotten her first presumption, and only answered the last; but her words touched the fretted string, and I blazed a little in a passion of words which relieved me.

I told her I longed to do anything which would proclaim my belief in the law of right. As to fighting, nobody knew what the necessity might be; and I believed I should begin that target-practice again, which Rick commenced teaching us at Newport two summers ago. The fire must burst out some way, for utter repression wasn't *my* forte, however it might serve others. And here I darted a keen glance at her. I might as well have looked at the Sphinx.

There she lay, trailing the ball of bright wool round and round a circle of the carpet for that frisky Keeps to spring after; and her face was about as expressionless as the cat's.

Presently she gave a little giggle, as the Maltese clutched the plaything and rolled over with it in feline merriment. Then, as if the play was out, she rose, yawned, and said—

"I've got a plan, Sara. I shall die of ennui if I stay here for the holidays, and preside at Lou Radeford's Christmas-tree, and superintend punch-bowls. So I propose a trip to the Cedars. There we'll have Christmas all to ourselves, and make merry in any fashion that would shock the Radefords. Its huge old house you know: wings, gables, and all sorts of queer places; and it's haunted too!"

"Hasn't that story died out yet?" I asked.

"Yet? No; it's revived. Since the first of the Radefords—that old wicked Sir Rushton that Aunt Rush takes such pride in—since he used to stalk round, in old colonial times, with spurs and rapier, to the terror of the country folks, I believe the tradition has held until a few years ago, after Spiritualism appeared, when it assumed new form, and it was averred by the neighbours that lights had been seen at unusual hours, and strains of music heard. That's rather agreeable haunting, isn't it? Well, this died away, to be brought up by—who do you think? Jetson! Jetson came up from the old place the other day, declaring that he 'b'lieved the sperrits were round agin,' for 'he was sure that he and Jemimy heard 'em flyin' round in the eastern gable.'

"'Are you afraid, Jetson?' I asked.

"''Fraid! Lor' bless you, no, missus! Theys wont hurt nobody. They's good sperrits, I heard teil; but I let 'em have their part all to theyselves. Couldn't think of interferin', you know, with 'em. They mightn't like that.'

"You ought to have seen the old fellow's eyes roll as he said this.

"'Well,' I said, 'you needn't interfere, Jetson; but is that what you came up to tell me?'

"'Well, no,' he answered; 'but if I'd let Jim and Luce come down and spend Chriftmas 'twouldn't be so lonesome-like. You see sperrits make a place dredful lonesome, 'specially nights.'

"I laughed at him, and told him 'twas nothing in the world but some boards in the east gable—had got loose, probably, and were creaking in the wind; and that old willow, you know. I declare I'll have that willow cut down! It's made more fuss in frightening people than it's worth."

"So you consented to Jim and Luce going down?" I broke in.

"Yes; in company with us I knew you'd like it better than the Radeford party."

"But what will the Radefords say?"

"Say? Oh, laugh at me, perhaps sneer

a little at Jessie's odd notions, and then lay it all to that cold Sara Chester."

I laughed. I was quite willing to take the odium.

"And when do we go?" I was impatient to be away.

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And the children?"

"Oh, Ed and Liz are crazy over Christmas-trees yet, and they've dreamed of this one for months; besides, Uncle Rush would feel hurt at my proposing to take them. I'll have 'em down at New-Year's, though. They can spare their sister until then up there with the Radefords."

So "to-morrow" it was. The day was bright and clear; and as we approached the brow of the hill, which commanded a view of Cedar Glen, I thought I had never seen a more romantic spot, or one more fitted to suggest "the fairies tripping on the green," or the "mysterious ghost in pallid moonbeams flitting."

It was high noon, but the house lay half in shadow, showing glimpse of gable and wall spotted with moss and mould; tall chimneys, from two of which issued a faint wreath of smoke, evincing that Jetson and his Jemimy were making hospitable preparations for us. It was the same picture of other days—those of my childhood visits, when I had once or twice been out to The Cedars for Christmas. The same, yet not the same. Then it was filled with gay, grand company, and up the avenue rolled many a fine carriage in place of our old-fashioned and rather dilapidated vehicle. Then, too, saddest loss of all, instead of only these two sable figures to greet us, there were a group of smiling faces, the centre of whom were those whose fading "made the hame gang drear" for those left behind.

I thought of all this as I entered. I wondered did Jessie think of it too. I turned and looked to see. There was a "far" expression in her eyes, and her lips were closed tightly, as if holding back a sigh. Then of a sudden she said to me—

"Why not — why shouldn't I keep Christmas here at The Cedars, where my father and mother kept it? I have always wanted to since—since—but—" And here she ended a little sharply to stem a softer tide. I hated to have those seventeen Radefords here to yawn and wonder what I could see in this old barn.

Her face grew bright again in a moment, either from resolve or a natural reaction, it was hard to tell which; and we went in under the broad lintel with her gay voice sounding in gay speeches to the grinning welcome of Jetson and Jemimy.

We passed the day quickly enough, much more quickly than when in town, for there was plenty to do in going over the place, sadly changed from the old times, yet still showing a certain care and order, which plainly implied a loving oversight; and I discovered where to attribute this, as I listened to the minute inquiries of my little cousin, and the scarcely less interested answers which that faithful old Jemimy gave.

"Truly," I thought, "circumstances do alter cases wonderfully. In this one day I have found a trait, or a depth of feeling in this Jessie Radeford, which a whole year of town life failed to betray."

Yes, we passed the day quickly, and night found us sitting before the huge fire-place in a room that had once been used to breakfast or lunch in—presenting in its smaller size an aspect of greater comfort than the parlours.

I remember perfectly the conversation of that evening, for it proved curiously significant. And I remember how Jessie looked. Dark, slight, and picturesquely handsome, she sat on the floor—one of her favourite attitudes—presenting a decidedly foreign appearance, something half French and Italian, in a skirt of black silk, and a pointed waist of deep red velvet, with a little flowering of a rich old lace at throat and wrists. Keeps, that never-failing Keeps, was in her lap, winking and purring her satisfaction. Altogether the picture was pretty and amazingly cheerful, and I said so.

"Yes, it's a great deal better being here than at the Radefords', isn't it?" she asked, unheeding my compliment.

"Yes, of course I like it better, but you seem to get on well enough with the Radefords," I answered, maliciously.

She replied with her usual *persiflage*:

"I get on *well enough*—that is just it—for I get on lightly, skim the surface, you know. I like Uncle Rush—I *love* Uncle Rush," she went on, musingly; "but my cousins, they are not like him, excepting Stamford: Stamford has fine qualities, a dash and spirit, and generosity, poor fellow!" Why did she say poor fellow?

He wore a *grey uniform*, with marks of high distinction upon the shoulders! Did this strange girl, who had carried an appearance of thoughtless, childish

levity, and disregard of the state of the country—did she own somewhere a feeling deep down in the hidden depths of her heart, which made her consider this young Confederate with pity for his course?

"But the rest of my cousins are not of my 'kith,' Sara," she proceeded. "They don't consider me up to their high-water mark of pride. They lay all my queer notions, vulgar notions they mean, to the Chester blood; my mother's blood." Her tone grew here more vehement. And they said of her—*her!*—that she wasn't a lady fit to match with a Radeford, because she did not come of a race who had been lords of the soil for generation after generation. A cruel, wicked race in the past, if tradition can be relied upon. My father resented the slights to her as long as he lived; and I have that one trait of the Radefords—I do not forget."

As she ceased her tone was quiet and low, but there was fierce emphasis in it, and a glow on her cheek and fire in her eye.

"No," I thought, "you do not forget; and that is not the only Radeford trait that flashes out occasionally. Happily their more generous qualities fall to your share."

We sat awhile after this in a little silence, which I broke by saying—

"Well, I think we are two adventurous damsels who deserve praise for our boldness, Jessie."

She looked up inquiringly.

"How?"

"Why, *isn't* it rather adventurous, not to say bold, for us to take up our abode here, with only one old man and a boy for defence of the castle, in the present wild condition of the country?"

She laughed: "Oh, this is too far away. There has been no soldiery this side of the hills."

I laughed, too, at her cool decision.

"But there may be, Jessie, any day."

"Well, I'm not afraid. Are you?" with a half-contemptuous air.

"No. I'm not afraid, or I shouldn't have come; but I don't think it would be particularly pleasant for us two girls to have a visit from a party of strangers, whatever the colour of their coats;" and I glanced significantly at her.

She tossed her fingers in the air with disdain.

"Let them come: let them come. I'm not my father's daughter if I could flinch before a regiment of them, whatever the colour of their coats, as you say, Sara. No, I think it would be fine fun—indeed I do; an adventure, sure enough. Do you mind that old ballad,

> 'And twenty thousand Jacobins
> Rose all at once to horse?'

And do you remember how James Barry used to repeat it?"

She got up as she said this, and, walking up and down the room, began reciting the ballad in her curious way of imitation, catching with singular fidelity the voice of which she had spoken. Then pausing before the fire, with her mouth stirring in little half smiles, her eyes filled with dreams, she said, "Oh, how pleasant those days were, Sara! How we strolled and strolled on those lovely Newport cliffs in moonlight nights, or at sunset! And how the days went in riding and bathing, and the nights to music! Ah, me! I wonder shall we ever see them again—James Barry, and Rick Edwards, and Charley Baynes, and the cliffs, and the sea?"

She ceased suddenly, and went to the window, humming over a French air that James Barry sang in those old days, and occasionally saying a word or two of the ballad in precisely his tone. All at once she cried out, in quite another voice—

"Sara, come here!"

I obeyed her.

"Look out there—there, at the edge of the hills where the pines are."

"What is it? I don't see—only the little scrubby pines."

"Only the pines! Pines don't move like that. Look, now! They are coming down. *They!* It's a body of soldiers, Sara."

"Well, what did I tell you?" I retorted; but I must confess that I shivered a little as I recognised the dark moving objects. Who and what were they? It might be some unorganized, lawless band, bent upon depredation. I communicated my anxieties to Jessie.

"Pooh! don't borrow trouble, Sara. Trouble!" she repeated, between her teeth; "perhaps there is a crisis coming to the trouble."

I had suspected all along—I was sure of it now: Jessie Radeford was hiding against her heart some secret, which that insane pride of hers denied all respite of expression.

They came riding quietly down the hill, not over half a dozen mounted men, and

as quietly, but surely, approached the house, and at length entered the avenue. There was a clicking of swords, a clink of spurs, and the ring of heels upon the stones without, a murmur of voices, and then the great ponderous brass knocker rang a summons.

"Cool, upon my word!" ejaculated Jessie. "Only six of them; how do they know but it is the stronghold of their opponents? Bah! 'Tis plain they are acquaintances!" and she darted to the door, saying, "No, no, I will go; Jetson or Jim would act like fools for fright."

In a minute more I heard her light laugh, then a deeper-toned one in response; and they came in together—she slightly preceding—and Harold Kingston, that ambitious young rebel, her companion. Then a lieutenant, one of the Hughes, and all the rest, picked men: "Only part of a detachment lying on the other side of the hill," they told us. "Lying in wait for a suspected approach of a force of Federals lurking about the vicinity, unless we can hunt them out and surprise them," said Captain Kingston.

Jessie's eyes shone, and she talked in her old reckless way, humming little drum tunes and martial airs as she stood swaying before the roaring fire. What was in this incomprehensible girl's mind I discovered sooner than I expected to.

The guests were tired, famished; besides, a storm was coming up—and what with riding all day, they were quite content to remain where they were.

We served them with meat and drink, and Jetson found them places to sleep in that many-roomed house.

By midnight Jessie and I sat alone in the parlour we had improvised, and "talked over" our adventure. She was excited, but not from the mere events that had just transpired. Fearless and wild in her spirit, she would only take such events coolly and naturally. But there was some deep undercurrent stirred.

"Sara," she said, as the house grew still, "this is not all ended. Something of greater moment is to happen. I feel it. There is fever in my veins, and a curious expectant flutter about my heart. I know the sign. Twice I have felt this way before, and twice something *has* happened. But it was not happiness," and she shuddered.

Then abruptly, but with passion: "Sara, the time has come to tell you everything. Ah, Heaven! what a relief to speak *all!*" and she pressed her hand with emotion against her heart. "Sara, I have kept silence because I dared not speak before. I knew myself too well. If once I had established a mutual, confessed bond of sympathy between myself and any other being, I no longer had complete control of my actions, nor my words. To betray them would have been madness. And you—all this time—you have not known what to make of me, Sara. So flippant, so childish, so selfishly occupied in the midst of such convulsions! But I was neither flippant nor childish. Sara"—and her voice hushed—"I have thought as you thought, felt as you felt, all along. My sympathies are not with those who sleep upstairs, but with those for whom they wait and watch. You think it strange, you think it sudden. If you had known my mother well, you would not be surprised. It was the one point of difference between her and my father. She hated slavery; and as soon as I was old enough to understand the position of things, and keep my own counsel, she instilled her principles into my mind. Ah! do you wonder that I love the North, with my mother ever before me as the type of what is noblest and best there?"

She ceased, in a little passion of loss and yearning, then went on:

"My father suspected all this, and when he died his property was found to be so arranged that we could do nothing but continue living on in the same way. We could neither release the slaves nor sell the landed property; and when everything was settled, it turned out that we had much less of any other—of available money than we had supposed. Poor mother! It was a great blow to her. Well, it was not long before she left it behind her.

"It was then you began to see more of your half-way cousin. You thought me strangely reserved at the very first—when we met North, Sara. Ah, you little knew how long habit of repression had sealed my lips. Then I had one hope yet. My mother had left me this charge—if it were possible, to instill into the minds of Ned and Liz what had become her religion. If I babbled much of my feelings, I should have made this for ever impracticable, under the guardianship, as they are, of Uncle Rush. Well, so time went on, and I spent those summers at Newport—there I met another fate." She raised her head now and looked me steadily in the eyes, and her face burned

though her voice was so clear. "There I met James Barry, and I loved him, Sara."

"Jessie!"

It was all I could say, for though deeply touched by this confession, her will kept me from further demonstration here.

"Yes, I loved him," she proceeded in the same tone, "and he loved me, Sara, but he would not trust me. It was one night down there on the cliffs, and I told him that I could not leave my brother and sister for a good while yet, that I had a sort of charge for them; and so, though I loved him, I would leave him free. Though I loved him! I told him *that*, Sara, and it is not easy for me to speak. But he would not understand. He misinterpreted everything, and wronged me by suspicion of coquetry and higher ambition; accused me of pride, and thanked me, all in that quiet, cool way of passionate scorn which he had, for saving his vanity too fatal a blow by my fine reasons of rejection. Because I was rich, he thought, and he was poor; for long before he spoke I knew he hesitated, for very pride, with that feeling My passion rose too, and I disdained a word more of explanation. To be so judged, and by him! How dare a man ask a woman to marry him when there is anywhere in his heart the seed of such suspicion?"

Her voice grew vehement again, and again sank to its calmer tone.

"He went away the next morning. I never saw him again. Then you came home with me. Then the war followed. And from this last event, not a day, not an hour have I been free from tormenting anxiety for him. I saw at the very first, in a Northern paper, his name among the volunteers; and any moment——"

She stopped, covered her eyes with her hand, and set a white tooth hardly against her lip to crush back the tide of emotion. But all at once she dropped the slight cover, her face full of that expectant look—eager, watchful, listening.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Sara, I cannot get rid of that strange feeling—I am haunted. Something unusual is going to happen. I believe I am clairvoyant. It is a trait that the Radefords used to call second-sighted; and in every third generation it appears in one of the descendants."

I drew nearer to her, thrilled at her words. The room was full of ghostly shadows, for the fire burned low, and one dim candle was flaring itself out in a corner.

Looking about me, I saw to my relief that the heavy inside shutters were closed and barred, and over them drooped, in thick folds, the dark old damask curtains.

As I thought of this safety—hist! what was that that broke the deep stillness?

I glanced at Jessie. She had not moved a thread; it was no fold of her dress that made that sound!

And she had heard too; her lips were parted to still her respiration, her eyes expectant. Neither of us spoke nor stirred.

It came again—a soft, dull sound—a footfall. Something flashed over me. I leaned forward and breathed in the lowest whisper—

"Jetson's ghost, Jessie."

She shook her head for silence more than for a denial; and still *waited*.

Again, distincter now than before, that footfall, nearer yet, and—there was a hand feeling for the door-latch—the door of the room where we sat. I grasped at Jessie, but she rose, and turned to face whoever might be about to enter. I rose, too, feeling strangely excited, but not fear-stricken. The next instant the groping hand had found what it had searched for. There came a cautious click—the door swung open; and upon the threshold there stood the figure of a man in some military uniform.

It was but for a second. What happened then?

I saw Jessie spring forward. I saw her seize the intruder by the wrist, and draw him into the room. I heard her exclaim, breathlessly, "James! James!"

James Barry! And how came he here?

I know not by what word or question she asked this; but I remember that hesitation which called forth her passionate reply—

"For God's sake!—for humanity's sake!—do not distrust me again at such an hour, James Barry!" she ejaculated, in suppressed tones. "Do you think I would betray you? Listen. There sleep upstairs Captain Kingston and five other armed men. They are but a detachment of a greater number lying in wait for a suspected force of Federals in this vicinity. I have but to raise my voice and you are their prisoner; but, instead, because I espouse the cause of the North from my heart and soul, I ask you, as one of her

soldiers, to trust in me, that I may render aid—the aid that lies in my power. You are a Federal officer, perhaps in command of this force; let me warn you of their——"

He interrupted her with an eager movement.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "You have espoused the Federal cause. You wish to aid it. You have now a signal opportunity. Captain Kingston and his men will see you before they depart. Engage them in conversation—a conversation which you will assist me to hear from some unsuspected covert. They will readily disclose their whereabouts, their number, their plan of attack upon us. This is the only way whereby you can aid the Federal cause which you love. Will you do it?"

Her womanly heart sank a moment; but presently a fire shone in her eyes. Her voice was firm and resolute.

"Yes, I will do it—*for the Federal cause, which I love!*" she emphasized.

"I should not be likely to misinterpret your motive," he said, hastily, but more sadly this time than proudly.

Then we heard how he came there. A fugitive had given him information a few days before of the proximity of the enemy; had told him of the haunted house—as Cedar Glen was known in that region—as a guide-post to the neighbourhood. Captain Barry had seized upon this as a fortunate circumstance, and upon several occasions had made that uncanny "cast wing," which the negro had fully described, a hiding-place and a point of observation. Knowing the house to be occupied for a long time, only in some remote kitchen corner, by two old domestics, he had sometimes taken a pleasure in exploring the strange mysteries of the ancient apartments.

He hoped Miss Radeford would pardon the liberty; and even then the love that tore and rent this proud heart burst out in the bitter grace of his manner and his voice, as he bowed his stately head before her.

But Jessie felt only the irony; and, with a shade of wrong upon her face, she turned to the subject of his concealment.

There was an old mirror of polished steel, ornamented with deep framings of dark wood, which reached from the ceiling to the quaint table standing under it. Behind this a panel-door slid, and communicated with a press that had once been used, but was now empty.

"Quite a Castle of Otranto," remarke Captain Barry, as he surveyed this refuge, hidden only for convenience' sake.

And his voice had the old music in it now, in its half-jesting tone—the old music, that brought those summer days, the cliffs, and the sea so vividly to view. I did not wonder that Jessie trembled as she heard.

The night, by this time, had worn on far toward morning. In a short time the early breakfast, at which we were to play such strange parts, would summon the guests from their slumbers.

As we turned to leave the room to prepare ourselves in something more fitting for breakfast than our evening silks, Captain Barry, too, turned. A change had come over his face; its hardness had vanished; and he held out his hand, with these words:—

"Miss Radeford, before you go, let me say how much I appreciate the true spirit and courage that enables you to do this. Let me say that I no longer distrust you; that the woman who, under these circumstances, can prove such loyalty and faith, wins for herself all faith in the best, purest of motives, however she may act. In looking back upon the past now, I can, in simple justice, only consider myself unfortunate in not awakening the same emotions that I felt myself."

I was glad that he had done her even partial justice at last; and as I saw them part, she never giving sign of her suffering, I followed her up the stairs to our room, resolved what I would do. *They should never part thus.*

But, as we stood in the chamber, I could see that her spirits had risen by his words. She stood there arraying herself in her bright merino morning-gown, a flush of excitement on her cheek, a kindling fire in her eyes.

"I feel like a Frenchwoman," she said; "a Frenchwoman in the days of Richelieu. I hope I may be as wise and far-seeing as they were."

I never doubted her capacity, I told her; and then I stole away. I was cold, I explained to her; and as I had finished dressing first, I would not wait for her.

I went straight back to the parlour, where Captain Barry was waiting, and before I left the room again he knew how he had misunderstood. He knew for what noble charge, what sacred responsibility, she had *left him free*. The strong fellow actually groaned at his injustice.

"Will she ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, huskily.

And he was for having me beseech her to come to him at once; but I showed him how much wiser it would be to wait until she had performed the part which had been assigned to her for the interview that was coming—wiser not to startle her with any fresh surprises.

A while later, in that same room, gracious, graceful, and piquante, a slim, dark girl presided at a wide and well-supplied table.

The hand that poured the coffee was steady; the voice that asked those marvellously well-chosen questions, or laughed in response to some bright sally, was clear, firm, and even gay; not a note rang falsely. And the manner had its accustomed nonchalance, its careless, even play, from the low chiding of that lazy, blundering Jim, who waited upon us, to the coquettish glance at the *steel mirror*, which reflected a knot of ribbon awry that her dexterous touch brought into order.

It was marvellous, this cool control, this matchless ease, with such a secret under all.

I, too, thought of Frenchwomen as I saw her now; dark, fascinating, distracting women, who had sat at the table of princes, with gay smiles and brilliant jests, while beneath their silken bodices throbbed hearts that held the secrets of a kingdom.

To me the moments seemed leaden-weighted. To her who sat opposite me time appeared to have lost its value. Her spirits actually rose as the seconds ticked audibly past from the old clock upon the mantel. It was the fine sense of the diplomatist when he sees the success of his finesse. Once I feared that this subtle elation might overdo the nice point of success. Vain fear! To the last, to the very end, when at the door she stood nodding and smiling adieu, it was the same careless, thoughtless gaiety; and as they rode down the avenue she leaned against the doorway, beating a little foot upon the stone, and humming a little tune, while she gazed across the hills.

But when the last rider disappeared, like a mask all gaiety, all childish thoughtlessness fell from her face, as she turned to re-enter the room where another interview awaited her.

For myself, I fled to my chamber. That interview was not for me.

Later a voice, her voice, called me—

"Sara, come down!"

I went, and I saw at once that I had done wisely in my revelation. There was peace between them, and love and faith which no more doubts would ever shake.

There was a soft light in Jessie's eyes as she said, simply—

"Captain Barry is going, Sara, and he wishes to bid you good-bye."

"To bid you good-bye, and God bless you, Sara Chester!"

I knew what he meant. I had done wisely.

Then in the next moment he had kissed us both—her last, holding her in lingering arms, and saying—

"I will wait for you all my life if need be, Jessie."

And then he was gone.

But they had not to wait so long. There was a crisis coming indeed. Neither of us felt it. She was wrapped in the present. I was dulled by the past excitement from any hope or foreboding. That night she sat gazing dreamily from the window, when I saw her face whiten. She called me to look.

A fierce rider was coming at headlong speed down the western range of hills.

What did it mean? She thought of *him*. I could have counted the strokes of her heart as those hoofs rang on the road and nearer up the avenue. We neither of us looked now until he stood before us.

A messenger from the Radefords! I breathed easier.

But something had happened! She saw it in the man's bearing. Ah, there was a letter. She seized it, tore it open. A grave look passed into her face, but it chased all horror away. It was solemn news, but not what she feared. I took the sheet from her hand and read it. "Uncle Rush" was dead. A sudden but easy death—one of those swift spasms of the heart which stop its beat for ever.

It was all a whirl of excitement following this. We went up to town, and there, amidst preparations for the funeral, came tidings of the capture of Captain Kingston and a detachment of the —th by a force of Federals.

Thank Heaven, *that* was safely over!

Then, at the last, that crowning fate. Those children for whom she had sacrificed so much were left without further prevision of guardianship. To their grateful sister fell the welcome charge.

What was to keep us now in this land

of bondage? Nothing but rashness, and we were not rash: we had learned too long the lesson of caution for that.

And one day we found ourselves in far New England—in free New England, for which we had yearned.

And later still, on another day, there was a happy reunion. The ghost of Cedar Glen appeared to us, not in surprise as on that strange night, but heralded by joyful letters.

And again I heard a voice full of manly emotion say, "God bless you, Sara Chester!" And I pray God's blessing upon them—upon James Barry and his wife Jessie—and to all men and women who believe in the cause of humanity.

THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

Is life a tragedy or a farce? These are the extremes of the possible, and it may be that the truth lies in a golden mean between them, and that life is a commingling of the two. It requires but a few years of experience to find both of these elements developed in one's life, and if we should but look in upon our inner selves, we should find the dark lines and scenes of tragedy mingled with the lighter and broad lines of comedy and scenes of farce.

A while ago, while viewing my inner self, the thought expressed in the first sentence obtruded itself, and demanded an endorsement. A review of my own life will not furnish a satisfactory answer to the query, but rather inclines to the thought afterwards expressed, that life is a mingling of the two elements of tragedy and farce—or, in other words, that life is a tragic farce. A review of the character of others, as far as it may be known, serves but to impress this opinion with the indelible impression of truth.

Do not scowl when you have read thus far, and refuse to read any farther, in the reverie of a bachelor, who looks, it may be, through the smaller end of a telescope at life. Do not turn disdainfully from what you may term the ravings of an *old* bachelor, who has been disappointed in love, for if you do you will have committed a great mistake, as only part of your supposition will be true. I am a *young* bachelor—so far you would be wrong; but I have been disappointed in love—and in this respect you will be right. Do not imagine from this confession that you are to be treated to a large infliction of harrowed feelings. On the contrary, I shall use this only as an illustration of the theory that life is a tragic farce.

When I was scarcely out of my "teens" I met and loved a young lady, whom—as a matter of course—I considered as nearly perfect, if not perfection itself. It was so pleasant to be loved that we could scarcely remain away from each other for twenty-four hours. This was farce. When, my academic studies having been completed, I went to spend a few last hours with my charmer, preparatory to leaving for a distant college, there was enacted a scene that we shall describe, and then give it a name.

In a dimly-lighted room, in a corner of the sofa we sat, my arm around her waist, and her head against my vest-pattern. Vow after vow was made and sealed with the seal for such cases made and provided. A dozen times we essayed to go, and as often the essay was in vain. At last, however, in the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal," we made a final attempt that was successful. The success, however, was only partial, as it was but a change of position from the sofa to the door. There we stood, repeating our vows, and swallowing our hearts, that were continually getting up in our mouths. Perhaps hearts are exchanged in this way. When the first beams of light streamed across the eastern sky we pronounced the dreadful word, Farewell, and the parting was made. Not even the hopes and expectations of college life, future honour and happiness, could roll back the tide of desolation that was pouring in at the heart and out at the eyes, and for hours we wept as those weep who suffer great affliction. This was a tragic farce. I need not stop to tell how often we corresponded, and what sweet (?) things we said in those letters (of which I have a large boxful), but merely wait to say that we wrote often and long. We met in the

vacation and renewed the scene above described.

Four years passed away, and on Commencement Day I delivered the salutatory to a large audience nominally, but really to a dark-eyed maiden in one of the front seats. (Collegians understand this.) I entered upon the study of a profession, still encouraged by the wooings of love, and struggled manfully for honour and success. Scarcely two years had passed away when our correspondence suddenly ceased. Repeated interrogations brought no response, and, as far as I was concerned, the *tragedy* began. At the end of three months I received a paper marked, and on reading the parenthesis, learned that she was the lawful, wedded wife of another. Had the sun suddenly set at mid-day, or had the cloudless sky been rent with crashing volleys of thunder, it could not have startled me more. I bowed my head in agony of grief and wept. No eye but the eye of Him who sees all things saw me in that agony of weeping. When the burning tears had ceased their flow, the hot eyes looked out upon a future of desolation and loneliness. This was tragedy.

All things are done for the best, and this affliction was necessary to develop the strength of my character. Untrammelled and free, my heart can spend its energies in working for my fellow-men, and it may be that to work for the good of the race is a higher life than to live for the love of a loved one. We said it may be—it is.

In a few words we have given a "scene from life," that combines in it the elements of tragedy and farce. How many duplicates are there in the lives of others? May we not say that their number is legion? This is but the working of one passion. If you would select any other it would be the same. For example, take the passion for power—or, to call it by its old name, ambition. How many incapable men have been made the laughing-stock of the world by their insane attempts to do what God has not given them the ability to perform. On the other hand, how many lives have been blighted by the devilish schemes of prostituted intellect! The number of these is legion.

But let us return to the original illustration, and apply it in a general way. Of course we do not mean to look for the same scenes in every life, but we may look for the same results produced by love. In the first place let us look at this truth, "Love makes fools of many." Take one class of the community, and you will find illustrations of this truth *ad nauseam*. The boarding-school girl excites herself to an unnatural enthusiasm over the curly hair on a head that may be empty of brains. The collegian does as we have already described. The merchant forgets his merchandise in admiration of a pretty face or foot. The staid professional man finds some one to elicit the soft characteristics of his nature. And even the old patriarch, toddling into the grave, will crook his knee and offer his heart to some silly girl. Ladies, at the bidding of some mere adventurer, or *roué*, will sacrifice a pleasant home and friends, and think that they may live on love. In love, as in war, the extremes often meet—the aged with the young, the talented with the ignorant, the learned with the unlearned, the rich with the poor, the amiable with the vixenish, the strong with the weak; all these, in the enthusiasm of what they call love, unite their destinies only to discover that the only agreement between them is that they are both fools. In the making of matches it would seem that some harlequin had the sorting of the couples, and, true to his nature, had united the extremes. Surely it cannot be true that matches are made in heaven, for if they are, then we have always given the inhabitants of the celestial region too much credit for intelligence and wisdom. But, on the supposition that they are made in heaven, we must conclude that his satanic majesty has the filling up of the details, and develops only the opposites in character.

Do not understand me to say that marriage is reprehensible. On the contrary, there is not a man living who has a profounder respect for that institution than I have. When the parties are sensible, and able to perform the many duties devolving upon the married, and have outgrown the "vealy" stage of their married existence, then marriage and its results, a happy family, become most beautiful, the type of that greater family which no man can number, and whose head is Christ.

We have already said that the beginning of love is a farce, and may not this be the reason why so many marriages eventually prove to be the union of uncongenial spirits? Why? you may ask. Because one sees the folly sooner than the other, and setting himself or herself

up as an oracle of wisdom, derides, if not despises, the other. But, whether this be true or not, it does not alter the true conclusion to be drawn from facts, viz., that there is what the Country Parson would call a vealy state in love—that while in this state the parties act like fools, and this acting is a real *bonâ fide* farce.

But we must consider another truth. It is this—"Love kills many." We do not mean, of course, direct murder, that is immediate killing, but rather what a metaphysician would call mediate slaughter. While, each year, there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, who destroy themselves on account of love, they are, after all, but exceptions; and while this fact has a very important bearing on the argument, it is by no means the only fact that may be adduced. The blighting of love does not always produce death immediately, but, planting the seeds of death in the heart, it leaves the rest of the work to the influences of time and circumstances. If you could read the hearts of your gay friends, you would often find that, like the clown in the circus, they have assumed to be gay while their hearts are heavy and sad. To speak again of myself (and as you do not know who I am the egotism is excusable), let me say that in a company I can be the gayest of the gay, although there is a weight on my heart that is crushing out its life slowly but surely.

But, to use other illustrations, ask of yourself how many of your friends have loved, not wisely but too well, and have found life a burden almost too heavy to be borne. How many excellent girls have trusted their lives to those who afterwards would ill-treat and abuse them? How many lights may you see burning any night in the city, in rooms where a devoted wife sits awaiting the return of her husband, who, when he does come, will come with unsteady step, and profanity on his lips and anger in his heart. There are thousands of such wives weeping to-night from the pain of the heavy blow they have received. A heavy blow need not be physical. An unkind word is sometimes harder to bear than a blow from a sledge-hammer would be. It is the unkind word, the disregard of feeling and emotion, rather than the physical force, that kills many a loving wife, who, notwithstanding the abuse she receives, loves her husband still.

Love is blind. In the first goings-forth it conceals all the faults and magnifies all the virtues of its object, but when the passion ceases to be a novelty then it often finds that the first impressions were not the true ones, and, rushing to the other extreme, reverses the telescope, and views the virtues through the smaller end and the vices through the larger. It is a cruel suffering to realize that the object upon which we have lavished our best affections is an unworthy one. It is terrible agony to suffer this through a long life. It is a living death, and yet there are thousands suffering that agony at this very moment.

As this reverie commenced with a reference to a question that originated in my own suffering, so let it be closed with a reference to a cause of that suffering. I do not despise her memory, for I do not know the causes that led her to act thus. The suffering is mine—the lesson is yours. To state the lesson to be learned from this, in a few words, let me say, *avoid long engagements;* and, though a hasty marriage is by no means a wise course of action, better that than to live long in a hope that will turn to despair. Heed the advice of the young bachelor.

PHILO.

SACKVILLE CHASE.

A Sporting Novel.

By C. J. Collins, Author of "Dick Diminy," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER RENCONTRE IN THE HOUSE OF MDLLE. D'ARLINCOURT—THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE INTRIGUANTE.

The Earl of Sackville had arranged with Mr. Sheraton to call upon Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, and it was to her house that they proceeded when the earl left home. The object of that visit was to consult with Mdlle. D'Arlincourt as to how she would like to go to the Derby, which was so near at hand.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt had been apprised of the visit, and so she had made every preparation for the reception of the earl and his companion. The room in which she was to receive them was most tastefully arranged, and she herself was attired with what may be termed elegant negligence, and she looked indeed most charming.

The earl and Mr. Sheraton were shown up the moment they arrived, and Mdlle. D'Arlincourt received them most graciously, and was especially courteous to Mr. Sheraton. This was throwing oil upon the flame that was raging in the earl's breast. The effects of Mdlle. D'Arlincourt's beauty were not less marked upon the Earl of Sackville than upon his son, although the manner in which they were made manifest was widely different in the two cases.

"Well, mademoiselle, have you considered how you would like to go?" the earl inquired. "Is it to be the road or the rail?"

"For my own pleasure, I think I should have preferred the railway," she replied; "but as you know—or at least Mr. Sheraton does—that I have a young friend visiting me from Paris, and as I wish her to see as much of the sights of this metropolis as will be consistent, I think I must select the road, because that is a scene that she has never witnessed, and is one that, when she does see, she will never forget. Indeed, I believe that Mr. Sheraton has promised her that she shall go down by the road."

"Mr. Sheraton again!" thought the earl to himself; "he seems to be more in her confidence than I thought he was. So much the better; my course will be the easier."

"And who is this young friend that you have visiting you?" inquired the Earl of Sackville.

"She is a young friend of mine from Paris," replied Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, "whom I have known from childhood."

"A Parisian?" inquired the earl.

"Oh no; she is English, although she has resided so long out of her own country, that she is half a foreigner."

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt did not think it necessary to tell him that she had become acquainted with her friend Alice behind the scenes in the green-room of the Grand Opera at St. Petersburg. Nor did she think it at all necessary to inform him of the fact that Alice was a pupil as well as a friend—that she was then going through a course of instruction, the object of which was to enable her to practise dexterity and skill in manipulating cards, for something more considerable than mere amusement: and of course Mdlle. D'Arlincourt did not for one instant think of informing the earl that she was well acquainted with the position and prospects of his eldest son, and that she knew what were the expectations of the younger son of the house of Sackville; far less did she dream of informing him that the object of the visit of her friend Alice to London had a close connexion with those several prospects, expectations, and position, and that the course of instruction she was receiving had especial reference thereto. Such, however, was the case; and it must be conceded that Mdlle. D'Arlincourt had a difficult part to play, albeit she had so efficient a prompter as Mr. Sheraton. Her machinations were all directed against the members of one family; and although that rendered her operations the more facile, yet it at the same time surrounded them with a danger which it required the utmost finesse on her part to avoid.

"I have not seen this young lady," said the earl.

"She is in the country to-day," replied Mdlle. D'Arlincourt—a statement which was not strictly accurate, because Alice

was at that moment upstairs in her own room; "but you will see her when we go to the Derby," Mdlle. D'Arlincourt added, "or before, if I should in the mean time be honoured with a call from your lordship."

"Tantalising, as usual!" cried the earl, fondly. "As though I could fail to take advantage of any opportunity that would enable me to see you!" And he gazed ardently into the beautiful countenance before him.

"And now tell me, my lord, how is your favourite getting on?" cried Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"Yourself, do you mean?" the Earl of Sackville asked, quite in a lackadaisical tone.

"Oh, absurd!" said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, poutingly. "You know what I mean. Well, *our* favourite, I will say—the Derby horse that seems determined to make Mr. Sheraton's name famous."

"He is a magnificent fellow," exclaimed the earl; "and Mr. Sheraton's horse is going to win the Derby, as sure as you are sitting upon that sofa."

"Oh, I shall be glad of that!" said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. "How I should like to see him!"

"See the horse, do you mean, mademoiselle?" the earl inquired, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Will you go and see him at once today?" he asked, impulsively, forgetting his promise to be present in the House of Lords in the evening, for the debate on the marriage question.

"What does Mr. Sheraton say?" inquired Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"Mr. Sheraton again!" thought the earl.

But before Mr. Sheraton could give his opinion, a loud knock was heard at the door.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt was startled, and she said, "Dear me, who can this be?"

Her question was almost immediately answered by the footman announcing "Lord Belfleur."

"What!" almost shrieked the Earl of Sackville.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt became pale and agitated.

"Was he aware of your being here?" she hastily asked the Earl of Sackville.

"Not in the least," he replied; "how could he be?"

"Good heavens! he is coming upstairs," exclaimed Mr. Sheraton, in undisguised affright.

"In the devil's name, what shall I do?" cried the Earl of Sackville, in consternation.

It fortunately happened that there was a small room leading out of the room in which they were met, and the door was standing half open. Into this room the Earl of Sackville precipitately entered, dragging Mr. Sheraton after him, just as Lord Belfleur reached the landing outside the drawing-room.

And what need was there for this precipitation and alarm? Suppose Lord Belfleur had met his father in Mdlle. D'Arlincourt's drawing-room; the incident would have been easily explainable, if, indeed, any explanation had been necessary. To Lord Belfleur the rencontre might have been embarrassing to the last degree; but then, of course, the Earl of Sackville did not know that. If the earl had allowed himself time for the slightest reflection, he would have perceived that there was not the slightest occasion for his trepidation; but then people who are engaged in matters that are not strictly within the bounds of rectitude and decorum seldom have presence of mind, or indeed ordinary courage. The danger of discovery in an illicit transaction is more potent in reducing a man to an abject state of cowardice than even the most threatening real danger; and in such straits the veteran warrior will quake and tremble; and —although he would fearlessly rush upon the point of a bayonet, or dare almost any honourable death—will slink away the veriest coward, cur, and dastard that ever did a mean or dishonourable action or struck a defenceless woman down. The mighty philosopher for all time never wrote a more trenchant truth than that contained in the line—

"For conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Unquestionably, the conscience of the Earl of Sackville had made him a coward indeed; an abject, mean, degraded coward. The meanest of all cowardice was his in this case—the cowardice that has no real cause for fear.

It was hardly to be expected that Mdlle. D'Arlincourt would remain unembarrassed under the circumstances just recorded, although she very speedily recovered her self-possession, which the announcement of Lord Belfleur's name had for the moment considerably disturbed.

The door of the little room in which the Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton had taken refuge was left partially open,

so that they could hear all that passed in the large room.

"You hardly expected me now, did you?" exclaimed Lord Belfleur, as he entered the room, and advancing to Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"No, I certainly did not," replied Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, laughing.

"Oh, if you could only know the horrid night that I have passed, you wouldn't wonder that I have come to you this morning," he said.

"Dear me, have you been ill?" inquired Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"Dangerously," replied Lord Belfleur; "that is, not in the stomach, or the liver, or the chest, or anything of that sort, you know; but oh! since I parted with you —ah!"

"Why, he is acquainted with her!" said the Earl of Sackville in a hoarse whisper to Mr. Sheraton.

The expression of Mr. Sheraton's countenance belied the inward feelings of his heart. He knew well enough that Lord Belfleur and Mdlle. D'Arlincourt were acquainted; a casual observer, however, would have thought that he was horror-stricken at the discovery which had just been made.

This was an embarrassing moment for Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, and she was at a loss what course to pursue; she knew that every word that passed between herself and Lord Belfleur would be overheard by the Earl of Sackville, and therefore she for the moment was in doubt as to what tactics she should adopt. Her first impulse was to get rid of Lord Belfleur, or at all events to get him out of the hearing of his father; but the young lord became too demonstrative or impulsive for that, and so she was compelled to allow matters to take their own course.

"Mdlle. D'Arlincourt," cried Lord Belfleur, "hear me once for all declare that I love you to distraction, and you must be mine."

"God! what do I hear?" exclaimed the Earl of Sackville, with a gasp, and clutching at Mr. Sheraton's arm, as though for support.

"Marry me—marry me—for heaven's sake, marry me, Mdlle. D'Arlincourt!" passionately cried Lord Belfleur. "Marry me—oh, do, this very day!"

"I shall go mad, Sheraton—I shall go mad if I remain here!" gasped the Earl of Sackville.

"Lord Belfleur, you are excited—I cannot listen to this strain now," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. "Come this evening," she added, "and I will think of your proposal."

"By Heaven, I will not stir until I have your promise! I cannot live without it!" cried Lord Belfleur. "See me writhing at your feet, where I will be your abject slave as much as if I lived in South Carolina."

"Pray rise, Lord Belfleur," cried Mdlle. D'Arlincourt; "think what a position you are placing me in."

"Never! I will not rise; I will cling to you like the twining boa, or the ring-tailed chimpanzee, until you give me your promise."

"Suppose I give———" and here she hesitated.

"Sheraton,—by the heaven that is above me, I cannot stand this! Whatever be the consequences, I will confront him!" said the Earl of Sackville; and acting upon the determination he had expressed, he dashed into the drawing-room, followed by Mr. Sheraton.

Lord Belfleur was, as he had said literally writhing at the feet of Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, and clutching frantically at her dress.

"In the name of all that is infamous, what is the meaning of this, sir?" roared the Earl of Sackville.

Lord Belfleur struggled to his feet, and with a blank stare at his father, exclaimed—

"Bowled out, by all that's infernal!"

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" cried the earl at the top of his voice.

"How the dickens did you find it out? that's what beats me," said Lord Belfleur, with his mouth wide open.

"I order you to quit this house instantly, sir!" cried the Earl of Sackville.

"Come now, dad, that's rather too strong, you know," said Lord Belfleur; "this is a sort of thing that a fellow isn't to be twisted and twirled about in like a cockchafer with a pin through his tail. No, no, I shan't be a human cockchafer, I can tell you."

Was Mdlle. D'Arlincourt laughing, or was she in very excited agitation? She was sitting on the sofa, and she had buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Will you obey me, or will you not?" cried the Earl of Sackville.

"Well, then, since it comes to that, you see that I have fixed my affections on this young lady. And what better thing could I do? Come now, tell me

that," said Lord Belfleur, confidently, as though he had clinched the matter.

"Mdlle. D'Arlincourt," cried the earl, "do you encourage this mad-brained boy in this insanity?"

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt was at a loss what to say. The scheme which she was working out embraced both father and son, and now she might possibly lose both just as the prize she had been playing for was all but within her grasp.

Mr. Sheraton, however, came to her rescue, and said—

"It seems as though this scene were as strange to mademoiselle as to any of us, my lord."

"And so it is," broke in Lord Belfleur; "she knew nothing of my coming here to-day—I never hinted at my affection until this morning. But damme, it's out, and there's an end of it. I've not got to run about the country to look for an heiress, I haven't—surely I may please myself in such a business as this. And besides, I've made my promise, and I'll stick to it."

"I command you as my son and heir to my name and title——" cried the Earl of Sackville.

But before he could say what his command was to be, Mdlle. D'Arlincourt said,

"Pray, for my sake, let this scene—this unseemly scene—be ended. Lord Belfleur, pray leave me now, and I will communicate with you in the morning."

"Favourably, and no heel-taps?" cried Lord Belfleur, inquiringly.

"All that you can desire," she said, in a tone that was little above a whisper, but close to Lord Belfleur's ear.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! I consent—I go—there shall not be another word now," shouted Lord Belfleur. "Father, I shall marry Mdlle. D'Arlincourt." And he rushed out of the room.

The Earl of Sackville was bewildered, and he almost reeled as he paced the room.

"Heed not this incident, my lord," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt; "it is the mad antic of an infatuated boy. Believe me, that until yesterday I did not know him as Lord Belfleur, and I have seen him but twice before to-day."

She then in minute detail explained to the Earl of Sackville how she had become acquainted with Lord Belfleur at the Crystal Palace, and the earl in a few moments was perfectly charmed with her candour.

"What do you intend to communicate to him?" he inquired.

"His passion is as hopeless as though it were addressed to the moon," she said. "How could it be otherwise?" And she bent a look upon the earl which pierced him through and through, iron-souled though he believed himself to be. That look confirmed the belief with which he had deluded himself, that Mdlle. D'Arlincourt reciprocated the feeling which, since he had known her, had twined into the very sinews of his heart. He was the victim of a very common self-delusion.

Suddenly changing the subject, Mdlle. D'Arlincourt said—

"Before this ridiculous scene occurred, you were asking me, my lord, to go with you to see the Derby favourite."

"Yes, yes, so I was—we will go at once," he exclaimed, impetuously.

"No, my lord, I have merely alluded to the subject to say that I cannot go to-day, as I have promised myself a great and a novel pleasure. Mr. Sheraton has been kind enough to obtain tickets for myself and the young lady we have been speaking of, to be in the House of Lords to-night, during the discussion on the Marriage Bill, and I wish to be there at the commencement."

"Dear me, what a remarkable coincidence!" joyfully exclaimed the earl. "I shall be there to vote, and perhaps I may have something to say on the subject."

"Oh, do, pray!" said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt; "I should so like to hear you speak."

"Then that is enough—I will," he replied, gallantly. "I happen to have some very strong notions upon the law of marriage, and I will attempt to give them utterance to-night against the Bill."

"I shall listen with all my ears," said mademoiselle.

"And that will be guerdon enough for me," gallantly exclaimed the Earl of Sackville.

"It is understood, then, that we go by road to the Derby, and that I shall see you before the day to make the final arrangements," Mdlle. D'Arlincourt said.

"Leave everything to me," said the earl.

"And do you intend to win much by your Derby favourite?" she inquired, innocently.

"We shall win enormously," he replied; "and when I say 'we,' I mean Mr. Sheraton here, and, if you will allow me to say so, yourself, my dear Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, for you must share in our good fortune."

"Indeed! But really I do not understand these matters," she cried, laughing.

The Earl of Sackville minutely explained the subject to her, although it was scarcely necessary, for she thoroughly understood it—quite as well as he did himself. He thought he was extremely facetious when he told her that she had already wagered a large sum upon his horse; and he turned and laughed at Mr. Sheraton.

"I am sure I have done no such thing," she said.

"Indeed you have, though," cried the earl. "Let me see, what is it that we said mademoiselle had backed him for, Sheraton?"

"You said, my lord," replied Mr. Sheraton, "that mademoiselle would stand to win 30,000*l.*"

"To be sure, that is the sum," cried the earl.

And then he had to explain to Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, that if the horse won the Derby, she would win 30,000*l.*

"But if he should lose," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, with an air of seriousness and apprehension admirably assumed.

"You lose nothing," replied the earl, gazing upon her fondly.

"Well, I certainly cannot complain of that arrangement," she said, laughing; "and I am quite willing to subscribe to it."

The Earl of Sackville would have fain prolonged his stay that morning; but at an understood signal from Mdlle. D'Arlincourt to Mr. Sheraton, that gentleman reminded the earl that they had much business to do, and so the earl had to take his leave—not, however, without being reminded by Mdlle. D'Arlincourt that he had promised to see her again before they went to the Derby.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GRAND NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS —THE EARL OF SACKVILLE MAKES A SPEECH, WHICH MDLLE. D'ARLINCOURT AND SEVERAL OTHERS WHO HEAR IT REMEMBER VIVIDLY IN AFTER DAYS.

THE House of Lords on a grand field-night presents a very gorgeous and animated and brilliant scene. The legislative chamber is in itself and its massive embellishments a monument of splendour and costly magnificence, well calculated to impress the beholder with a full sense of the power and wealth and greatness which it represents; but when, in addition to its stationary grandeur, it is animated by the congregation of the living pillars thereof on the occasion of the consideration of some great legislative question, the scene is undoubtedly most imposing, and calculated to create a lasting impression upon those who witness it. The *tout ensemble* that is there presented is varied, and pleasantly relieved. The gilded galleries that run round three sides of the chamber are so narrow that they appear rather like cornices upon the walls than what they really are; and when they are occupied, as they usually are, on occasions similar to that to which we are about to allude, by the rank, beauty, and fashion of the topmost round of society, the effect is very charming and attractive. Down in the body of the House there are what may be called the lights and shades of great magnificence. There is the gilded throne, which is suggestive of oriental splendour, or a glittering scene in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, for it is a massive pile of golden filagree and elaborate ornament, partaking at once of the solid Real and of a fancy creation. The whole of the interior of the chamber of the upper branch of the legislature is in its character a blending of the past imperceptibly with the present, the link that binds the two appearing in the person of the Lord Chancellor, who, as he sits upon the woolsack in front of the throne, with his three-cornered hat — when he wears it—his elaborately flowing wig and black robe, looks like the relic of a past age when deeds of public rapine, of cruelty and murder, were amongst the causes that made the exaltation of the kingly office. The sombre frowning of his great dignity, as he sits in his pride of place in that great house, sets off the glitter that is around him, and relieves the glory of its created sunshine. The distance that lends enchantment to the imagined view shows him now the same Lord High Chancellor as when his office was the exercise of a king's power indeed. The Right Reverend bench is upon his right hand, the temporal power of the State supported by the ecclesiastical purity of the realm, or the essential essence thereof. And as the substantial basis of the whole, spread around upon the crimson benches, is the hereditary rank, which gives to the nation a perpetuation of that intellect which secures the stability of the throne and the safety,

honour, and welfare of its dominions. Yes, around upon those benches congregate the members of an exclusive, radiant, unassailable, and prescriptive class, who, though they represent none but themselves, share the passions and the weakness, the bigotry, and sometimes, too, the crimes that are the seething scum that rises to the surface of the human mind.

The members of this august assembly are mostly those who have travelled far upon the road of life—a road that to them generally has not been flinty, and upon which they never faint from over-toil, or sink beneath the weight of common woes. We have here the representatives of long descent; and as we look around upon the countenances and the forms that are ranged upon these crimson benches, Pope's couplet anent the blood of all the Howards is irresistibly suggested to one's mind. He who is sitting just below us, and who wears a coronet that by-and-bye perchance will bloom beneath the strawberry-leaves, has vast hereditary wealth and blooming ancestral honours thick upon him; but they adorn and make puissant the leaden image of a titled greatness. And, of course, we have the pride of birth and ancestry in all its blooming glory here. Here are the fountains of that blue blood which some far-seeing individuals believe that they can discover even on the faintest glimpse. And we have the pride that never stoops to degradation of alliance, even though affection prompt and virtue and true worth light on the way. Here is one but just beneath us now who has been blessed with many children, to whom he is and ever will be much attached, and yet not one of them can inherit his great name. In the heyday of his youth his pride was paramount, and the blue blood swelled his heart; but he was prompted to steal away a trusting girl—young and beautiful and gently born. She trusted him with all her girlish heart and soul; but the pride of his exalted rank whispered to him that it would be a stain upon his escutcheon to trust her with his name, although she had trusted him with the richest gift that God had endowed her with. She is gone from him now, but her children are left to him, and he cares for them tenderly. In his prime, he regrets the false pride of his youth which has denied to him the solace of descendants who shall bear his name. His glittering coronet floats proudly on the stream, but it is a delusive bauble.

And we have commanding eloquence, too, and great ability and genius sometimes even in those of long descent. We see before us one whose line goes back in centuries leading through Marston Moor and Bosworth Field and Agincourt and Cressy to the early days of English history. But we cannot have perfection even in a peer. We have here the eloquence that is commanding—the dash and sparkle of brilliant wit; but they do not make the patriotic statesman, with a judgment that is far-seeing. Suppose this high puissant peer, with his six centuries of descent, had been an autocrat in his youth, and in his autocracy had acted upon the opinions which he has enunciated, happily only as one straw in the great stream, in that case we should never have enjoyed the advantages of that great invention which enables us with lightning speed to move above, about, and upon the universal stream. He, as a great legislator, with pertinacity opposed the progress of that mighty agent, and held it to be the idle dream of those who had a faith in the impracticable. He would have denied us intercourse with all the world; and hence is he a striking instance of how brilliant eloquence may be unaccompanied by any spark of practical wisdom.

But we have venerable and venerated worth and ability here below us now, for we can see before us some of those whose names were great when this century was young, and who have filled a wide-spread space in contemporary history from that time down to recent years—men who lifted up their voices for mankind when this great stream that we are contemplating was raging furiously beneath the breath of ill-favouring winds, which happily have passed away, and to return no more. We see before us, too, some old warriors who marched to bloody fields when our grandsires were in their prime. Time seems to have left them like memorials of an age that is receding rapidly into the dim past, whose records are a portion of the education of our youth.

The House is filling fast, for a great question is coming on, affecting the social status of great families—a question in which the social and the religious element are about equally blended, and upon which high authorities, both lay and ecclesiastical, are expected to give their opinions; nay, more—it is anticipated that the discussion will be of a

"spicy" character, for so runs the rumour which emanates from the West-end clubs, and hence the brilliant array of brightly-shining fashion that glitters all around the gilded galleries, the stream of which glittering fashion, indeed, flows down below the bar, for the seats which are near it are occupied by a rustling throng of beauty, conspicuous amongst them being Mdlle. D'Arlincourt and her friend Alice, who have arrived early, and have secured advantageous places on the front seats. The Countess of Sackville is in the House, too, in the privileged place she had herself indicated near the top of the throne, and over against the ecclesiastical bench.

Rumour through her thousand newspapers has proclaimed that the debate of the night will be an exciting one, and so, as is usual on such occasions, there is a strange and motley crowd assembled round the avenues that lead to the House. It is a strange-looking crowd indeed, and is, no doubt, strangely compounded. There are amongst them the young, the middle-aged, and the very old; the well-dressed and the shabby, the care-worn and the dejected—these invariably a considerable proportion,—the frivolous and the sedate; and they look in Palace-yard as though the wind had blown the waifs and strays of society from the adjacent streets into a corner. Whenever any great debate is coming on in either House of Parliament, this motley group will throng about Westminster Hall and in Palace-yard, and about the corridors of the two Houses, in order to gaze at the members as they enter either House. Why is this? Do Members of Parliament present a different appearance on the occasion of a debate from that which they exhibit on ordinary occasions? A reasonable doubt might be entertained upon the subject by the uninitiated stranger. The curiosity to which we have referred might appear to have reason in it if on such occasions the members had their persons made up as well as their speeches, or if they wore the Roman toga when they intended to exhibit the Roman bearing in their legislative halls. Or in the absence of these attractions we could understand curiosity being exhibited *after* a great discussion, because the Parliamentary student might reasonably entertain a desire to observe how the great oratorical warriors appeared after a legislative conflict. But the motley group to which we have alluded always assembles before a great debate, and not after.

On the occasion to which we are referring there was the usual crowd at the entrance to Westminster Hall. Those who were acquainted with the person of the Earl of Sackville—there were not many of them who were—could not fail to have observed that as he stepped from his carriage and entered Westminster Hall, he did so with a smile upon his countenance, and with an air of unusual complacency. The few who did observe this probably also remarked that, almost immediately after he entered the Hall, he was followed by a tall man with sunburnt countenance and a very extensive beard. The Earl of Sackville himself was unaware of the circumstance, and it was entirely the result of coincidence or accident that Denzil Raikes found himself entering the legislative chamber at the same moment as the earl.

The Earl of Sackville walked through the hall of St. Stephen's with an elastic step, and he skipped lightly up the steps which lead to the great central hall, from which branches the corridor that leads into the House of Lords. As he passed along this corridor, Denzil Raikes came up by the side of him, and the two strode step by step along the pavement until they reached the end, when the two policemen stationed inside the swinging doors drew them wide open, and the Earl of Sackville and Denzil Raikes entered abreast. It was here that the earl first became acquainted with the close proximity of his former associate, and for an instant he darted a scowling look upon him, and then passed on into the House, while Denzil Raikes turned to the right, as directed by an officer of the House, and ascended the stairs that lead to the strangers' gallery. How little did the Earl of Sackville imagine that the order of admission thereto which Raikes presented was actually signed by himself! Not that if he had known it there was any importance in the circumstance; but still, trivial coincidences are as strange in their character as greater ones, and are sometimes as important in their results.

The measure for discussion in the House, and which had attracted such a full attendance of the high and puissant peers of the realm, and of the whole bench of bishops, was one connected with the law of marriage, and had for its object the settlement of certain doubts that had arisen as to the legality of the

solemnization of the important ceremony with which is bound up so much of the happiness and the misery of society, and out of which not unfrequently spring vices and great crimes which, in their magnitude, occasionally appal mankind. The measure under consideration was calculated to remove causes of evil in society, to establish the law upon a sounder footing, to make mankind the better, as far as law in any case can do it; indeed, it was a considerable social reform introduced by a great lawgiver, and enforced by argument made clear and convincing through the instrumentality of a brilliant intellect. It was a measure of social reform, by which trusting unsuspecting virtue would be fenced round with a fresh safeguard, and the means of blighting innocent hopes somewhat circumscribed, or, at all events, made not so facile as theretofore. It was a measure of salutary change fraught with general benefit, and inimical to none save the would-be evil-doer. It was, however, a measure of change, and the hereditary House is systematically opposed to change. The bench of bishops are particularly tenacious in that respect, especially with regard to matters spiritual, the especial care of which is in their hands. They had come down, therefore, in great strength to oppose this measure, which was introduced in a calm and temperate speech by its proposer, and was supported by the free intellect of the assembly. But the opposition was conscious of strength in prejudice, and they did not therefore trouble themselves much with argument. It was a fine subject, however, for invective and sarcasm and pleasantry, and it was quite charming to listen to the stream of facetiæ which an oleaginous bishop poured out at the expense of those who were favourable to the measure. The holy man was piously jocose, and he most dexterously treated the subject from a comic point of view, while he ostensibly argued it from the points of the rubric. Oh, the Countess of Sackville was well repaid for having come down purposely to hear his address! She could not repress her merriment when the dear bishop compared the supporters of the Bill to the ragged regiment that Falstaff declined to march through Coventry with; and when he said they put him in mind of a set of strolling actors who, having to get up a comedy called Marriage, proposed to introduce a sensation-scene, to consist of the solemn ceremony of jumping three times over a broomstick, she burst into uncontrollable laughter, and felt a strong inclination to indulge in open applause as though she were at the opera. Indeed, the whole performance was as good as the proverbial play. And other bishops followed in the same strain, though not so effectively; and lay peers, with such bright examples before them, essayed the same *rôle*, and succeeded more or less to the satisfaction of their auditors and themselves. And then came the Earl of Sackville with his speech. He was not a frequent speaker, but he had weight in the house, for he was none of your Brummagem peers—the mere creation of the present century—no, he could trace his line back to a fountain-stream of a race of kings. He had not climbed through celebrity for great deeds of intellect to the proud position of an hereditary peerage. No, it was a heaven-descended gift, traced from a remote antiquity, which gave it the attribute of a divine right. His name, therefore, was held in reverence in that great House of which he was a member, and so he was listened to with that respect which is akin to fawning. He had taken his place immediately opposite to that of the bench of bishops, so that he might look up to his countess as he addressed the House, or turn towards the bar where he knew there would be one listener more interesting to him than all the rest. He commenced by appealing to tradition; their pure and holy Church and its ritual, he said, had flourished for two hundred years, and were they, after that lapse of time, to allow it to be assailed by the rude hand of innovation? (Asthmatic cheers from the bishops.) Not while he could raise his humble voice in her behalf, or without an indignant protest from himself against it. And then came his contribution of facetiæ. Why did not the promoters of the bill go to the full extent of their principles—their libidinous principles, he might be allowed to say. (Hear, hear, from a plethoric peer, which—his peculiar intrigues being a matter of notoriety in that assembly—creates quite an exhilarating laugh.) Why don't they propose to sanction bigamy? nay, he might demand to know what objection they could have to polygamy. (Loud cheers and laughter.) This bill proposed to remove doubts. That was all very plausible, but he would remind their lordships that there was a class of persons who had what he might designate

chronic doubts upon all questions of morality. (Laughter, and a cry of "Name," from the plethoric peer.) His noble friend cried "Name;" why, their name was——and here he paused, while everybody in the House looked with eager curiosity towards him—their name was "Legion." This was a great point, and came with tremendous effect because it was unpremeditated, and it was received with unwonted applause—unwonted, because that august assembly is not demonstrative in its approbation. It listens with dignified attention that sometimes borders on stolid indifference, and it seldom descends to the outward expression of inward satisfaction. This palpable hit of the earl of long descent, however, unmistakeably roused them, and they broke into spontaneous cheering. The noble earl was now upon his mettle. If they once commenced, he continued, in the course that was proposed to them, where would they stop? Doubts, forsooth! yes, there always would be doubts upon such a subject. There were certain mentally blear-eyed people who entertained doubts with regard to marriage with a man's grandmother. (Much merriment amongst the bishops.) He believed that the canon law did not expressly provide that a man should not marry his grandmother, and hence the doubt had arisen. Why not introduce a measure to provide that a man might marry his grandmother? There was no reason why; nor was there any reason why a measure should not be introduced to *compel* a man to marry his grandmother, or his sister—ay, his sister; but there was every reason why their lordships should not accept such a measure. Let their lordships pass the proposed measure, and they would remove doubts indeed, for they would enable a designing girl to entrap a scion of their lordships' House. (Expressions and gesticulations of horror on the part of designing peers.) "Pass the bill, my lords," he cried, in conclusion, "and what other consequences will follow? Why, you will then be asked to remove the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. My lords, I emphatically protest against this measure, and shall heartily vote against it."

In vain did men of great name and venerable ability—men whose wisdom and whose learning were equal to their self-acquired rank—demonstrate that the object of the measure was to advance morality and to protect virtue; the bench of bishops held it to be *change*. The hereditary rank in that august assembly, who have implicit faith in the occupants of the Right Reverend bench, and who look upon the ecclesiastical institution which the occupants of that bench adorn as perfection in its simplicity, took up the cry that had been enunciated by the bishops, believing that no change can be effected that is not destructive; and so the reasoning of the Earl of Sackville is held to be conclusive, the opinions of the Nestors of that assembly to the contrary notwithstanding. And so the measure, whatever it be, is lost by an overwhelming majority; and the bishops flock round the Earl of Sackville, who is well-nigh smothered by their canonicals, as those ecclesiastical dignitaries shower upon him their congratulations for the well-timed service he has rendered to the Established Church of the country. And the Earl of Sackville feels a new sensation—a new career, it may be, is opening before him; he has suddenly started up a politician, late in life it is true, but therefore full-blown and more effective. After he has won the Derby, that new career perchance may develope itself, and the name that is already great upon the turf become powerful in the senate. Senatorial buds, however, that burst into bloom thus suddenly, are sometimes as suddenly blighted even when their strength appears the greatest.

But the Earl of Sackville is not the only one in that brilliant chamber that feels excited by the display of statesmanship that he has made. The Countess of Sackville is also excited by the scene. The earl, she thinks, has nobly vindicated his high estate and long descent, and that, too, in connexion with the ecclesiastical establishment of the State; and therefore she looks down with glowing pride upon the spot where the pillars of that establishment are gathered round her husband, and she feels that he is greatly honoured. And she sees in the coming time another glory yet for the name she bears, for she pictures to herself her second son adorning the pious bench that has been so stalwart in the legislative fight that she has just witnessed.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, from her place in the front seat near the bar, has listened attentively to the debate, and it has given rise to many reflections in her mind; and now there is a shade of thought upon her brow as she is pondering upon the words

of an old man eloquent, who has with an experience that dates back into the last century, addressed that august assembly upon the question that has just been decided. The ringing tones of that old man's voice, and the arguments which that voice has enunciated, have sunk into her heart, and her thoughts wander away to scenes in no way connected with that brilliant chamber in which she sits.

Upon the countenance of Denzil Raikes, as he has sat in the front row of the strangers' gallery, there has been all through the discussion a smile of satisfaction; and during the speech of the Earl of Sackville, he has been particularly gratified, judging by the expression of his countenance.

The great discussion of the evening being ended, there is much bustle in all parts of the house as the peers of the realm, the ladies in the peeresses' galleries, the members of the lower house, who have attended in considerable numbers to hear the debate, the ladies below the bar, and the strangers in the strangers' gallery are moving away. The remaining business to be transacted is therefore passed not exactly *sub silentio*, but certainly in dumb show. The Lord Chancellor rises from his seat on the woolsack, says a few words which nobody but himself can hear, then stands on one side of the woolsack, while a noble peer, attired in a blue coat and brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, black trousers, white stockings, and shoes—that being, it would seem, the official costume of the chairman of committees, and which has a very imposing appearance—takes his seat at the table, with his back to the woolsack, and holding the draft of a bill in his hand, cries out something which in the distance sounds like "Content, non-content—contents have it; resume; Bill to the House—contents have it;" and he leaves his seat, and the Lord Chancellor resumes his upon the woolsack; and a measure affecting the interests of the whole of the inhabitants of this empire is supposed to have passed through what is called the committee-stage, in which every provision in the measure has been duly considered and weighed, and all the clauses thoroughly examined and revised. In some matters there is very great expedition indeed in the House of Lords.

The Earl of Sackville having conducted the countess to her carriage at the grand entrance to the House, opposite the end of Westminster Abbey, and having seen the carriage pass the statue of Godfrey De Bouillon, hastens back through the House again, and is in such a hurry that he nearly knocks the Lord Chancellor down just as he is leaving the woolsack for the House to go into committee, as just described. Offering a hurried apology to the depository of the queen's conscience, he walks rapidly down the centre of the house just as Mdlle. D'Arlincourt and her friend Alice have risen to leave. They have already been joined by Mr. Sheraton, who takes charge of Alice; while the earl escorts Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. In the corridor leading to the grand vestibule, and thence into St. Stephen's Hall, they linger to inspect the frescoes; and the earl explains the several subjects to Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. The earl is explaining to mademoiselle the picture of "The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers;" while Mr. Sheraton and Alice are lingering over "The Reception of the Corpse of Charles the First." Presently Mr. Sheraton is joined by Denzil Raikes, who accosts him with an exclamation of surprise. Just at this moment the Earl of Sackville turns round, and observing Raikes, a scowl passes over his countenance, which, however, is only of momentary duration; for as Raikes enters into conversation with Mr. Sheraton, the expression of the earl's countenance changes, as though he had conceived a sudden gratification.

Having fully inspected the frescoes, the Earl of Sackville and Mdlle. D'Arlincourt take their way down St. Stephen's Hall, where they stop to view the statues of some of England's historical worthies; the contemplation of which by some people makes them wonder where the others of our great men are, and in a few minds leads to the reflection as to what justly constitutes a title to a statue in England. In Westminster Abbey it is found to be the good opinion of a narrow-minded clique, and a fee of two hundred and fifty pounds. In the palace of Westminster it would seem to be the tradition of kingly licentiousness and royal immorality. We speak more of that part of the national palace which may be said to contain the record of England's greatness in her royalty, and not of St. Stephen's Hall.

Passing down Westminster Hall, followed at some little distance by Mr. Sheraton and Alice and Denzil Raikes, the Earl of Sackville converses with Mdlle. D'Arlincourt in whispers.

"And what did you think of the debate, my dear mademoiselle?" he inquires.

"I think the measure was a very just one," she replied.

"Oh, now that's tantalizing," he said. "What! after my speech?" he added, smiling.

"Ah, my lord, I am afraid you are blinded in your opinion by the rank you hold," Mdlle. D'Arlincourt said, rather seriously.

"Well, we certainly will not talk politics. I hate them," he cried, hastily. "I shall come up to-morrow alone," he said, close to Mdlle. D'Arlincourt's ear.

She suddenly changed the expression of her countenance, and exclaimed, in an animated tone, "Oh, do! I shall be delighted to see you."

That exclamation thrilled the Earl of Sackville's hard heart—albeit that heart, as will have been seen, was susceptible enough. He felt that he had achieved a triumph. He had laid his plans with consummate skill, he had carried them out with judgment and ability, and success was about to crown his hopes; at least, such were his own thoughts. He thought he had thoroughly mastered Mdlle. D'Arlincourt's character; but he had no more done so than had he unravelled the mysteries of her youth, to which she herself had frequently vaguely alluded.

As the Earl of Sackville turned away towards Palace-yard, having handed Mdlle. D'Arlincourt and Alice into a carriage, a strong, emphatic voice exclaimed close in his ear—

"I told you that I should be with you in your gilded house on the banks of the great river."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the earl in a loud and mocking laugh.

"The laugh will yet be mine," exclaimed Denzil Raikes, as he strode away into the darkness of the night.

The Earl of Sackville called to Mr. Sheraton, who had lingered at the door of Westminster Hall, and they walked away briskly together.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONTRASTS — A LONDON SUBURBAN LOCALITY IN THE BOROUGH, IN WHICH DENZIL RAIKES MEETS WITH AN ACQUAINTANCE OF EARLY DAYS.

How great are the contrasts which present themselves in every quarter of this mighty metropolis! Beneath the very walls of the palace which is the home of the greatest sovereign in the world, the humble abode of poverty rises, and jostles as it were the magnificence which is near it. Separated only by a wall, the scions of the greatest house in the realm and the lowest child of toil perform their lively sports each day, and scarcely know and never think of the close proximity each has to the other. It is true that the great strides which wealth has made of late years, have gone very far to create an exclusive district for the wealthy orders of society, and day by day that district is extending itself; but still the palace and the cellar, the noble dwelling of a mighty prince and the wretched lodging of a toiling widow are close together, and are scarcely separated by the breadth of even one short street. To the due development of this history we have had occasionally, with something perhaps approaching to abruptness, to show strange contrasts in scenes of poverty and misery, perhaps of crime, almost side by side with the more comfortable abodes of the mighty rich. But this wide world and every petty history of its tiniest inhabitants are but the changing scenes of startling contrast. In the dark future of the life of every one is bound up a history which the wisdom of a beneficent Providence has in mercy placed beyond our mental vision; while in the records of the past strange events are chronicled, which, anticipated and known before they had become realized, would have made men mad. And so from day to day we push upon our journey, and as the rocks of disappointment rise up suddenly before us, so we pass over them as we can —succeeding mostly, because the shocks we all must meet have not been magnified by anticipation, nor rendered impassible by the contemplation even of an instant.

Denzil Raikes has of late been very frequently with Mr. Sparke. In fact he has informed that personage that he is desirous of obtaining his assistance in a matter that has had and will have a remarkable bearing upon the descent of a nobleman of ancient lineage. He has informed Mr. Sparke further that that nobleman is the Earl of Sackville—he has informed him still further that years ago a mysterious calamity happened in the family of the earl. Denzil Raikes had further told Mr. Sparke that he is engaged in endeavouring if possible to trace this mystery.

In pursuance of the intimation which Denzil Raikes had conveyed to his friend and companion at the Horse and Jockey, with which intimation we closed a former chapter, he the next morning took his way across Waterloo Bridge.

The Waterloo-road might be a part of any other place in the world but London. It has fewer of the characteristics of the metropolis about it than perhaps any other locality in it. It might pass for anything not respectable. It has the appearance of having set out in life with a desire, perhaps a determination, to be genteel, but having failed in this respect early in its youth, had become reckless of appearances, and had, therefore, allowed itself to become disreputable and dirty. Here and there a struggle still is made to keep up an appearance before the world; but these attempts only show, by contrast, the doubtful character of the rest. A noble church in the centre raises its magnificent spire to the sky; but around its base, vice flourishes in the open day, and makes night living by the unceasing din of rude debauchery. Shops are creeping in here and there, where houses had been built for private residences when the place was young. At intervals, wide gaps are still discerned, the downward tendency of the locality having damped the energies of those who first raised buildings in the place. There lies the Waterloo-road, a leading thoroughfare, but a dismantled street.

Denzil Raikes passed down this road, and turning to the left at the bottom, he walked for a considerable distance through narrow and obscure streets, choked up with dirt. At length he stopped at the end of one of these streets, perhaps the dirtiest he had passed through, and seemed to hesitate as to the course he should take then. He stood for some time looking about him, and at length he consulted a piece of writing-paper which he took from his pocket. This, however, did not seem to assist him much (it bore the caligraphy of Agony Jack), for he still looked about him as though he were undecided which way to turn. At length, a bricklayer's labourer came that way, and Denzil Raikes inquired of this gentleman if he could direct him to "Blotter's Buildings."

"Fust turnin' to the left; second turnin' to the right, oppersite the Cock and Gosling, and there it is," replied the man as he walked on, puffing at a very dirty pipe.

Denzil Raikes, thus directed, proceeded to "Blotter's Buildings."

"Blotter's Buildings was a locality which very few persons, of their own free will, would choose for a suburban residence. It was, nevertheless, thickly inhabited, and every house in it had to accommodate many more human beings than comfort would suggest as salutary, or decency prescribe. Each house, it is true, was ornamented in front by what might be termed in London a garden, protected from the public thoroughfare by a low palisading, which, in times of yore, had flourished beneath a coat of respectable paint, but which, from age and want of reparation, had long ago become dilapidated and defaced; but the sickly shrubs about the gardens looked like a mockery in the sunshine, and seemed to partake of the squalid poverty of the place. Rank weeds grew up strong, no doubt, but they were the weeds which germinate and flourish in a fetid soil. Here and there a garden was embellished by a stunted elder tree, which, in keeping with the locality, seemed to have sickened in its youth and become leafless in its prime. Many of these gardens were trodden out by fowls, whose feathers most unmistakeably told of starvation even unto them. Where once the flower beds had been was marked by the stray patches of expiring box, long ago embrowned by the tread of naked children or the gambols of stray cats. The public road, too, was a mass of reeking mud, redolent of pestilence and misery.

From this wretched highway of the metropolis of England, into the gardens which it accommodated, young children, almost naked, passed in and out by day, and amidst the wretched poverty in which they lived, found cause for merriment and a seeming recreation. There were no distinctions in "Blotter's Buildings"—there were no grades in the poverty of the place—it was the lowest depth of wretchedness that found a hiding-place there. The houses had once been neat and comfortable; but, one by one, and that years ago, they had become tenanted by the beings whom prosperity ejects from her acquaintance.

To one of these houses, with something like a shudder on his frame, Denzil Raikes directed his steps. He walked down the garden with almost a faltering step, and came to the front doorway of the house —for there was no door: *that* had been destroyed long ago—round which

three wretched female children and a cripple boy amused themselves.

"Does Mrs. Markstone live here?" Denzil Raikes inquired of one of these children.

"Oh, please, sir, I thinks it's the second floor," said the boy with the tiny crutch.

Denzil Raikes hesitated for a moment, and then ascended the first flight of stairs. The inside of the house was not more prepossessing than the outside.

Denzil Raikes reached the top of the second flight, as he had been directed by the boy below, and he knocked at the door immediately opposite to the stairs. It was opened by a female, whose dress and general appearance were in strict keeping with the poverty of the place in which she lived. Grief and care had stamped upon her features their indelible marks.

She started back on seeing Denzil Raikes, and exclaimed, in an under tone, "Hush!"

There was an anxious, mysterious bearing in the woman, which almost awed Raikes. He, however, said, "Is Mrs. Markstone here?"

The woman glanced hastily to one corner of the room, where there was a bed with a ragged covering over the framework in substitution of curtains.

"I have business with her," said Denzil Raikes, walking into the room.

"Hush!" cried the woman, holding up her hand. "She has been ill, sir, and she is asleep now—the first tranquil sleep she has had for a long time."

"I will wait," said Denzil Raikes; "I must see her."

"May I ask your name, sir?" the woman inquired.

Denzil Raikes hesitated for a moment, and then he told the woman his name.

A motion of the bed showed that the sleeper had been disturbed. The woman hastened to the bedside, but the person upon it, who was not undressed, only turned round, and was sleeping still. The woman and the visitor spoke not, but Denzil Raikes accidentally dropped his stick on the ground, and the noise awoke the sleeper, and she, with the assistance of the woman, raised herself in the bed. She was an old woman of nearly seventy years of age, with flowing hair, which was all loose about her head. Her features were very marked, and her eyes, which were black, had a kind of glare which gave her a weird appearance.

"Mrs. Markstone," said the woman who had admitted Raikes, "here is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

"What matters who wishes to see me now?" cried the old woman; "I shall die, and so will my vendetta."

"The gentleman's name is Raikes," said the attendant.

"What!" almost shrieked the old woman; and, rising in the bed, as with a convulsive effort, she tremblingly threw back the curtain, and gazed into the room where Raikes sat.

Denzil Raikes rose and stood by the bed, and the old woman glared upon him; and as she did so the lines in her face seemed for an instant to be obliterated, and for the moment, like the indistinct remembrance of a distant vision, her countenance wore an expression which reminded Raikes of a vanished beauty that was conspicuous five-and-twenty years before.

She clutched convulsively at the wretched bed-covering that was upon her as she exclaimed, "Do I really again behold that human fiend?"

Still Raikes spoke not, but gazed upon the aged woman's face as though he were studying its lineaments.

"My eyes are dimmed now, but my memory is strong, and that should not be the face of him who was the destroyer of me and mine."

We have previously remarked that the long residence of Denzil Raikes in foreign lands had altogether changed, if not the character of his face, its general appearance. The Earl of Sackville did not recognise him when he first presented himself to him at Sackville Chase, and therefore it was not surprising that this woman, who had not seen him for so many years, should entertain doubts as to his identity.

The old woman, who had been inquired for as Mrs. Markstone, although that was not her name, gazed intently into Denzil Raikes's face. She exclaimed with compressed lips: "Are you really that fiend, or is this some masquerading? Oh, the memory of past days!" And she sank back upon her pillow and moaned.

Denzil Raikes still stood by the side of the bed, and spoke not, the woman who had admitted him to the room standing in unconcealed astonishment at the interview she was witnessing. Denzil Raikes turned to her, and entreated her to leave the room, which she seemed, however, rather disinclined to do. He therefore

approached her noiselessly, and whispered something in her ear, at the same time placing a piece of silver in her hand, and she immediately left the room. Raikes then returned to the side of the bed, and exclaimed, in a subdued tone, "Bianca Capelli!"

"It is he!" cried the woman, again starting up. "There is no change in the voice. It is he! Fiend!—monster!—what would you now at this time and in this place?"

"Avenge your wrongs," said Denzil Raikes, calmly.

"You—you, the instrument of their cause!" cried the woman, passionately.

"The instrument of their cause, and the instrument of the retributive justice that is to follow them," he said,.

"What hellish plot is hatching now, then?" she inquired.

"One at which your whole soul will rejoice—one in the accomplishment of which I do believe that you will forgive me—ay, even me!"

The old woman looked at him as though she did not rightly comprehend what he was saying, but suddenly, as though a light broke in upon her mind, she exclaimed, with eagerness—

"What, have the two fiends quarrelled, then?"

"I have sworn in my heart to bring retribution upon Hubert Longreach," said Raikes, with suppressed energy.

"And so have I," she cried—"upon him and upon you," she added, bitterly.

"You will remove that part of the oath from your heart," he said.

"Never!" screamed the old woman.

"I am strong in my confidence that you will. We must go hand in hand together," said Raikes.

"I went hand in hand with you, as you say, years ago," she replied, bitterly; "and what was the result of such fellowship? Oh, God! the loss of all that I hold dear in the world."

"That was the result of misfortune," suggested Raikes.

"You lie!" she screamed.

"I do not lie," he calmly said. "If you knew all—all that I know, and if you will but listen to me, you shall know—you would be the first to bear witness to my truth."

The old woman stared at Raikes like one that was stupified, and she rubbed her forehead and her eyes as though the action would relieve her mind. At length she said—

"Will the truth that now you lie of bring back my dead child?"

"No!" he cried, hastily; "but it will enable you to revenge the act that did produce the loss.

"Ah!" exclaimed the woman, clutching at the bed-clothes. "Oh, if you are a man, and not, as I believe, a fiend, do not, in the degradation of my abject misery, mock me with delusive hopes!"

"The members of your race, I know, never permit a vendetta once conceived to die unappeased," said Raikes.

"Yes, the truth may be spoken by lying lips," she cried.

"You have a cherished vendetta, and it is unappeased."

The old woman is gazing intently upon Raikes.

"Listen to me," he continued. "When I left this country two-and-twenty years ago, I carried with me a precious secret to you and yours—a secret to all the world—a secret which had never been shared but by one person in this world, and he was no longer of it, for he was dead when I went away. I was then the accomplice of a scheming villain. Freely I admit it. I do not wish to screen myself, to palliate my evil deeds; what would it benefit me?"

"Devil!" the old woman muttered between her clenched teeth, and still gazing intently into the countenance of Denzil Raikes, but he did not heed her subdued exclamation.

"I was betrayed by the betrayer," he continued; "and your vendetta became mine. Ten thousand miles away I had learned of your child's death; that event the deceiver of us both believed had rendered me powerless upon him, and he deserted me even as he had deserted you and yours. But my vengeance, like yours, has never slept, but has held its course unswervingly, until at length the promised retribution is at hand, and you shall witness it, although you cannot much aid it; but without your presence my revenge would not be complete. I have remorselessly and through every difficulty tracked my object down, and fortune has all through favoured me; for when I came back again to England, I had no knowledge of certain striking facts that have since been almost self-developed. I have been long engaged in the construction of my net, and now I am preparing to draw it."

"You speak to me in mystery," said the old woman.

"Behold, then, the heart of that mystery, and doubt my truth no more," he cried, as he produced from his breast a paper that was yellow with age. This enclosed another, which was in a much better state of preservation.

"Read," cried Denzil Raikes, as he placed this document in her hand; "read, and therein see the first step to the fruition of your vendetta."

The woman eagerly seized the paper, and holding it at a distance from her eyes, she read its contents; and, having done so, uttered a shrill and piercing scream, and sank back upon the bed, with her hands clasped convulsively upon her forehead.

Denzil Raikes returned the paper to its envelope, and the envelope to his pocket.

"Oh! in your truth you appear to me a greater fiend than in your villany," moaned the woman through her hands.

"But I am now making atonement, all that in me lies, for the events of the past," said Denzil Raikes.

"Oh that I had known of this years ago!" cried the old woman, in anguish; "my vendetta would have been a glorious one indeed. Oh, God of vengeance!" she cried, "it must now be mixed with self-reproach."

"But it must be accomplished," said Raikes.

"It shall!" she cried, "for you do not know all."

"Concerning this I do," he replied, referring to the paper; "although it is only within a few months of this day that I was made acquainted with the one great fact that makes our vengeance crushing."

"And it is that one fact that weighs so heavily upon my soul," the woman said.

"It is that one fact that makes mine leap with rapture," cried Raikes. "You are calm now," he continued, "and we must be associates. It were useless to tell you now that when I left these shores I thought not of you. I believed that you and your daughter would still maintain yourselves in your vocation on the stage. I believed that our connexion was but a common escapade, in which there did not, as the world goes, appear much social wrong. At all events, I easily relieved my conscience by such a reflection."

"Misfortunes came upon us," gasped the old woman. "An accident crippled me. The terrible event that is to find its retribution now had prostrated her. We were foreigners—we became outcasts in a strange land; we needed food, and charity supplied it. But listen to me. I had already accomplished a portion of my revenge years ago, long ago." And then she dropped into a hoarse whisper, as she clutched at Denzil Raikes by the arm. "Yes, it was child for child."

"What do you mean?" eagerly inquired Denzil Raikes.

"Stoop down to me," she answered.

He did so, and as she whispered something into his ear, he started back into the middle of the room, and cried, in an exulting and almost frantic tone—

"Good God! is that true?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the woman; "in their gilded house I did it—in the midst of their feasting and their glory—when the sun of their high rank was shining in all its effulgence, and every happiness appeared to be showered upon them. I did it remorselessly and without a pang. The act was the only balm my spirit has ever known since my great wrong; and the anguish they suffered, as I know well, soothed my crushing woe. It was one instalment of my vendetta, although I lost the instrument of it."

"And have you no clue at all?" Raikes inquired.

"None. In my wild life—for it became a wild life, at all events a roving one—the treasure was taken from me, I know not how or where."

"Have you no means at all of ascertaining?"

"None, unless I could be on the spot, and that cannot be," she replied.

"Why not?" eagerly inquired Raikes.

"Look here!" she cried, and she bared her wrinkled and shrivelled arms.

"You shall be well cared for," said Raikes. "You shall be at once removed from this place; but I must go on this track. Oh! if I can but trace it, our vengeance will be complete. Think of that, Bianca Capelli—think of the rapture of achieving your entire vendetta at one crushing blow, and let that give strength where you have weakness now."

"Your words, I feel, are giving strength to my blood as it courses through my veins, although I am decrepit, Heaven knows; yet I will nerve myself to this act you wish, even if I sink beneath the effort."

"That's bravely said, and worthy of the cause in which we work!" cried Denzil Raikes, joyfully.

At this juncture Agony Jack burst into the room, exclaiming as he did so—

"Oh, I say, grandmother, I've got lots o' money to-day!" And then seeing Denzil Raikes—"Lord bless the Queen, Mr. Raikes! Who would a' thought of seeing you here—how do you do, sir? I say, grandmother, this is the gentleman as I told you about what give me the money, and always stands the lush like a trump."

"Come here, boy," cried his grandmother; "come here, close to me." And as he did so, she placed her two skinny hands upon his head, and looked with flashing eyes into his face.

"Why, what's your game now, grandmother? Has Mr. Raikes been a' standin' any lush here?" Agony Jack said, laughing.

Not heeding the observation, the old woman cried, "Oh that I had known it years ago!"

Misapprehending the words of the woman, Agony Jack said—"Ah, and I wish I'd knowed him years ago, too; you'd ha' been my friend afore this, wouldn't you, sir?"

"I am about to be a real friend to you and your grandmother, Jack," said Raikes.

"That's right, sir," cried Agony Jack, limping about the room. "Suppose you set me up with a lot of Derby cards—eh, sir, for next week?"

"You mustn't go to this Derby, Jack," said Denzil Raikes, seriously.

"Oh that be blowed for gammon!—the best day in all the year, you know," cried Agony Jack, in alarm.

"Hold out your hand, Jack," said Raikes, putting his hand into his pocket.

Jack grinned as he held out his hand.

"I shall require you to be with me each day until the Derby Day, and perhaps for some few days afterwards," he said, as he dropped a couple of sovereigns into Agony Jack's hand.

The moment the poor card-seller saw the money he uttered a loud shout, threw himself on the ground, and writhed about in contortions; and then jumping to his feet again, cried—

"Aint we in luck, grandmother, to-day? But I say," he added, "afore we go any farther I'll go and get some lush to drink Mr. Raikes's health in our own mansion. Such prime lush they've got at the Cock and Gosling!"

And he hobbled towards the door; but almost immediately turned round again, and said to his grandmother—

"Oh, talking of luck though, there's a stunning fine lady coming to see you, grandmother—oh, my eyes, such a stunner!"

"Why, what do you mean, boy?" she inquired.

"Well, I don't know, but a lady up in the West End what's a friend of Lord Belfleur—out and out cove he is, Mr. Raikes, always gives me a shilling for a card—called me into her drawin'-room; and who should it be but the lady I upset, sir!" he explained to Raikes.

"The lady you upset," said Raikes, laughing—"what lady?"

"Why, at the steeple-chase down at Sackville. You was there, you know."

"Oh, I remember," said Raikes. "Well, what of her?"

"Why, it was her as called me in at her house; and I went in, and instead of her being riled about my knockin' of her over, Lord bless ye, she took on as she war out and out glad to see me—give me a bob, and axed if I hadn't got no father and mother; and when I told her I never had none, axed me who was my relations, and where they lived; and so I told her as I'd only got grandmother here; and blessed if she aint a comin' to see us! What do you think o' that for a jolly lark?"

"Well, you really do appear to be in luck, Jack," said Raikes, laughing.

"All right—first class—A 1, sir, and no mistake!" cried Agony Jack. "So now for the lush."

And he rushed out of the room.

During all this time his grandmother had gazed upon him as though she were spell-bound.

"Oh that I had known it years ago!" again she cried, as soon as Agony Jack had disappeared.

"Let us think of the future now," said Raikes, "nor recal the past except to revenge it."

"Will you assist me to rise?" she said.

Raikes went at once to the bed-side, and raised the woman from the couch, and placed her in a chair by the bed-side. He had scarcely done so, when the voice of Agony Jack was heard on the stairs saying—

"This way—further up, my lady—come along."

The next moment Agony Jack threw open the door, and ushered into the room Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. She uttered an exclamation of surprise as her eyes fell upon Denzil Raikes, whom she had seen only

the evening before in conversation with Mr. Sheraton; and almost in the same breath she exclaimed—

"Great God, what do I see?"

The old woman, as she struggled to her feet, stretched forth her arms towards Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, and fell senseless upon the floor.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt rushed across the room to the prostrate woman, while Denzil Raikes stood as though for the moment he were stupified by the scene which he was witnessing, and which had come upon him with almost overwhelming suddenness. He was, however, recalled from his momentary stupor by an appeal from Mdlle. D'Arlincourt to assist her in raising the fallen woman. He immediately did so, and by their united efforts she was placed in her chair.

"Some water! some water!—quick!" exclaimed Mdlle. D'Arlincourt to Agony Jack, who seemed to be perfectly dazed by the incident that had just occurred. He, however, limped downstairs, and almost immediately returned with a vessel of water; and Mdlle. D'Arlincourt bathed the temples of the insensible woman, and presently she exhibited signs of returning animation. When she opened her eyes, they fell upon the countenance of Mdlle. D'Arlincourt; and the old woman sank back in the chair, moaning.

"Oh, am I in a dream? Is this but a tormenting vision?"

"Look at me again," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"No, no!" screamed the old woman; "it is the real voice—it is no spirit; but the flesh and blood come back again!" And springing to her feet, she uttered a wild and piercing shriek, and fell upon the neck of Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

And strange indeed was the contrast that was presented: Mdlle. D'Arlincourt was attired in the full bloom of fashion; the wretched being who was hanging upon her neck was clad in the miserable habiliments of the lowest poverty.

"This is a queer go, Mr. Raikes; what shall I do?" whispered Agony Jack to Raikes, who merely put his finger to his lip, and motioned Jack to be silent.

"Come, you are better now," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt; "sit down for a moment." And she assisted the old woman to her chair again.

Clutching at the wrists of Mdlle. D'Arlincourt convulsively, the woman said—

"Do not leave me again! do not leave me!"

"Never again," replied Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"Holy Mother of Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the old woman, burying her face in her bony hands.

"Sir," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, "this is not the time, nor is it the place to ask or give explanations. My carriage is at the end of the street, and Mrs. Markstone will at once go home with me in it; if you will accompany us, I shall be much indebted to you."

"To her house?" exclaimed Mrs. Markstone, clasping her hands, and in a tone that almost sounded like one of terror.

"Yes; to my house."

It did not take long to prepare Mrs. Markstone for the visit, and Denzil Raikes said he would assist the old lady to the carriage.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, glancing at Agony Jack, said to Raikes, "He must go, too;" but there was an unmistakable expression in the look which really bordered on the ludicrous, although it was serious enough. Denzil Raikes understood it instantly, and he said to Agony Jack—

"Jack, you have got some money, you know; so, as this lady wishes to see you at her house, you must take a cab and follow the carriage."

Agony Jack would certainly not have been an ornament to Mdlle. D'Arlincourt's equipage, seated by the coachman's side; and so perhaps he thought himself, for he put his tongue in his cheek, and favoured Mr. Raikes with a most expressive wink as he intimated that he "knowed what to do." Mrs. Markstone was then assisted down the stairs, followed by Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. Agony Jack lingered behind to give vent, as it would seem, to his swelling feelings, which he did by banging the chairs on to the bed, and then dancing grotesquely in the middle of the room.

Denzil Raikes called from the bottom of the stairs—

"Come, Jack; are you coming?"

"Coming, sir, in a twinkling," answered Agony Jack; and then turning and addressing the wretched and scanty furniture in the room, exclaimed—"Go to the devil with you! Ha, ha, ha!"

And with this relief to his feelings he turned his back upon his home.

(To be continued.)

WE SHALL SEE!

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE Past is a blank to our eyes,
And the Present men solely employ
To count up the bubbles that rise
O'er the Future for pleasure and joy.
Weak mortals their destinies give
To the future where all wish to be;
In fond hopes they happily live,
Crying out, "We shall see, we shall see!"

But say, when that morrow appears,
What is it, and where its delight!
'Tis but a to-day which our tears
Fall over at morning and night.
As nearer approaches the day
That we longed for with ardour and glee,
We stare at it simply, and say,
As it passes along, "We shall see!"

The old man who bends to the ground,
His resting-place drawing so near,
Thinks not of his end, but looks round,
And hopes to live many a year.
The doctor in vain would advise,
And whispers how near Death may be;
But he heeds not the warning, and dies
With these words on his lips, "We shall see!"

Charles went to his cousin one day,
Who had ever vowed friendship sincere,
His kindly assistance to pray,
And this was the answer of Pierre:—
"To my purse you have conquer'd a right,
You may always depend upon me,
But to-night!—I can't spare it to-night,—
Come to-morrow, and then we shall see!"

"We shall see" is a magical word
In dilemmas of every kind;
On the Minister's lips it is heard,
And it helps him a moral to find.
The learned who write in Gazettes,
Politicians of every degree,
Our debtors, false friends, and coquettes,
All answer alike, "We shall see!"

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